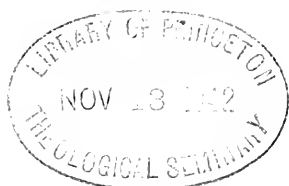


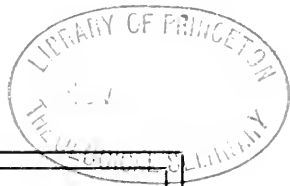
The Life of
Rev. H. Harbaugh, D.D.



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Life of the Rev. Henry
Harbaugh, D.D.



H Harbaugh



LIFE OF
THE
REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, D.D.

BY LINN HARBAUGH, ESQ.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND EULOGY.

*"Selig sind die das Heimweh haben,
Denn sie sollen nach Haus kommen."*

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INTRODUCTION

I SAW and heard Dr. Harbaugh but once. It was a rare privilege. It deepened the impression which his articles in the *Guardian* had made, and greatly enhanced the high estimate which I had formed of his genius. The occasion was the commencement banquet of Franklin and Marshall College in the year 1866. We undergraduates were not allowed to participate in the feast ; but when the part of the program which consisted of toasts was reached, the alumni adjourned to the main auditorium of Fulton Hall (since converted into an opera house), and this gave me the opportunity to hear Dr. Harbaugh's response to the toast, "The Mercersburg Review." Its humor and delivery made a deeper impression than the oratory of all the eminent men at home and abroad whom I have had the good fortune to hear at banquets, in the pulpit or from the rostrum. This may be due to the fact that the speech was delivered in the dialect of my boyhood. He had shown the poetic possibilities of the Pennsylvania German in the pages of the *Guardian* ; he was now to prove its power and fitness for the purposes of an after-dinner speech. When the toast was announced, he attracted attention by walking forward after the

manner of an old farmer, pulling off a slouch hat with both hands, and catching a red bandanna handkerchief as it dropped from his forehead. His first sentence,

“Es gebt gar greislich gelerente Leut, und Ich bin awe aner dafun,”

(“There are some very learned people, and I am one of 'em,”)

sent a flash of merriment through the assemblage. When he proceeded to enumerate the learned languages—

“Es gebt sieva gelehrte Sproche, Englisch und Deutsch, Lateinisch und Griechisch und Hebraeisch; sell sin fünf. Die sechst haest Pennsylvania Deutsch, die sievet is German Reformed,”—

(“There are seven learned languages, English and German, Latin and Greek and Hebrew; these are five. The sixth is called Pennsylvania German, the seventh is German Reformed,”—

there were shouts of laughter over the entire hall. The merriment reached its climax when he referred to the venerable Dr. John W. Nevin as

“Der Chon Nevin, do navig mir.”

(“John Nevin, here aside of me.”)

The applause then was like that of a great convention and lasted for some time. The impression made by his enumeration of the contributors and by his description of the work it accomplished before its publication was suspended, is evident from the fact that the *Re-*

view was revived, and under different names its publication has been continued to the present time.

Dr. Harbaugh was a typical Pennsylvania German. The dialect and its range of ideas he acquired at his mother's knee and from the companions of his childhood and youth. His powers of work and his love of fun were developed under the tutelage of the old farm and under the influence of its customs, traditions and forms of speech. He was thoroughly familiar with the homes and habits, the social and religious life of the Pennsylvanians of German ancestry. He knew their merits, foibles, and shortcomings, their peculiar ways and superstitions, their highest hopes and noblest emotions. He admired their frankness and simplicity, their thrift and industry, their honesty and integrity. He shared their fondness for good meals, their sense of humor, their hatred of every form of sham and humbug. He summed up in his personality and exemplified in his life the best characteristics of these people. Of all the men whom they have given to the world, he was the most gifted and the most productive from a literary point of view. Even in his criticism of the common school system he reflected their views, their fears and their prejudices. Had he lived to our time he would have accepted, as a fixed fact among all civilized nations, schools supported by taxation; and he would have been untiring in the effort to put into these schools teachers of the highest skill and the most unblemished character.

Dr. Harbaugh was more than a Pennsylvania German. He mastered the English so well that his style

was envied and admired by many whose mother tongue was English and who had enjoyed far superior educational advantages. Such was his command of Anglo-Saxon words that many of his sentences consist almost entirely of monosyllables. In one respect he was like Prof. Felton of Harvard, who, on handing a manuscript to the printer, said: I profess Greek, not spelling. Although Dr. Harbaugh could never have taken a prize at a spelling bee, he always stuffed his sentences full of sense and thought. He always aimed to make his discourses intelligible and had little patience with those who cannot or will not make their ideas clear to their audiences. His assimilation of the fruits of scholarship and sound learning was thorough and rapid, yet he never drifted away from the common people. He voiced their sentiments and aspirations in prose and poetry, and sought to bring absolute and eternal truth within the comprehension of the humblest. His talks to children made a lasting impression upon all who attended his Sunday School. Several of the hymns which he wrote have come into general use and are now helping to stimulate the hopes, to enrich the devotions, and to elevate the aspirations of Christian worshippers wherever the English language is spoken. The best thoughts of the best men were his special delight. Everything human and divine had an interest for him. By taking up into himself the best things in literature and the humanities he became a representative of humanity in the best and broadest sense of the term. Jesus Christ was the centre of his thinking, his affec-

tions, his purposes, and everything that he wrote and spoke was intended to build up the Kingdom of God.

As a preacher he had few equals and no superior in the Reformed Church. His sermons were fresh, interesting, instructive, and edifying. An audience composed largely of students and professors is very hard to please and very difficult to hold. Of their own accord the students of the college flocked to his church and filled its pews. With pleasure and profit they listened to his lectures on cultus and on the Heidelberg Catechism as well as to his regular sermons. One who often heard him writes :

“He had the qualities of a popular speaker. His clear, round, musical voice he could control and use with marvelous power. A good voice is a rare advantage to a public speaker. Whether this gift was wholly natural or the result of elocutionary study I cannot tell. He could be distinctly heard in every part of the largest church, even when speaking on the lowest key. His utterance was always slow and distinct; indeed, sometimes it seemed slow to a fault. Fluency, as some men count it, he had not. He lacked that rapidity of utterance so common among public speakers, which allows syllables and ideas to tread on each other's heels in hurried confusion. His deliberateness of articulation sometimes made him seem awkward and hesitating. With slow and measured accent, effective and well chosen emphasis and few gestures, he rolled out his short, sonorous sentences like pleasant music. Few men combine depth with clearness, as he did. He could see truth in the most trivial themes and subjects, and knew how to show it to others. Often, when he announced an odd text or subject, his hearers wondered how anybody could tell people anything worth listening to on such a theme. To the tiniest flower and the most insignificant animal he could give a tongue to utter an impressive sermon. He abounded in apt illustra-

tions; preached frequently by parables taken from common life. He dealt much in '*likes*.' His style was unique. He was profound yet simple, learned yet clear. His writings and sermons abound in short sentences and short Saxon words. He mediated between the deepest philosophy and the practical sense of the common people. Freely using sources of learning, he used them as a tree uses the earth and air, by reproducing and assimilating their substance. His sermons were aglow with life. You felt the warm blood coursing through every sentence. He could throw a charm around the most abstruse and apparently barren theme, and draw from it a cup of cold water for the panting heart of the most illiterate day laborer. These lines will be read by men of intelligence and earnest thought, who remember the time when they were adrift on the dark, stormy sea of skepticism. Without faith, without virtue, without hope, providentially they were led to hear him once. An undefinable something led them there a second time. And thereafter he drew them closer and closer to himself. Step by step, and often unconsciously to himself, he brought their imperilled souls into the ark of safety. Many such there are whose doubts he solved, and whom he led to the Lamb of God."

It is the privilege of a gifted writer to influence the hearts and lives of many with whom he never comes into personal contact. His *Golden Censer* is still without a rival as a book of devotion for young members of the church. In it he is still guiding the devotions of youth and lifting their inner life to a higher plane. His books on Heaven have consoled multitudes in their hours of sorrow and bereavement. An instance in point will not be uninteresting. A New England educator and author, Dr. William A. Mowry, was making a trip through Pennsylvania. When the station Lancaster was announced, he said it reminded him

of Henry Harbaugh, in whose "Heavenly Recognition" he became interested as far back as 1851, the year that the book was published. Depressed by the death of a friend, he had gotten relief from it. He read it again and again. Finding the argument satisfactory, he has since used several copies as gifts to those who have lost friends by death. Once while on his way from New York to Boston he met a stranger wearing weeds on his hat as a sign of mourning for a deceased wife. After some conversation the mourner asked: "Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?" They discussed Butler's Argument for the belief in a future state and exchanged cards on parting. Harbaugh's Book on Heavenly Recognition was sent and courteously acknowledged. Later the two met again. The influence of the book was evident. The bereaved man had risen above his despondency and settled in his mind the question of a hereafter. To cause a good book to be read by another is to show a double favor; it benefits the reader and widens the blessed influence of the author.

While Dr. Harbaugh was writing the Lives of the Fathers of the Reformed Church, he heard of a trunk full of documents collected by Rev. Philip Boehm. He and two other clergymen traced the trunk to a building on Cherry Street in Philadelphia. Upon learning that the building, with all its contents, had been destroyed, he shed tears over this irreparable loss.

During their search for the trunk and for historic reminiscences the three stopped at a suburban home

and were handsomely entertained. Next day on their return to the city, as the house was disappearing over the brow of the hill, he stopped to bless and gaze at the home, saying : " There dwells a very nice family. God be praised that there are such families. Would that there were more of them." Those whose homes he entered as a guest say that his conversation was always entertaining and instructive. His genial countenance had a power which few could resist. Traveling in a car, he sat behind two gentlemen whose profanity annoyed him. He leaned forward and said : " I notice that you are men of prominence and gentlemen of culture, but the oaths with which you interlard your conversation are very annoying to me, a minister of the Gospel. I know it is more from the force of habit than from any evil intention." They felt inclined to resent the interruption, but when they saw his genial face, they thanked him for his kind counsel, whereupon he said : " If you must use expletives in your sentences, say potatoes and beans." The gentlemen changed their conversation and grew very fond of him before the end of the journey.

Dr. Harbaugh was quick-witted and seldom at a loss for a reply. Among his warm personal friends was Rev. Samuel Bowman, Rector of St. James Episcopal Church at Lancaster, Pa. He congratulated the latter upon his elevation to the Episcopacy. " Ah," replied the newly-made bishop, " after all you grant that there is something in the Episcopal office." " Of course I do," was the reply. " As an ordained minister of the Reformed Church I have for many years performed the

rite of confirmation, and I congratulate you on your elevation to my own rank.”

One incident in his life recalls a parallel incident in the life of Socrates. A stranger on beholding the face of this famous Athenian exclaimed: “That man is a glutton.” The inference was a great blunder, for of all the men of that period Socrates was the most temperate in all things. The incident in the life of Dr. Harbaugh also grew out of his personal appearance. Says the writer already quoted :

“In person he was of medium height, inclined to corpulency. His florid face gave evidence of a vigorous constitution which he by no means possessed. ‘What a pity that such a powerful preacher should be a drunkard,’ said a gentleman who had just heard him preach in Pottsville, Pa. His red face misled the man. The temperance cause had no abler champion than Dr. Harbaugh. . . . He was simple in his style of dress, no less than in his style of writing and speaking. He despised the dandy, above all the literary and clerical dandy. Whilst he often gave his clothes to the poor, his own garments not unfrequently bore marks of long use. Although one of the most earnest of men, he was, on all proper occasions, brim full of fun. Would that some one could collect his ‘table talk,’ his sayings around the festive board and among the circles of his more intimate friends. Few have such a fund of anecdotes as he had, and few could tell them with such dramatic effect. Many of these have passed into current use, and are often quoted by his friends in conversation. With a sort of humorous abandon he could throw himself on the study lounge, and entertain a group of friends by the hour amid roars of mirthful laughter.”

Although fond of wit and humor, he was always reverent and always insisted on reverence for sacred

things. A student of theology announced that the religious exercises would be opened by the singing of a hymn. He reminded the student that the Reformed Church holds religious services, not exercises. On the floor of synod he described the difference between churchly and unchurchly denominations; the former, he said, hold religious services, the latter religious exercises. The distinction was emphasized by gestures and bodily movements resembling those of the athletic field and the old-fashioned revival meetings. In the class room he invariably addressed the students by using the term brethren, rather than the phrase, young gentlemen. The epithets applied to him by those who studied under him, show the profound esteem and affection which they cherish for him. The secret of his influence over young and old is found in the superior qualities of heart which he possessed. "Great thoughts spring from the heart," says a philosopher. "Out of the heart are the issues of life," says the Book of Proverbs. The sources of a man's influence for good are found in the heart rather than in the head. Because he had nothing else to give, Pestalozzi took off his silver shoe-buckles and gave them to a beggar. Harbaugh, on a frosty morning, took off his shoes and put on his slippers that he might give the shoes to a barefooted, thinly clad tramp at the front door. The student in need of funds always found in him a helpful friend. During the meeting of the Lutheran Synod at Lancaster a student from Gettysburg stopped at his house. When asked what claim he had upon the hospitality of Dr. Har-

baugh, he replied that he was a reader of the *Guardian*. One of the most touching incidents belongs to the pastorate at Lewisburg, and is best given in the words of another :

“An old member of his flock was an habitual drunkard. In his soberer moments he always repented of his folly. The pastor saw the man's weakness. The cause of temperance then was violently assailed. The new pastor became known as a temperance champion. All manner of threats were made to intimidate him. These only incited him to greater boldness. He took the old drunkard by the hand ; sat with him in his little hut by the hour. For years the inebriate's hard heart had been proof against all arguments. But this was a change of base. In his small room the pastor knelt by his side, and prayed God to help him lift the fallen man up. His soft words of love fell on the old man's heart like the first rays of the spring sun, thawing the earth and covering the fields with green. This he could not resist. ‘Here is a man that loves me—*me*, a poor drunkard.’ Thus he thought and felt. He was melted down with keenest penitence. There was joy in that little home, there was joy in heaven at the sight. The old man wept for sorrow and his old wife for joy. The pastor knew well the force of his old habits—how hard it would be to break away from the bent of twenty years' drunkenness and become a sober man. Now the tempter will try his utmost to keep the poor man out of heaven, to keep him at his cups. The pastor warned him against danger ; entreated him to shun all drinking places, attend church, prayer meeting ; urged him too to pray every day in his family ; all of which advice he obeyed. Thenceforth his old Bible and prayer book, for many years sadly neglected, were his daily companions. He was regularly at his place in church. One night he was absent from the prayer-meeting. ‘Where is Peter ——?’ was the anxious inquiry of the pastor at the close of the services. Though late at night, he at once proceeded to his house. The poor wife

knew not where he was. 'Surely some wicked persons have entrapped him, to defeat my well meant endeavors, and ruin his poor soul.' Through the window of a tavern he sees the old man at the bar, with his carousing comrades. He hesitated for a moment. Would not those drunken ruffians attempt to beat and kill him if he interfered? No matter, the poor old friend must be rescued. Bravely he stepped up to him. 'Peter, you were not at the meeting this evening. Come, I will go home with you.' Arm in arm the two walked out of the bar-room, through the dark street to his home, none of the cowardly braggarts daring to molest him. Little was spoken as they walked homeward. How sorely the poor man repented of his fall. Thus the pastor watched and nursed him till the end of his labors among this people."

During his pastorate at Lancaster he refused to install a saloon-keeper as elder. So profound was the impression made by this refusal that the man changed his business, prospered as a dealer in coal and lumber, became a consistent member of the church, spent money and time in promoting her interests, and died a faithful Christian. Such fruits² go far to justify what some regarded as intemperate zeal in the cause of temperance.

Dr. Harbaugh had himself seen trouble and sorrow, and hence he could sympathize with others. He knew from experience the struggles of the student, the Christian, the pastor, the parent, and for this reason he could console others in their hours of trial, disappointment and bereavement. And yet he was habitually cheerful and buoyant in spirit. To quote once more from the writer upon whom we have so often leaned: "Dr. Harbaugh possessed the happy talent of looking at the bright side of things. If the silver

lining on the dark cloud was never so small, he was sure to see it and enjoy it. Few men as earnest as he are so hopeful. Indeed, in practical matters his oversanguine views now and then misled him. He had no sympathy with the morbid ecclesiastical croakers, who all the while tremble for the ark, and are nervously apprehensive that God cannot take care of His own affairs. Neither did he waste his ammunition in endeavoring to attain the unattainable." Only one human life has been without spot and without blemish. Henry Harbaugh did not claim to be infallible. He had his faults. Several things which he did from a sense of duty have been severely criticised and condemned by his warmest friends and admirers. To dilate upon these might please some who delight to feast upon the weaknesses and imperfections of human nature. Some men's tastes are like that of the vulture, which seeks and sees only carrion, while all the beauties of the landscape lie open to view. I prefer to pass over any faults which he may have had, in the kindly spirit in which he himself wrote of one dismissed from the ministry at a meeting of the Synod of Reading, in 1782 :

"What the nature of this trouble was or for what cause he was dismissed, I do not know—nor was I zealous in ascertaining the cause. It inspires our heart with strange sadness when we find an unpleasant savor gather around the name of one, especially a minister, who has long been dead—especially when we know him to have been the spiritual guide of our ancestors. And if the solemn records of the past incidentally remove the veil from his faults and failings, the best we can do is

'To weep over them in silence and close it again.' "

The foregoing quotations, with the exception of the last, are from the pen of Rev. Dr. Benjamin Bausman, whose articles in the *Guardian* belong to the original sources of information, and who sustained to Dr. Harbaugh a relation in some respects similar to the relation which the beloved disciple sustained to the Master. Memorial volumes have been written of other men who accomplished much less for the world and the Kingdom of Christ, and who have far less claim upon posterity than Dr. Harbaugh. The details of a life so rich in good works as his was, should not be allowed to drop into oblivion. The letters which he wrote at different periods form a very interesting study, because they show how a boy of Pennsylvania German parentage may gradually acquire the graces of style and diction in another tongue. The life which is here given to the public is from the pen of his son, with whom it has been a labor of love. In my judgment, the most glowing tribute ever paid to the genius of Dr. Harbaugh is from the pen of his life-long friend and successor in the chair of dogmatic theology, Dr. E. V. Gerhart, who has at my request consented to its publication in this memorial volume.* One interesting phase of his life is not adapted to the purposes for which this biography has been prepared. I refer to the gradual development of his theological views, as these may be gathered from his writings and his unpublished sermons. This will be a proper theme for discussion in the pages of the *Reformed Review*. Finally, no apology is needed for reprinting several of his best poems in English and Pennsylvania German, for these show him

as he was when his inner life was at its best. Every other purpose has been subordinated to the primary aim of doing full justice to the life and genius of the man whose biography is herewith offered to the public.

NATHAN C. SCHAEFFER.

Harrisburg, Pa., October 29, 1899.

*I distinctly recall that while I was a student at Mercersburg, Dr. E. E. Higbee, then Professor of Church History and Exegesis, cut short one of his lectures, saying: "I must prepare to be eyes for Dr. Gerhart." This enigmatical remark became intelligible when, at the unveiling of the Harbaugh monument, he proceeded to read an address which he said was from the pen of Dr. Gerhart. From what I recollect of the nature and length of the address I feel warranted in asserting that it was the address herewith printed for the first time.

EXPLANATORY.

This brief memoir of my bosom friend was written early in 1868, only several weeks after his lamented death, when the image of the man was fresh and life-like on the tablet of my memory. The occasion of writing it I do not now, after the lapse of more than thirty-one years, recall, nor do I recollect what use may have been made of it. All I know definitely is that the memoir was never published.

When, about ten days ago, the Rev. Dr. N. C. Schaeffer came to see me for some information respecting Dr. Harbaugh, the interview called this manuscript to my mind, which some months before I had discovered among my papers. After he had read it, he expressed the opinion that the memoir would supply what was needed for the forthcoming volume ; and at his request I assented to its publication.

The portraiture has been reconsidered and revised ; but after a deliberate review the prevalent tone of the representation remains ; and I find no reason to change my judgment of the man in any particular. Here and there some verbal modifications were necessary ; and at some points the language was improved. But in all respects the memoir reflects the conception of my friend as it was formed when it was originally committed to paper.

*Theological Seminary, Lancaster, Pa.,
October 27th, 1899.*

E. V. G.

In Memoriam.

BY THE REV. EML. V. GERHART, D.D., LL.D.

THE REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, AND
PROFESSOR OF DIDACTIC AND PASTORAL THEOLOGY, IN
THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF THE REFORMED CHURCH,
MERCERSBURG, PA. BORN OCT. 28TH, A.D. 1817. DIED
DEC. 28TH, 1867. AGED 50 YRS. AND 2 MO.



HE life of a great and good man, who lives by faith in Christ and offers himself a sacrifice to Him in the service of His Church, reveals the truth and power of divine grace. Growing up among us, passing by degrees from the imperfection and the crudeness of youth into the vigor and ripeness of manhood, our judgment of his worth, whilst living, is more or less obscured by the memory of the deficiencies and foibles of early life. So long as he moves before our eyes ; so long as we mingle with him in the social circle, and stand with him side by side in the great conflicts of the church ; so long as we see his beaming eye, and hear his clear, manly

voice, we enjoy the richness of his spirit, and lean on his powerful mind, whilst at the same time we may now and then differ with him in opinion and find fault with his conduct. We acknowledge his intellectual superiority and his sterling moral excellencies, yet he seems to be a man such as we are in character, and in some respects we may even think him to be inferior to ourselves. Thus it comes that so long as he goes in and out among us we appreciate his virtues but partially, and fail to recognize fully the blessing of God in bestowing on the church so precious a gift.

But when the inscrutable providence of God suddenly closes the life of such a man in premature death; when on a bleak day in mid-winter we are called upon to carry his lifeless remains away from his study and the embraces of his family, and lay them in the cold grave to moulder into dust, our hopes of future service vanish, our joy is turned into sorrow, and we wake up, as it were, to a sense of great and irreparable loss; and we are prepared as we were not before to estimate the genius of the man, the zeal of the Christian, the fidelity of the minister, and the ability of the theologian, as these qualities really met in his life and character.

The Rev. Henry Harbaugh, D.D., Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary of the (German) Reformed Church at Mercersburg,

Pennsylvania, did not belong to the ordinary class of educated men. Whatever the position he occupied, or in whatever relation he stood, he distinguished himself. He stood out above the generality of men as a thinker and writer, as a preacher of the Gospel, as a debater on the floor of synod, as a representative minister of the Reformed Church, and as a leader of the people. This was seen and felt throughout the entire Reformed Church, East and West ; and was acknowledged also by all, outside of her communion, who knew him or read the productions of his prolific pen. Hence the deep and peculiar sense of loss and of sorrow that fills the hearts of ministers and people throughout the length and breadth of the church. Hence, too, it is becoming that we reflect on his character, on his extraordinary activity, on his genial and earnest spirit. It is due to his memory. It responds to the general sentiment of propriety, and will be profitable to ourselves.

Dr. Harbaugh challenges our attention as *a man*. Born in a Pennsylvania German family consisting of twelve children, of whom he was the tenth ; brought up on a farm at the foot of the South Mountain ; trained by an honest and industrious father, and by a gentle, pious, and noble mother ; moulded by the customs, manners and habits prevailing in the social life of our German population ; baptized into the communion of Christ's

mystical body ; carefully instructed in the doctrines and duties of our holy religion, and gifted with a rare combination of extraordinary natural endowments, he grew up into youth and manhood in the element of German *Gemuethlichkeit*, sanctified by the grace of the Christian Church. He realized in his person, in body, mind and spirit, the richness and beauty of the German character, as strengthened by genius and ennobled by living faith in Jesus Christ.

He was a representative man. This he was in relation to the race. The true idea of a man, or the ideal type of manhood, was individualized in his spirit and character. So it is in a measure in every man. But in Dr. Harbaugh the individualization answers more fully to the generic type than is common, even among devoted ministers of the Gospel. Nature and feeling were held subordinate to understanding ; understanding to reason ; reason, to faith. Mind ruled the body ; spirit ruled the mind ; and Christ ruled the spirit. He realized the normal order of the manifold powers of a man ; not indeed perfectly ; but in such a degree of approach to perfection that the reality could not fail to command admiration and profound regard. He moved in the sphere of the true, the beautiful, and the good ; he made all outward objects and earthly relations subservient to these spiritual ends ; yet he was tender-

hearted, and in quick sympathy even with the trifling bodily wants of little children.

Dr. Harbaugh possessed great facility in acquiring knowledge ; the knowledge of men and things, of literature, science and philosophy. He digested rapidly what he learned, and rewrought it for himself. More active than receptive, no fact, suggestion, or thought was laid on the shelf of his memory like a labeled fossil ; but he penetrated the inmost sense of acquired knowledge freely. Breathing into it his own warmth and freshness, and weaving for it a garment from the rich resources of his genius, he reproduced it in a form answerable to the peculiar type of his own spirit.

True genius has two sides. On the one hand, it discovers new facts, new principles, produces new ideas, and moves with singular freshness and vivacity among the common facts and ordinary relations of life ; on the other hand, it looks with keen vision into the deep and most general laws of God as these permeate and govern nature and society. The new is bound by the old, the surface facts by unchanging law. Beholding the most general laws and the broadest relations which inform the constitution of the world, genius apprehends particular events and single things, not in a superficial or arbitrary manner, but as they grow forth from universal powers. Hence come new and striking views of common events and of well-known

facts—new to less-favored men, who fail to descend to the root of things, and therefore judge according to transient manifestations, not according to righteous judgment.

Both these forms of action were developed in the genius of our sainted brother. With what freedom he walked into the inner, hidden sanctuary of truth! Yet with what delight he looked at single objects as enshrining general laws. How nice his perception of the beautiful and sublime; and how keen his sense of the incongruous and ridiculous. The strong current of profound thought mingled with an unceasing flow of wit and humor.

The mind of Dr. Harbaugh, however, was no less practical than profound. A strong will, energy of purpose, intense and persevering activity were among his leading characteristics. Indeed, so prominent were these traits that, to a superficial observer, they seemed to be absorbing and almost exclusive. His thoughts did not sleep nor slumber, but they passed over into resolves, plans, and pursuits, and his plans were realized in acts and deeds.

As a consequence he was always at work. When he conceived a thought, he began to revolve and mature it; and whilst maturing it, he brought it forth in outward form, and it gained full expression. No sooner had he accomplished one self-imposed task than he was already engaged in pre-

paring for another. Nor did his labors simply succeed one another. Various kinds of work were upon his hands at the same time. Visitation of the sick and the poor; the preparation of a sermon; the writing of a book, or of an article for the *Review* or for the *Messenger*, or for some other periodical; attendance upon the meeting of a committee or of an ecclesiastical body, and the composition of a German or English poem were all receiving attention during the same month and even during the same week, if not sometimes on the same day. The secret of such various activities is found in the fact that he was always reading, always thinking, always writing, always working, and, I might add, always joking. Among all my acquaintances I know not a man who united such intense activity, such earnestness of character, with such extraordinary geniality and playfulness of spirit. God intended, he would say, that a man should laugh as well as pray; for there are certain muscles of the face which he never uses but when he laughs. Nor were his multitudinous activities periodical. He labored day and night, from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, with indefatigable zeal, gathering fresh energy with every accomplished work for a new undertaking. Even his short seasons of recreation in July and August were not a cessation of work, but only a change.

Whilst entering with keen zest into the sports of a fishing excursion, a huckleberry party, or a mountain ramble, he was still studying. Beneath the play of fancy there was a deep undercurrent of reflection. And he would write as well as play and think. Sitting down under a tree by a stream, he would take out a blank book, which it was his rule to carry in his pocket, and write the outline of a sermon perhaps, or the stanza of a poem, or the plan of a book, or a few seed-thoughts. That was his chaos, as he called it, on which his creative mind wrought afterwards, and brought forth order and beauty. Some of his best poems and prose productions had their beginning in this chaotic jumble of ideas. Indeed, I may add here, that such was his general practice. Instead of developing and maturing an idea or train of thought in his mind, he put down his thoughts at once—crude, half-formed, and half-expressed thoughts—on paper confusedly, and then, brooding over this chaotic mass, as in the beginning the spirit of God was brooding upon the face of the waters, his mind wrought it into logical form and order.

Yet Dr. Harbaugh was rarely in a hurry. He seemed to have a great deal of leisure. A visitor was ever welcomed to his study with a smile, and entertained in free and humorous conversation. Nor was he given to absence of mind. Whilst he moved in the sphere of philosophic thinking, he was

a close observer of society and nature, and alive to all that was going on around him in church and state. His senses were as susceptible to the external world as if he never entered into the inner region of metaphysical truth ; and he descended into the hidden depths of the ideal world with as much freedom as if he were indifferent to the objects of sense.

Nor did Dr. Harbaugh concern himself about a system of working. An external system, he said, was a hindrance. What was to be done, he did ; he did it at once ; he did it by day or by night, morning, noon or evening, just as the occasion met him, whether in the best mood or not. Nor was he noted as an early riser. Though there was nothing which he was less than a sluggard, yet he did not observe Franklin's rule. He would correct Dr. Franklin facetiously. Go to bed early, he said, and get up late, but then keep awake all day. Here was one secret of his noble and useful life. He was awake, in mind and body, always awake. He suffered no power, neither mental nor moral faculty, nor bodily sense, to go to sleep.

The energies of his will, the activity of his mind, and the conduct of his life were governed by his conscience. No one had a higher sense of honor. Nor was any one less capable of doing what was mean or ignoble. Yet it was not honor so much as right and duty that inspired and controlled him.

He must do right regardless of consequences. What had he to do with consequences? he would ask. Consequences belong to God. Hence he was as firm as a rock. He was not self-willed and stubborn, as some have alleged. If approached on moral grounds he was as docile and tractable as a child; but if you would attempt to move him from his purpose by any considerations of policy, you would not only fail utterly, but excite his intense indignation, if not call down upon your head the fierceness of his wrath.

You may say that he sometimes erred or did wrong. That may be so. His best friends sometimes differed with him. But he did not do wrong as wrong. What I or you might think was wrong, he firmly believed to be right. Convince him that he was wrong, and he would at once abandon any cherished purpose; for he would rather cut off his right hand than commit a known wrong. But fail to do that, fail to convince him, and you might as well try to move Gibraltar. This was universally felt and acknowledged by all who understood the high-toned moral character of the man. The consequence was that he commanded the confidence and respect of his enemies no less than the affection and devotion of his friends. For Dr. Harbaugh was a man that had enemies, and bitter ones too. Clear and uncompromising in judgment, candid and straightforward in speech, conscientious in all his

conduct, he stood up for right and truth in the face of any opposition, and dealt blows upon corruption and vice with a rod of iron. Such a man could not be at peace with all classes of persons in the world or in the church. Like those of his Master, his words were a two-edged sword.

This exhibition of Dr. Harbaugh's genius, his practical activity and moral character, implies the presence of another distinguishing element which quickened every attribute of his nature. He was endowed with deep, intense feeling. He felt what he thought; he felt what he resolved; he felt what he said and did. He had no dead thoughts; no icy purposes. He could not maintain the right and enforce truth in dry, logical formulas. He could not expose error and denounce sin with composure. Rising from the depths of his warm heart his thoughts glowed, and his words were like live coals. Wherever they fell they kindled a fire.

Whilst he never spared dishonesty, corruption or vice, he was nevertheless tender in his address. Full of kindly sympathy with all classes of men, he never designedly wounded the feelings of any one.

When he spoke, the spontaneous flow of burning thoughts touched responsive chords in the hearts of his hearers, and drew them into intimate communion with himself. They either felt with him, and he carried them along, with free consent

and delighted in the path of his speech, or they felt hostile to him, and followed, hovering about his track, only to resist and to condemn.

The harmonious union of these vigorous and highly developed mental, moral, and emotional elements of his person and life, distinguished Dr. Harbaugh from among men generally as one in whom God's idea of manhood was realized above the common measure, and constituted him a leader of thought among educated and thoughtful men, and a leader of practical religious activity among all classes of practical men. He represented them in truth. The faithful echo of their half-conscious wants, he voiced their thoughts and desires. For this reason they heard him gladly, trusted him without reserve, and loved him like a brother.

But his character as a man, true as it was to the generic type, was just as distinctive of the *national* life in which he stood. Dr. Harbaugh was a German; not an Englishman, nor a Scotchman, much less a Frenchman; but a German, an American German, from head to foot. The blood of a Pennsylvania farmer flowed in his veins, and with his mother's milk he drank in *das tiefe genuethliche Wesen* of the German farming population. In all his moral and religious instincts he was one of themselves. He understood their prejudices, lived in their modes of thought, shared their feelings, and sympathized with them in all their religious

and educational needs. He loved their language, their peculiar homely dialect, and rescued it, as Burns did the Gaelic dialect, from death and oblivion by the baptism of his genius. Of all the sons of the German farmers of Pennsylvania, who have sought the halls of learning and entered the sphere of the liberal professions, he is the first one, that, seeing the capabilities of a dialect, before only neglected and despised, and laying hold of it with new-creating energy, wrought it into the genuine forms of living poetry and breathed into these forms the genial spirit of their own social life, thus at once ennobling the dialect by consecrating it to the spiritual ends of fine art, and clothing it with honor and immortality. To him belongs the honor of being, as he has been called, the poet of the American German people. He is their true representative man, the representative of their genius on the elevated plane of religion, science, and art.

The distinguishing attributes of Dr. Harbaugh's personality as a man underlay and modified his character as *a Christian* and a *minister of the Gospel*. Nature is the basis and occasion of grace. Grace, in turn, takes up nature into its bosom, creates and fashions it anew. Grace realizes and perfects the idea and purpose of nature. In this relation, pre-eminently did the personality of the man stand to the character of the Christian and the minister in the life of the Rev. Dr. Harbaugh.

The most prominent trait in his Christian character, was devotion to the person of Jesus Christ, and to His mystical body, the Church;—devotion to Christ as God manifest in the flesh, really present and living in His mystical body on earth throughout all the ages and in the midst of all the contradictions and convulsions of time;—a devotion that was intelligent, intense, exclusive, all-absorbing, steady and unfaltering, always fresh and always vigorous. Devotion to Christ and devotion to the Church were inseparable. The Church was the original human life created anew by the Holy Ghost and perfected in the person of Christ; perpetuated by the same divine agency through the sacrament of Holy Baptism; nourished and matured by the preaching of the Gospel and the Communion of the Body and Blood of the Son; existing on earth, in time and space, in the form of an organized kingdom, which as to its constitution is both divine and human, as to its manifestation is both visible and invisible. It was the true and only Noachian Ark to which all men must flee for deliverance from the overwhelming curse of sin. To labor in the Church and for the Church, was, for him, to labor for Christ. The notion that a man may either come to Christ, or labor for Christ, apart from and outside of the Church, was a delusion, fraught with tendencies towards infidelity.

Such devotion satisfied his heart and conscience. To his faith Christ and His Church were not merely scriptural doctrines, or beautiful ideas, but they were substantial, living realities ; the most real of all realities ; the most certain and glorious of all certain and glorious things. Christ was present and living in His kingdom ; He was the very presence of the fulness of the Godhead in the Son of the Virgin Mary. He was the consummate revelation of the Creator in the perfection of the creature, and the reconciliation of a just and holy God with a fallen and sinful race. This most comprehensive fact, seen by the eye of faith as a present, living reality, authenticated itself as the most certain truth to the consciousness of Dr. Harbaugh, and satisfied his deepest needs as a dependent creature, as a man, as a thinker, as a moral agent, and as a sinner. Convinced that the acts of God could not be lies any more than the words of God, he believed that in baptism God sealed to him the forgiveness of sins and the quickening of the new life in Christ ; and that in the Holy Eucharist Christ nourished the new life of faith by the communication of Himself.

Apprehending Jesus Christ in this light, Dr. Harbaugh believed in his divine Lord and Saviour with a faith that enlisted all the energies of his will, every faculty of his intellect, all the feelings of his heart, and no less also all the powers of his

body. Seeing in Him the original principle of the natural creation and the living fountain of grace ; seeing in Him the final end and purpose of nature, of providence and redemption ; the Head over all things in Heaven and on earth unto the Church ; and believing himself to be by grace a living member of Christ, and an heir with Him of the ineffable glory which He had with the Father before the world was ; he was moved from within, as by the spontaneous impulses of his being, not only to acknowledge the supreme authority and obey the commandments of Christ, but to live unto Him with rejoicing ; to think and study in His service ; to write and preach in His service ; to labor and toil, to deny himself and endure in His service ; concerned chiefly that the glorious Kingdom of the Father might come with new power, and that he might be faithful to his Lord and Master unto the end.

Paradoxical as it may sound, yet it is but the simple truth to say, that Dr. Harbaugh had but little, or no concern about his personal salvation. He took God at His word. He believed Christ and His salvation to be sealed to Him in the sacramental acts of God ; and he believed this so firmly that the dark shadows of doubt or fear rarely, if ever, disturbed his peace. His was the objective assurance of salvation. He did not look into himself for the evidence of forgiveness. He did not

analyze his spiritual feelings to find out whether he was a Christian, just as he did not analyze his natural feelings to find out whether he was a man. To him one process was as vain as the other. But relying on the word and sacramental acts of Jesus Christ, who can neither lie nor deceive, he felt himself standing as on an immovable rock, and he looked forward to his resurrection from the dead and his ultimate glorification in heaven as certain and necessary facts, rejoicing in hope with unspeakable joy.

As the objective truth determined the nature of his personal piety, so did it exert a determining influence on his official character and conduct as a *Christian Minister*. The distinguishing trait of his ministerial character may be expressed by saying that he magnified his office. As the Church, according to his view, was a present reality, a living constitution in whose veins flowed the very life of the God-Man, he held that in the act of ordination a man becomes an office-bearer in this spiritual kingdom, invested with supernatural authority and power. The minister represents and perpetuates the three-fold office of Christ in the Church for the salvation of man. As Christ is the chief Prophet, the minister teaches in His Name the truth as it is in Christ. As Christ is the great High Priest who offered Himself on the cross an all-sufficient sacrifice for the sin of the world, the minister proclaims and dispenses the perennial virtue of this one all

sufficient sacrifice. As Christ is the only true King, the minister rules by His authority and according to His will in the Church, guiding, protecting, and defending, as the rightful under-shepherd, the flock entrusted to his supervision.

It was in this sense that Dr. Harbaugh believed himself to be a minister of Jesus Christ. Nor did he suppose that the office of the ministry, being representative of Christ, detracted from the supreme dignity of the divine Head. As the minister mediates the Word of Christ in teaching, and the law as the will of Christ in governing, so he believed that the minister mediates the virtue of the sacrifice and resurrection of Christ in performing priestly functions. To represent and act for Christ as the only High Priest did not involve a denial of His supremacy and all-sufficiency, any more than it did to represent and act for Christ as the Chief Prophet and Teacher. On the contrary, he believed that in magnifying his office as a minister in obedience to divine authority, he exalted the dignity and intensified the sense of the reality of the original office as belonging exclusively to Christ Himself. For in exalting the ministerial office to its true relation to Christ, he brought nigh to the sense and consciousness of men, the living, ever-present virtue and the peculiar glory of Jesus Christ as the only Prophet, Priest and King.

Of this view of his office received from Christ by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery, the spontaneous effect was to humble him in view of his great unworthiness ; to fill his heart with joy that he had been counted worthy to be entrusted with the mysteries of grace ; to inspire him with ardent and unquenchable zeal for his Master and his Master's kingdom ; to impart strength, comfort and hope amid his weaknesses and his numerous discouragements ; to make him fearless, bold, and uncompromising in the face of subtle wickedness and hydra-headed errors that arose in church and state, in philosophy, theology, and practical life ; to impel him to persevering activity in the service of the church, and sustain him under the various exhausting labors which he performed with unwavering resolution from month to month, from year to year, in the spirit of genuine self-denial and self-sacrifice, for the good of men and the glory of Christ ; and to keep his mind calm, composed, cheerful, in the midst of the vicissitudes, bereavements, sorrows, and conflicts of his ministerial career.

The want of time does not permit me to enter into details, else I might speak of his implicit faith in Holy Scripture as the inspired word of God ; of his ability and freshness as a preacher ; of his fidelity to Christ in expounding His word without fear or favor ; of his fidelity to the people in pro-

claiming the entire Gospel in all its fulness ; of his sympathy as a pastor with the poor and the sick, the widow and the orphan ; of his diligence in the catechization of the children and youth of the church ; of his lively and constant interest in young men, and his unwearying efforts to arouse them to high resolves and stimulate them to noble endeavors ; of his devotion to the churchly idea of parochial schools ; of his steady zeal in supporting all the educational and missionary operations of the church ; of his profound sense of the solemn importance of higher institutions of learning in their relation to the progress of the Gospel ; and of his earnestness, tact, wisdom and modesty as a conscientious leader on the floor of classis and synod.

But waiving the consideration of these particulars, I pass on to notice the position and character of Dr. Harbaugh as a *Protestant theologian* of the Reformed Church. Viewing him under this aspect, we come to the highest point of the development of his spiritual life. His genius and energy, his faith and piety, his intellectual and practical activity ;—all meet and culminate in the Christian theologian.

Awakened to a clear perception of the rationalistic and disintegrating tendencies of modern Protestantism by the severe criticisms of his revered teachers, the Rev. Drs. Nevin and Schaff, and led by them, by organic methods of thought, into the

study of the theology of the Reformation in its relation to the theology of the post-Apostolic and Nicene periods of history, Dr. Harbaugh came to a definite apprehension of the truth that the Apostles' Creed, next to the written Word, stands as the principal rule of faith, possessing fundamental significance for Protestantism, for the Reformed Church, and for all subsequent periods of history. In the light of living faith in Christ, he studied with a due measure of independence the entire range of Protestant theology, Lutheran and Reformed. Passing beyond the Reformation into those fruitful periods which solved many fundamental problems of the Christian faith, he studied the issues involved in the great controversies of the early church; he reproduced the ruling primitive ideas concerning the nature of Christianity and the nature of the church, concerning the ministry, church government, worship, and the sacraments; then, qualified by such knowledge and sustained by a candid exegesis, he, in the exercise of his own judgment, but with a childlike spirit, studied the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. Standing on this scriptural and catholic ground, he followed the developments of the medieval age, and judged of the errors in doctrine and corruptions in practice in the Roman Church.

As the result of these extensive and faithful historical studies, conducted under the leadership of those whom he always loved to acknowledge as guides, yet conducted in his own way with a free and independent mind, Dr. Harbaugh became a broad, manifold theologian, uniting in an organic whole what to his opponents appeared to be antagonistic elements. For him the governing force of sound theological thought was the objective order of truth embodied in the Apostles' Creed, of which the central, animating principle was the Person of Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God. Studying the written Word from this point of view, his theology became catholic as well as Scriptural, Protestant no less than catholic, and Reformed as well as Protestant; and it stood opposed alike to infidelity and to false Biblicism, to Romanism and Gnosticism, to one-sided metaphysical Calvinism and humanitarian Arminianism, to lifeless orthodoxy and arrogant rationalism, to a false unionism and narrow bigotry, to cold formalism and self-inflated fanaticism.

The theology of Dr. Harbaugh was therefore primarily catholic, then Protestant, and finally Reformed. The Heidelberg Catechism he subordinated, as it subordinates itself, to the Apostles' Creed, and the Apostles' Creed to Holy Scripture, Scripture being held to be the ultimate critical standard and the only norm of faith. But he

studied Scripture in the light of the Creed, and the Creed by the aid of the Catechism as well as in the light of history. With him, the chief object of interest and devotion was the Church catholic, the one mystical body of Christ. To promote her prosperity and glory he lived and labored. No other object on earth did he consider worthy of his time and services. He was a Protestant because he believed Protestantism to be a necessary and valid development of the original life of catholicism ; and he was Reformed because the Reformed Church, as regards her theology, government, and type of piety, was the better side of Protestantism. Under this view we may call him a Reformed theologian of the Church catholic ; or a firm opponent of Romanism on the basis of the Reformed catholic faith.

The natural result of such a comprehensive yet definite theology was illustrated in the life of Dr. Harbaugh. His opponents may draw the inference, and try to do so logically, that he did not love the Reformed Church and was not devoted to her prosperity as a distinct branch of the Protestant Reformation. But no inference could be less logical and less in accordance with fact. Whilst the church universal was to him the chief object of interest and devotion, he believed, as a legitimate consequence of his Protestant faith in catholic truth, that he could accomplish this chief end most

effectually by cultivating the original life and faith of the church after the type and in the communion of Protestantism. As a legitimate consequence of his Reformed faith in Protestant truth, he believed also that he could promote the interests of Christ's Kingdom in the sphere of Protestantism most effectually by living in the communion of the Reformed Church, and devoting all his energies of body and mind to her progress and triumphs. Nay more. His life was even more specific still. He could not live for the Church by dissipating his energies among vague generalities. He could do so only by consecrating himself, his ministry, his studies, his warm heart, to the church of his American German fathers.

Accordingly Dr. Harbaugh was not only Reformed and German Reformed, but also American German Reformed. That is, he devoted himself specifically to the advancement of theology in the German church planted in America by the Reformed fathers.

His extraordinary activity and numerous labors demonstrate the truth of what I have asserted. He loved the Heidelberg Catechism. He studied its origin, its theology, its history; he vindicated it against false interpretation and unwarrantable opposition. He preached series of sermons on it. The last work of his life, though not published, is a complete commentary on the catechism, contain-

ing the results of his theological investigations during the last twenty years of his life. In many and various ways, which I have not time to enumerate, he labored to bring this precious formula of faith into honor among ministers and laymen; to disseminate the knowledge of its genius and its doctrines among the people, and awaken in the mind of the Reformed Church a lively consciousness of her rich inheritance. Excepting only the Rev. Dr. Nevin, no minister of the Reformed Church from the pioneer Schlatter down to his time, ever worked so steadily and untiringly towards this noble end, and no one accomplished so much.

Dr. Harbaugh made the history of the church both in Europe and America a special subject of investigation. He studied the lives of the Reformers. He studied the lives of the American Fathers. To gather the requisite material for his biographical works, he traveled extensively for several years, as his professional duties would permit, searching for information among piles of old letters, in the records of the oldest churches, in conversation with the oldest surviving members of the oldest churches, with the descendants of deceased clergymen, and among the files of German and English newspapers of the last century. To the same end he carried on an extensive correspondence; besides, he collected all accessible manu-

scripts, reports, annals, biographies, and histories bearing upon his undertaking. He spared neither time, nor labor, nor money in qualifying himself for the proper execution of his plans. Then he wrote out the *Life of Michael Schlatter*; and this was followed by *The Lives of the Fathers* in three volumes. Though the books he wrote directly for his own church yielded him no pecuniary revenue, yet he did not abate his zeal nor relinquish his purpose. These works were only preparatory to a larger and more important work which he intended to write, and no doubt would have written, had his life been spared, namely, a complete history of the German branch of the Reformed Church from its origin to the present period.

Dr. Harbaugh originated the idea of the Tercentenary celebration of 1863. As Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements he devised the plan of that jubilee; he superintended all the preliminary work; he directed the movement, in the midst of all the discouragements arising from the prevalence of a gigantic civil war; and he did the work successfully, from the beginning to its triumphant conclusion. Though he received important aid and was supported by the active coöperation of other members of the committee; though the movement must have been a failure had not other distinguished theologians, both in Europe and America, sustained it by their contributions, yet

the fact stands out clearly to view that he inaugurated the celebration of the Ter-centenary year, and that the success of the celebration must in the first instance be ascribed mainly to his genius and zeal.

He was also the originator of the Historical Society, or one of its principal originators. He took a deep interest in its operations from year to year, and was one of its most active supporters.

But I waive any further enumeration of particulars. These are only some of the facts which demonstrate the earnest spirit with which he devoted himself to the practical affairs of the Reformed Church. Whilst many other men have done good service in this direction, such as Schlatter, Hendel, Reily, Mayer, Nevin, and Schaff, yet it is but simple justice to say that, as regards direct practical efforts in the interest of the German branch of the Reformed Church, Dr. Harbaugh distinguished himself as one of the most efficient workmen in America.

We see from this review of his life that there was no incompatibility between the catholic theology of Dr. Harbaugh and living interest in the practical affairs of the church. On the contrary, it was the old faith that yielded such rich and abundant fruit. The original life flowing in the arteries of the church catholic circulates in the arteries and veins of the entire body, nourishing

and animating every member and every organ of the body mystical. Any member of this spiritual organism can live and flourish only as it appropriates the vitality of the same original life-blood. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself," says Christ, "except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in Me." Just because Dr. Harbaugh identified himself with the faith and theology of the Reformation and thus stood in unbroken continuity with all previous periods of history and through them with the life and faith of the Apostolic College, did he feel the strong pulsation of that life in the depths of his soul, and was constrained as by an irresistible impulse to labor for the church of his fathers in America with as much patience and zeal as if, like Paul, he had received an audible call from God to offer himself to Him a sacrifice on her altar.

It would be proper yet to touch upon the character of Dr. Harbaugh as a writer and a poet. But as this imperfect portraiture has already exceeded its intended limits, I must forbear.

So fertile and various a genius, so marked a character, and so active and successful a life, suggest important practical reflections. But I shall conclude by merely summing up the results of this review of our sainted brother's life.

The central idea may be expressed by saying that the spirit and genius of Dr. Harbaugh were

in the true sense representative. He was a representative personality under every prominent aspect of his character. Whether we consider him simply as a man, an individual member of the race, or as an American German, an individual member of this particular nationality, the assertion is valid. He was a genuine man, realizing the rich truth of a noble manhood. He was a genuine Pennsylvania German ; the best type, taken all in all, of German life, of German geniality, and German modes of thought, that has come to view in our day.

But the assertion is equally valid under the higher aspect of Christian manhood. He realized the idea of a Christian. I knew him well for nearly thirty years, first as a student at Mercersburg and afterwards as a pastor and a professor ; and for the last twenty years we have been intimate bosom friends. On all occasions he would communicate to me with entire freedom his private opinions of men and things, and the secret workings of his own heart under the severest trials of his life. And I can testify without reserve that, whilst he would sometimes differ with me in judgment, Dr. Harbaugh was *true* to Christ as His humble follower, true in the full sense of the word. What he appeared to be outwardly he was in reality in the secret depths of his soul. Scrupulously conscientious in every act, the all-controlling principle of his conduct was fidelity to Jesus Christ. Christ was the only law of

his life. And to this law he made all private and temporal considerations bend absolutely by the power of an unconquerable will.

No less did he realize the true idea of a minister of the Gospel. Studious, faithful, earnest, devout, reverential, fearless, yet kind and tender, he consecrated his powers and acquirements to his calling, seeking only to fulfil the work of Christ on earth to the glory of His name.

But I may speak more specifically. Harbaugh was the true type of a German Reformed minister. The rare qualities of mind and heart with which he was endowed were not diverted from his legitimate calling and frittered away on outside popular enterprises and schemes, but were set apart sacredly to the single purpose of building up the Church of Christ in the faith of the Heidelberg Catechism, and among the people of American German nationality.

These particulars I sum up by saying that he was a representative man in the sphere of Christological theology. He realized the idea of a theologian of the German branch of the Reformed Church. Rooted in the original life of the church catholic, like the Catechism in the Apostles' Creed, he held the positive truth of all ages in the specific form begotten by the Reformed Confessions. This truth he held in its negative relations to divergent tendencies of Christian faith, revering what was

good and Scriptural in the ecclesiastical organizations to which he did not adhere, and exposing what he believed to be evil or false in the Communion in which he lived. Whilst some men are distinguished mainly for profound thought, others for practical judgment and extraordinary activity, he united both elements of character, devoting himself with equal freedom to the science of Christian theology and to the details of practical Christian life. The union of these opposite qualities constitute Dr. Harbaugh a model theologian. Among all the disciples of his distinguished teacher, no one grasped, illustrated, and developed the ruling ideas of his philosophical and theological thinking so well and so fully as did he.

In virtue of this extraordinary combination of manifold qualities, natural and moral, which raised him above the common level of men, of Christians, and of ministers, Dr. Harbaugh was, by universal consent, a leader and a standard bearer. As such he stood forth prominently in the Reformed Church, and he wielded an influence, mighty and permanent for good, on the rostrum, in the pulpit, on the floor of classis and synod, through the medium of the press, and far and wide among all classes of the people.

But it has pleased an all-wise Providence to call him hence. Just when he had reached the meridian of life ; when his intellect and his scholarship were

approaching maturity ; just when the conflict between faith and all the insidious forms of unbelief was waxing more violent ; just when, according to our narrow judgment, his life and labors were most necessary and important, the voice of God bids him lay down the weapons of spiritual warfare, and enter into rest. At such an hour as we thought not, his lips are sealed in death ; and we awake to a sense of great and irreparable loss. Our beloved brother, our friend, our co-worker is no more. A burning and a shining light has been extinguished. So we say ; but we do not yet feel the full force of our loss. The painful sense of bereavement will come as occasions arise when his presence is needed. Our hearts are sad and depressed ; but we acquiesce in the dispensations of the divine will ; for God deals with us both in wisdom and love. Dr. Harbaugh has entered into his reward among the sainted dead ; he is verifying the hope of heavenly recognition ; and is enjoying the blessedness of the Home which he saw in the distance by faith. He has gained infinitely more than we have lost.

We who remain are still in the midst of the great conflict, and follow after in hope. His noble example of faith and activity, of earnestness and burning zeal, is the rich legacy which he has bequeathed to us. His influence still lives. Though dead, he yet speaketh.

Let us revere his memory. Let us cherish and perpetuate among us his apostolic spirit. Let us imitate his example of activity, of zeal for the honor of Jesus Christ, and of consecration to the Church of the living God, which is the pillar and ground of the Truth.

E. V. GERHART.

Lancaster, Pa., March 2d, 1868.

HYMNS AND POEMS.

BY HENRY HARBAUGH.

JESUS, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best ;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come ;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best ;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine ;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heav'n forever mine.

JESUS, my Shepherd, let me share
Thy guiding hand, Thy tender care ;
And let me ever find in Thee,
A refuge and a rest for me.

Oh, lead me ever by Thy side,
Where fields are green, and waters glide ;
And be Thou still, where'er I be,
A refuge and a rest for me.

While I this barren desert tread,
 Feed thou my soul on heavenly bread ;
 'Mid foes and fears Thee may I see,
 A refuge and a rest for me.

Anoint me with Thy gladdening grace,
 To cheer me in the heavenly race ;
 Cause all my gloomy doubts to flee,
 And make my spirit rest in Thee.

When death shall end this mortal strife,
 Bring me through death to endless life ;
 Then, face to face, beholding Thee,
 My refuge and my rest shall be.

JESUS, to Thy cross I hasten,
 In all weariness my home ;
 Let Thy dying love come o'er me—
 Light and covert in the gloom :
 Saviour, hide me,
 Till the hour of gloom is o'er.

Where life's tempests dark are rolling
 Fearful shadows o'er my way ;
 Let firm faith in Thee sustain me,
 Every rising fear allay :
 Hide, oh ! hide me,
 Hide me till the storm is o'er.

When stern death at last shall lead me
 Through the dark and lonely vale ;
 Let Thy hope uphold and cheer me,
 Though my flesh and heart should fail.
 Safely hide me
 With Thyself forevermore.

THE MYSTIC WEAVER.

AT his loom the weaver sitting
 Throws his shuttle to and fro ;
 Foot and treadle,
 Hands and pedal,
 Upward, downward,
 Hither, thither,
 How the weaver makes them go !
 As the weaver wills they go.
 Up and down the warp is plying,
 And across the woof is flying ;
 What a rattling,
 What a battling,
 What a shuffling,
 What a scuffling,
 As the weaver makes his shuttle,
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.
 Threads in single,
 Threads in double ;
 How they mingle,
 What a trouble !
 Every color—
 What profusion !
 Every motion—
 What confusion !
 Whilst the warp and woof are mingling,
 Signal bells above are jingling,
 Telling how each figure ranges,
 Telling when the color changes,
 As the weaver makes his shuttle
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

II.

At his loom the weaver sitting,
 Throws his shuttle to and fro ;
 'Mid the noise and wild confusion,

Well the weaver seems to know,
 As he makes his shuttle go,
 What each motion—
 And commotion,
 What each fusion—
 And confusion,
 In the grand result will show :
 Weaving daily,
 Singing gaily,
 As he makes his busy shuttle,
 Hither, thither, send and scuttle.

III.

At his loom the weaver sitting
 Throws his shuttle to and fro ;
 See you not how shape and order
 From the wild confusion grow,
 As he makes his shuttle go ?
 As the warp and woof diminish,
 Grows behind the beauteous finish :
 Tufted plaidings,
 Shapes and shadings ;
 All the mystery
 Now in history ;
 And we see the reason subtle
 Why the weaver makes his shuttle,
 Hither, thither, send and scuttle.

IV.

See the Mystic Weaver sitting
 High in heaven—His loom below.
 Up and down the treadles go :
 Takes for warp the world's long ages,
 Takes for woof its kings and sages,
 Takes the nobles and their pages,
 Takes all stations and all stages.

Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle ;
 Armies make them scud and scuttle.

Woof into the warp must flow ;
 Up and down the nations go ;
 As the Weaver wills they go.

Men are sparring,
 Powers are jarring,
 Upward, downward,
 Hither, thither,

See how strange the nations go,
 Just like puppets in a show.
 Up and down the warp is plying,
 And across the woof is flying,

What a rattling,
 What a battling,
 What a shuffling,
 What a scuffling,

As the Weaver makes His shuttle,
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

V.

Calmly see the Mystic Weaver
 Throw His shuttle to and fro ;
 'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
 Well the Weaver seems to know

What each motion—
 And commotion,
 What each fusion—
 And confusion,

In the grand result will show,
 As the nations,
 Kings and stations,
 Upward, downward,
 Hither, thither,

As in mystic dances, go.

In the present all is mystery ;

In the Past 'tis beauteous History.

O'er the mixing and the mingling,

How the signal bells are jingling !
 See you not the Weaver leaving
 Finished work behind in weaving ?
 See you not the reason subtle—
 As the warp and woof diminish,
 Changing into beauteous finish—
 Why the Weaver makes His shuttle,
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle ?

VI.

Glorious wonder ! What a weaving !
 To the dull beyond believing !
 Such no fabled ages know.
 Only faith can see the mystery,
 How, along the aisle of History
 Where the feet of sages go,
 Loveliest to the purest eyes,
 Grand the mystic tapet lies !
 Soft and smooth and even-spreading,
 As if made for angels' treading ;
 Tufted circles touching ever,
 Inwrought beauties fading never ;
 Every figure has its plaidings,
 Brighter form and softer shadings ;
 Each illumined—what a riddle !—
 From a Cross that gems the middle.
 'Tis a saying—some reject it—
 That its light is all reflected ;
 That the tapet's hues are given
 By a Sun that shines in Heaven !
 'Tis believed, by all believing,
 That great God Himself is weaving !
 Bringing out the world's dark mystery
 In the light of faith and History ;
 And as warp and woof diminish
 Comes the grand and glorious finish—
 When begin the golden ages,
 Long foretold by seers and sages.

HEEMWEH.

ICH wees net was die Ursach is—

Wees net, warum ich's dhu :
 'N jedes Johr mach ich der Weg
 Der alte Heemet zu ;
 Hab weiter nix zu suche dort—
 Kee' Erbschaft un kee' Geld ;
 Un doch treibt mich des Heemgefiel
 So shtark wie alle Welt ;
 Nor'd shtärt ich ewe ab un geh,
 Wie owe schun gemelddt.

Wie nächer dass ich kumm zum Ziel,
 Wie shtärker will ich geh,
 For eppes in mei'm Herz werd letz
 Un dhut m'r kreislich weh.
 Der letschte Hiwel schpring ich nuf,
 Un ep ich drowe bin,
 Shtreck ich mich uf so hoch ich kann
 Un guk mit Luschte hin ;
 Ich seh's alt Shtee'haus dorch die Beem,
 Un wott ich wär schun drin.

Guk, wie der Kicheschornschtee' schmokt—
 Wie oft hab ich sell g'seh',
 Wann ich draus in de Felder war,
 'N Buwele jung un klee'.
 O, sehntsch die Fenscherscheiwe dort?
 Sie guk'n roth wie Blut ;
 Hab aft cunsiddert, doch net g'wisst,
 Dass sell die Sunn so dhut.
 Ja, manches wees 'n Kind noch net—
 Wann's dhut, wär's ah net gut !

Wie gleich ich selle Babble Beem,
 Sie shtehn wie Brieder dar ;
 Un uf'm Gippel—g'wiss ich leb !
 Hockt alleweil 'n Shtaar !

'S Gippel biegt sich—guk, wie's gaunscht—
 'R hebt sich awer fescht ;
 Ich seh sei' rothe Fliegle plehn,
 Wann er sei' Feddere wescht ;
 Will wette, dass sei' Fraale hot
 Uf sellem Baam 'n Nescht !

O, es gedenkt m'r noch gans gut,
 Wo selle werri Beem
 Net greeser als 'n Welschkornschtock
 Gebrocot sin worre heem.
 Die Mammi war an's Grändäd's g'west,
 Dort ware Beem wie die ;
 Drei Wipplein hot sie mitgebracht,
 Un g'sa't : „Dort blanscht sie hie.“
 M'r hen's gedhu'—un glaabscht du's nau—
 Dort selli Beem sin sie !

Guk ! werklich, ich bin schier am Haus !—
 Wie schnell geht doch die Zeit !
 Wann m'r so in Gedanke geht,
 So wees m'r net wie weit.
 Dort is d'r Schap, die Welschkornkrip,
 Die Seiderpress dort draus ;
 Dort is die Scheier, un dort die Schpring—
 Frisch quellt des Wasser raus ;
 Un guk ! die schun alt Klapbord-Fens,
 Un's Dheerle vor'm Haus.

Alles is schtill—sie wisse net,
 Dass epper fremmes kummt.
 Ich denk, der alte Watsch is dodt,
 Sunscht wär er raus gedschumpt ;
 For er hot als verschinnert g'brillt
 Wann er hot 's Dheerle g'heert ;
 Es war de Träw'lers kreislich bang,
 Sie werre gans verzehrt :
 Kee' G'folr—er hot paar Mol gegauzt,
 Nor'd is er umgekehrt.

Alles is schtill—die Dheer is zu !
 Ich schteh, besinne mich !
 Es rappelt doch en wenig nau
 Dort hinne in der Kich.
 Ich geh net nei—ich kann noch net !
 Mei' Herz fiehlt schwer un krank ;
 Ich geh 'n wenig uf die Bortsch,
 Un hock mich uf die Bank ;
 Es seht mich niemand, wann ich heil,
 Hinner der Drauwerank !
 Zweek Blätz sin do uf däre Bortsch,
 Die halt ich hoch in Acht,
 Bis meines Lebens Sonn versinkt
 In schtiller Dodtes-Nacht !
 Wo ich vum alte Vaterhaus
 'S erscht mol bin gange fort,
 Schtand mei' Mammi weinend da,
 An sellem Rigel dort ;
 Un nix is mir so heilig nau
 Als grade seller Ort.
 Ich kann se heit noch sehne schteh,
 Ihr Schnuppduch in d'r Hand ;
 Die Backe roth, die Aage nass—
 O, wie sie doch do schtand !
 Dort gab ich ihr mei' Färewell,
 Ich weinte als ich's gab,
 'S war's letschte Mol in däre Welt,
 Dass ich's ihr gewe nab !
 Befor ich widder kumme bin
 War sie in ihrem Grab !
 Nau, wann ich an mei' Mammi denk,
 Un meen, ich dheth se seh,
 So schteht sie an dem Rigel dort
 Un weint, weil ich wek geh !
 Ich seh sie net im Schockelschtuhl !
 Net an keem annere Ort ;

Ich denk net an sie als im Grab :
 Juscht an dem Rigel dort !
 Dort schteht sie immer vor mei'm Herz
 Un weint noch liebreich fort !

Was macht's dass ich so dort hi' guk,
 An sell End vun der Bank !
 Weescht du's? Mei' Herz is noch net dodt,
 Ich wees es, Gott sei Dank !
 Wie manchmal sass mei Dady dort,
 Am Summer-Nochmiddag,
 Die Hände uf der Schoos gekreizt,
 Sei Schtock bei Seite lag.
 Was hot er dort im Schtille g'denkt?
 Wer mecht es wisse—sag?

V'rleicht is es 'n Kindheets-Draam,
 Dass ihn so sanft bewegt ;
 Oder is er 'n Jingling jetz,
 Der scheene Plane legt !
 Er hebt sei' Aage uf juscht nau
 Un gukt weit iwer's Feld ;
 Er seht v'rleicht d'r Kerchhof dort,
 Der schun die Mammi helt !
 Er sehnt v'rleicht nooch seiner Ruh
 Dort in der bessere Welt !

Ich wees net, soll ich nei' in's Haus,
 Ich zitter an d'r Dheer !
 Es is wol alles voll insend,
 Un doch is alles leer !
 'S is net meh heem, wie's eemol war,
 Un kann's ah nimme sei ;
 Was naus mit unsere Eltere geht
 Kummst ewig nimme nei' !
 Die Freide hot der Dodt geärrt,
 Das Trauerdheel is mei' !

So geht's in dä're rauhe Welt,
 Wo alles muss vergeh!
 Ja, in der alte Heemet gar
 Fiehl't m'r sich all allee'!
 O, wann's net vor der Himmel wär,
 Mit seiner scheene Ruh,
 Dann wär m'r's do schun lang verleedt,
 Ich wisst net, was ze dhu.
 Doch Hoffnung leichtet meinen Weg
 Der ew'gen Heemet zu.

Dort is 'n schee', schee' Vaterhaus,
 Dort geht m'r nimmeh fort;
 Es weint kee' guti Mammi meh'
 In sellem Freideort.
 Kee' Dady such meh' fer 'n Grab,
 Wo, was er lieb hat, liegt!
 Sell is kee' Elendwelt wie die,
 Wo alle Luscht betriegt;
 Dort hat das Lewe ewiglich
 Iwer der Dodt gesiegt.

Dort find m'r, was m'r do verliert,
 Un b'halt's in Ewigkeit;
 Dort lewe unsre Dodte all.
 In Licht un ew'ger Freid!
 Wie oft, wann ich in Druwel bin,
 Deuk ich an selli Ruh,
 Un wott, wann's nor Gott's Wille wär,
 Ich ging ihr schneller zu;
 Doch wart ich bis mei' Schtindle schlägt,
 Nor'd sag ich—Welt, adju!

DAS ALT SCHULHAUS AN DER KRICK.

HEIT is 's 'xäctly zwansig Johr,
 Dass ich bin owwe naus ;
 Nau bin ich widder lewig z'rick
 Un Schteh am Schulhaus an d'r Krick,
 Juscht neekscht an's Dady's Haus.

Ich bin in hunnert Heiser g'west,
 Van Märbelstree' un Brick,
 Un alles was sie hen, die Leit,
 Dhet ich verschwappe eenig Zeit
 For's Schulhaus an der Krick.

Wer mied deheem is, un will fort,
 So loss ihn numme geh'—
 Ich sag ihm awwer vorne naus
 Es is all Humbuk owwe draus,
 Un er werd's selwert seh' !

Ich bin draus rum in alle Eck',
 M'r macht's jo ewwe so ;
 Hab awwer noch in keener Schtadt
 Uf e'mol so viel Freed geliat
 Wie in dem Schulhaus do.

Wie heemelt mich do alles a' !
 Ich schteh, un denk, un guck ;
 Un was ich schier vergesse hab,
 Kumpt widder z'rick wie aus seim Grab,
 Un schteht do wie en Schpuck !

Des Krickle schpielt vorbei wie's hot,
 Wo ich noch g'schpielt hab dra' ;
 Un unner selle Hollerbisch
 Do schpiele noch die kleine Fisch,
 So schmärt wie selli Zeit.

Der Weissech sichte noch an der Dhier—
 Maclit Schatte iwwer's Dach :
 Die Drauwerank is ah noch grie'—
 Uu's Amschel-Nescht—guk juscht möl hi'—
 O was is dess en Sach !

Die Schwalme schkippe iwwer's Feld,
 Die vedderscht is die bescht !
 Uu sehnscht du dort am Giebeleck
 'N Haus vun Schtopple un vun Dreck ?
 Sell is en Schwalme-Nescht.

Die Junge leie allweil schtill,
 Uu schlofe alle fescht.
 Ward bis die Alte kriege Wern
 No'd herscht du awwer gross Gelerin—
 Vun Meiler in dem Nescht !

Ja, alles dess is noch wie's war
 Wo ich noch war en Buh ;
 Doch anner Dings sin net neh so,
 For alles dhut sich enner do
 Wie ich mich enner dhu.

Ich scteh wie Ossian in seim Dhal
 Un seh in's Wolkespiel,—
 Bewegt mit Freed un 'Trauer—ach !
 Die Dhirene kumme wann ich lach !
 Kanscht denke wie ich fiehl.

Do bin ich gange in die Schul,
 Wo ich noch war gaus klee' ;
 Dort war der Meeschter in seim Schtuhl,
 Dort war sei' Wip, un dort sei' Ruhl,—
 Ich kann's noch Alles seh'.

Die lange Desks rings an der Wand—
 Die grose Schieler drun ;
 Uf eener Seit die grose Mäd,
 Un dort die Buwe net so bleed—
 Guk, wie sie piepe run !

Der Meeschter watscht sie awwer scharf,
 Sie gewe besser acht :
 Dort seller, wo losletters schreibt
 Un seller, wo sei Schpuchte treibt,
 Un seller Kerl wo lacht.

Die Grose un die Kleene all
 Sin unner eener Ruhl ;
 Un dess is juscht der rechte Weg :
 Wer Ruhls verbrecht, der nemmt die Schleg,
 Odder verlosst die Schul.

Inwennig, um der Offe rum
 Hoewe die kleene Tschäps,
 Sie lerne artlich hart, verschelt,
 Un wer net wees sei' A B C—
 Sei' Ohre kriege Rääps.

S'is hart zu hoewe uf so Benk—
 Die Fiess, die selcht'n net uf—
 En Mancher kriegt en weher Riek
 In sellem Schulhaus an der Krick,
 Un ficht gaus krenklich druf.

Die arme Drep ! dort hoewe se
 In Misserie—juscht denk !
 Es is kee' Wunner—nemm mei Wort—
 Dass se so wenig lerne dort,
 Uf selle hoewe Benk.

Mit all was mer so sage kann,
 War's doch en guti Schul ;
 Du finscht keen Meeschter so, geh, such—
 Der seifre kann darch's ganze Buch,
 Un schkippt keen eeni Ruhl.

Bees war er ! ja, dess muss ich g'selcht ;
 G'wippt hot er numme zu ;
 Gar kreislich gute Ruhls gelehrt
 Un wer Schleg kriegt hot, hen se g'heert,
 Hot eppes letz gedlau'.

Wann's Dinner war, un Schul war aus,
 Nor'd hot mer gut gefiehl ;
 Dheel is 'n Balle-Gehu gelunge,
 Dheel hen mitnanner Rehs g'schprunge,
 Un Dheel hen Sold'scher g'schpielt.

Die grose Mäd hen ausgekehrt—
 Die Buwe nausgeschtaabt !
 Zu helfe hen en Dheel pretend,
 Der Meeschter hot sie naus gesend :
 Die Ruhls hen's net erlaabt.

Die kleene Mäd hen Ring geschpielt
 Uf sellem Waasum da ;
 Wann grose Mäd sin in der Ring—
 'S is doch en wunnervolles Ding !—
 Sin grose Buwe ah !

Die Grose hen die Grose 'taggt,
 Die Kleene all vermisst !
 Wie sin se g'schprunge ab un uf,
 Wer g'wunne hot, verloss dich druf,
 Hot diehdiglich gekisst !

Am Chrischdag war die rechte Zeit—
 Oh wann ich juscht dra' denk !
 Der Meeschter hen mer naus geschperrt,
 Die Dhier un Fenschter fescht gebärrt—
 „Nau, Meeschter, en Geschenk !“

Nor'd hot er awwer hart browirt,
 Mit Fors zu kumme nei' ;
 Un mir hen, wie er hot gekloppt,
 'N Schreiwes unne naus geschtoppt,
 „Wann's seinscht, dann kannscht du rei !“

Nau hot der Meeschter raus gelänst,
 Gar kreislich schiepisch 'gukt !
 Eppel un Keschte un noch meh',
 'S war juschtement in fäet recht schee',
 Mir hen's mit Lusche g'schluckt.

Oh wu sin nau die Schieler all,
 Wo hawe do gelernt?
 'N Dheel sin weit ewek gereest,
 Vum Unglick uf un ab gedscheest,
 Dheel hot der Dodt geärent!
 Mei Herz schwellt mit Gedanke uf,
 Bis ich schier gar verschlick!
 Kennt heile, 's dhut m'r nau so leed,
 Un doch gebt's mir die greschte Freed,
 Dess Schulhaus an der Krick.
 Gut bei! alt Schulhaus—Echo kreischt
 Gut bei! Gut bei! zurick;
 O Schulhaus! Schulhaus! muss ich geh',
 Un du schteltscht nor'd do all allee',
 Du Schulhaus an der Krick!
 Oh horecht, ihr Leit, wu nooch mir lebt,
 Ich schreib eich noch des Seltick:
 Ich warn eich, droh eich, gebt doch Acht,
 Un nemmt uf immer gut enacht,
 Des Schulhaus an der Krick!

LIFE OF HENRY HARBAUGH.

I. ANCESTRY.

“**S**HAME on him who will know nothing of his parentage,” exclaimed Dr. Henry Harbaugh from his pulpit at Lancaster, Pa., in 1851. “Shame on him who disowns his ancestry; he reproaches the blood in his own veins. Both shame and sin on him who is ashamed of his countrymen; he brands himself as a hypocrite in the eyes of all nations! Yet there are those still who seem to think that he who speaks German is necessarily ignorant, and that he who understands two languages knows less than *he who knows but one!* This lowest of all prejudices is certainly held with consistency by the descendants of those who in 1727 remonstrated with Governor Keith against the naturalization of the Swiss and German settlers on the Pequea,* urging among other things against them ‘*that they had resolved to speak their own language!!! O jam satis.*’”

* Creek flowing through Lancaster County, Pa., into the Susquehanna river.

Upon another occasion he wrote :

“ No country lies so near heaven as Switzerland. Her eternal Alps are her fit monuments, at once the symbols of power and freedom ; while the quiet valleys which they shelter and shade, speak to us forever of peace and blessing.”

It is intended herein to trace briefly the lineage of Henry Harbaugh, from the ancestral home in Switzerland down to his own life and times, and to offer something in support of the proposition that his deeply religious and poetic life, if nothing more, sprang through the influences of heredity from the very heart of the Swiss mountains.

In the Land Office at Harrisburg, Pa., there is a deed of record in which it appears that in 1739, *Joost Harbogh* was the owner of a tract of land of one hundred acres in what is now Berks County, three miles above Maxatawny creek. He came from Switzerland about the year 1736, and lived on this tract for about four years. After this he moved to the new settlement of Kreutz creek, west of the Susquehanna, where he cleared the land and built a substantial log house which was yet standing in the year 1836. It was forty feet square and the logs were of the choicest timber, all nicely hewn, some of them being as much as two feet broad. Westward from the site of this old house there is a gentle slope downward towards the spring ; directly

south of the spring was formerly the garden. Not many years ago there still grew some parsnips and larkspur along the fence which once bounded the old garden plot—the degenerated and lingering relics of ornament and use. Their dying and reviving each year seems to be a picture of how memory lingers and struggles to keep itself alive around the spot to which its fondest associations are bound.

Numerous German settlements were made on the banks of the Kreutz creek as early as 1736. Exiles from the Palatinate, they sought a new home where they hoped to live in peace; martyrs to the cause of Protestantism, they fled from the cruel religious persecutions of France and Germany, and expected to find a dwelling place where they could build anew their homes and their churches.

But in the place of receiving them kindly for their own sakes as well as for the sake of Him in whose cause they had suffered so much, the magnanimous government of Penn denied them a home for a time, and then after relenting so far as to allow them to remain, subjected them to great annoyances for many years.

The mode of life and surroundings of these early German settlers were truly primitive, simple, and severe. Here the young man and wife with a calm courage born in part at least of a hope for material prosperity, blazed a pathway through the forests and braved the dangers of the time.

Upon their arrival from the fatherland the first want of these hardy pioneers was to found a home. To clear away the forest and erect a good strong house of logs was the labor to which they first addressed themselves. Their furniture and conveniences of the household were of a rude sort, and their dress was simple, consisting of tow cloth almost wholly, until later when wool came to be an article obtainable in the markets. But there was a long time during which even a mixture of tow and wool was regarded as an article of luxury, and fortunate was he who could have it as a means of comfort in the winter months. In all that district around Kreutz creek there was neither shoemaker nor tanner, and shoes were brought annually from Philadelphia to supply the settlers. The mending was done by an itinerant cobbler who carried his little pack of leather used in the mending, with his tools, from one farm house to another. Tailors and blacksmiths were also itinerants. The same inconvenience attended the introduction of schools. The first schoolmaster was known only as "*Der Dicke* (thick) *Schulmeister*" and it goes without saying that he was crude in his art and often mercenary in his motives.

The privileges of the church could only be enjoyed by going to Lancaster, where a Reformed Church was built as early as 1736. It is said that "ministers from the other side of the river" were

went to come over once or twice a year to baptize the children. However, the lot for the Kreutz Creek Church was taken up October 27, 1746, and there was a church erected soon thereafter. The settlers maintained their religion and church services, though at times they were disheartened and scattered, only to be brought back again and provided with shepherds by such heroic missionaries as Zinzendorf, Muhlenberg, and Schlatter. On the occasion of celebrating the 115th anniversary of the organization of the German Reformed Church in the city of Lancaster, October 11 and 12, 1851, Dr. Harbaugh, pastor of the church, delivered several historical discourses. Among other things, he said :

“ The members of this congregation, from the beginning, and always, took a deep and active interest in the cause of education. Their school house, as they say, was ‘erected almost since the first settlement of the town.’ It was no doubt built at the same time with the church, for in their minds the church and school were inseparable. Their ideas of the culture of their children was, ‘from the family into the school, from the school into the church, and from the church into heaven.’

“ The first Reformed ministers in this country were men of learning,* and knew therefore the value of this

*The Reverend Jedediah Andrews, a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1695, in a letter dated Philadelphia, 1730, says in evident sur-

interest. Their classical learning was a matter of surprise and wonder to the English divines of this country. It has already been shown in this discourse that the largest number of the pastors of this congregation were men of regular university education. They regarded the business of education as belonging rather to the church than to the state ; and hence manifested the same zeal for it as they did for any other religious duty. Success attended their zeal. It was known that the Rev. Michael Schlatter, the first regular missionary of the German Reformed Church in this country, had as an important part of his mission assigned to him the duty of establishing and superintending schools. He labored in this cause in Lancaster also. It is said in regard to these schools, 'so rapidly indeed had the scholars increased, and with so much success were the schools conducted, under the united efforts and persevering industry of the Lutheran and German Reformed congregations that from about the year 1745 to 1784, they were almost the only schools of character in the county, except those at Ephrata and Lititz.'

" Again it is said in regard to these same Germans : ' For their attachment to learning and their untiring efforts in the cause of education, they receive but little credit, even from those whose acquaintance with the facts, independent of their German origin, should

prise : " There is lately come over a Palatinate candidate of the ministry, who having applied to us at the Synod (Scotch Synod) for ordination, 'tis left to three ministers to do it. He is an extraordinary person for sense and learning. We gave him a question to discuss about Justification and he answered it in a whole sheet of paper, in a very notable manner. His name is John Peter Miller, and speaks Latin as readily as we do our vernacular tongue, and so does the other, Dr. Weiss!" *Memorable dictu!*

prompt them upon all occasions to become their readiest defenders. How many schemes for the dissemination of knowledge among men have they not successfully devised, and other nations, as well as ourselves, as successfully put into operation, without so much as crediting the source from whence derived? With no other people would it have been attempted, and they have submitted to the moral wrong only because they rejoiced more in the good that followed to others than in the enjoyment of the honor that was due to the discovery for themselves.'

"So much we have thought proper to say by way of correcting the common slander—is there a softer name?—which it is still fashionable to perpetuate, not only among the wise descendants of those who made the Blue Laws and who burnt witches, but among some whose grandfathers spake only German."

The Pennsylvania-German Society, although in existence but a few years, has rescued and put in form to be preserved, much of the history and literature of this sturdy people. The Rev. Paul de Schweinitz speaks thus of them: "These early emigrants were intensely religious, and their descendants as a people have remained so. The language they brought with them, which is still used in their German churches, testifies to this. The German language is peculiarly adapted to the expression of religious and spiritual experiences. They brought with them to this country their in-

born love for the masterpieces of musical creation, and they have been largely instrumental in introducing to the American churches the uplifting anthems of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Haendel, Mendelssohn, and others. So difficult and profound is the Passion Music of John Sebastian Bach, that its production in this country has been attempted only twice, I believe. Once in Boston, Mass., and the other time with brilliant success in the Pennsylvania-German town of Bethlehem."

"The social and religious life among the Germans of Pennsylvania and neighboring states, one hundred years ago, was peculiar to itself, and its history has its own charm," writes Dr. Harbaugh, in his life of Schlatter. "A retiring and rural people were our forefathers. Isolated to a great extent from others by language, social habits, religion, and even the character of their secular pursuits, they dwelt in the fertile and friendly valleys of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia, ambitious only for the quiet ways of peace and love. It cannot be uninteresting even to strangers, and certainly not to their own children, to be presented with a picture, even though it may be very imperfect, of the social and religious features of the olden time among the Germans. Such a picture must come forward in the life and labors of a man like Michael Schlatter, who earn-

estly identified himself with their highest educational and religious interests for the space of more than forty years, during the most interesting and eventful period of our country's civil and ecclesiastical history.

“A true history of Pennsylvania would be one that would cluster not around its civil machinery, its council records, its battle fields and forts, its public officers and schemes of state policy, but one which would thread on its religious history, follow its churches as they rose in one valley and settlement after another, the pioneerings of its early pastors and the general progress of piety and purity in its families. There is not a family in the State whose history is not prevailingly bound up with its venerable churches and well-filled grave yards. These were not only the first prominent, sacred, and venerated places in the early settlements, but have always been the centers to which the deepest and most earnest thoughts of men have tended, and from which have gone out those moulding influences which have made individuals, families, valleys, and the State itself, as wealthy, worthy, and peaceful as they are.”

Tradition says that Yost Harbaugh was a man of stout physical frame, energetic spirit and great courage—just such a man as would enter upon a new settlement and brave the dangers and endure

the hardships of a border life.* He was a member of the Reformed Church. This is certain from the fact that he came from Switzerland, where all are confirmed to the church at fourteen years of age. Among the records of the Kreutz Creek Church are the baptism of children of his sons Yost and John, as early as 1759, which was before his death. This indicates that he raised his children to the faith and worship of the Reformed Church. He helped to found the German Reformed Congregation at York, Pa., and was a member of it. He aided in building the first church there. An old manuscript agreement, in which are laid down the principles on which the church shall be built, and the rules by which the congregation shall be governed, contains his name signed by himself, under date of March 17, 1745. His sons were members at Kreutz creek, and the Reformed Church has been since the prevailing ecclesiastical connection of nearly all the families which have sprung from this patriarch. Yost Harbaugh is buried, it is thought, in the grave yard at Kreutz creek, though there is no stone to mark his grave. There remains on the western side of the grave yard a stone which marks the grave of one of his daughters who died in 1790, and this may be safely taken as designating the place of family interment. He died in

*At this and other places in this chapter, the words of Dr. Harbaugh have been freely used, from the Annals of the Harbaugh Family.

April, 1762. His will, which is a quaint and curious document of considerable length, was recorded April 27, 1762, in York County. As an expression of his intentions it was no doubt satisfactory, but the scrivener who drew it evidently had more regard to the form and letter, than to the spirit of the law. In quite a long preamble the testator acknowledges his gratitude to God. "Being very sick and weak in body but perfect of mind and memory thanks be given therefore unto god therefore calling unto mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to Dye, I do mak and ordain this my Last Will and Testament." As to his body, he recommends that "it be buried in a Christian like and desend maner nothing Doubting but at the general Resurrection I shal receive the Same again by the mighty pwr of god." And touching his worldly estate, he bequeaths to his wife, "Twelve Pounds of good and lawful money of Pennsylvania & that yearly and every year so long as she abids a widow, and she shal have a full right to the Spring hous to Live thereon or in and to any one of the Cows in the stable . . . and a Chist to hir own use and that to hir and hir assigns for Ever." And to his ten children the estate is "Equally divided Share and Shear alike to the ouldest no more than the youngest or any of the rest." There is a memorandum marked "Beni" at the end of the will in which the

wife is further provided for, "and any of the Executors if the have any money in hand for any of the Legasses if the Can not lend it out as the think proper shall not be obliged to pay interest for it. This has been forgit to put in the will afore signed and sealed." The paper was first probated before one John Adlum, who styles himself "One of His Magosty's Justices of the Peace," but the Court afterwards decided it to be insufficient and the probate was then made before the proper officer.

This Swiss emigrant, Yost Harbaugh, the progenitor of the family in America, was twice married, having by h s first union six children and by his second four. Three of his sons by the first marriage found their way into the border land of Maryland and Pennsylvania and permanently settled in a small valley in Frederick County, Maryland, which afterwards came to be known as Harbaugh's Valley. No doubt they were attracted there by the fact that a Swiss settlement had already been made. Perhaps the national instinct of the Swiss to love mountainous regions had much to do with it. Swiss soldiers have died of homesickness for their native Alps, and the hearts of emigrants are ever weary of the plains, abiding not until they rest in the shadow of a mountain. It is the fortunes of the third son, Jacob, with which we shall have to do briefly. He was born in Switzerland February 5, 1730, and came with his parents to America at the age of six

years. When quite a young man he purchased a tract of land in Frederick County, Maryland, and while yet living with his father, and long before he received his "Equal shear and no more," made frequent trips to the land and worked at the clearing. He was married in April, 1761, to Anna Margareta Smith and moved to his new possessions shortly thereafter. The names of the several tracts of land composing his farm are "*Mount Olivet*," "*Sweet Land*," and "*The Tied Dog*." It was surrounded by wilderness when he bought it, but he cleared it up and afterwards added some acres to the original purchase. Game of all kinds was plentiful when he moved there, and bear's meat was not an uncommon article of diet. Nor were they at that early time free from danger on account of voracious and destructive wild beasts.

Jacob Harbaugh was tall and rather stout in person, though somewhat on the strait order of build. His education was limited, but he could read, write, and keep his own accounts, and he knew well how to handle money affairs. He ruled with perfectly undisputed authority in his house and family, and his government in that respect would be considered far too severe in these days. On Sunday all was perfect order about the house. He belonged to the German Reformed Church, and all of his family who were big enough to go, attended services, often walking the distance of six

miles. The table fare was plain and the furniture of the house was as simple and plain as the fare. The chairs were homemade, the seats platted with broad smooth shaved slips of white oak or hickory, while the walls were lined with plain benches. By industry and economy Jacob Harbaugh prospered from a worldly point of view and in his old age he was surrounded by a large amount of property. He was able to place each of his sons on a piece of land where they might begin the world for themselves. He became quite venerable in appearance and patriarchal in his habits in his old age. He began to exercise the same authority over his grandchildren that he had over his own children. Finally on the 28th day of April, 1818, he "was gathered unto his people" at the ripe age of eighty-eight years and three months. He is buried on the homestead farm in the family grave yard by the side of his good wife, who preceded him March 18, 1803. Two neat marble slabs with suitable inscriptions mark the graves. Jacob, like his father, Yost, had ten children, and his descendants, together with those of his brothers, Ludwig and George, form a numerous, widely scattered, and thoroughly respectable class of citizens.

Jacob Harbaugh's youngest child, George, was imbued with the same spirit of industry and enterprise that characterized his forefathers. He was born in the old homestead in the "Valley" March 17,

1774. In his twenty-sixth year he married Anna Snyder, daughter of Jacob Snyder, who lived near Boonsboro, Md., and soon after his marriage settled in Washington Township, Franklin County, Pa., at the foot of South Mountain. There he took up a tract of land almost wholly unimproved, the same being a part of a tract called the "Third Resurvey on Sarah's Delight," granted by patent unto Christopher Shockey by Frederick, then absolute Lord and Proprietor of the Province of Maryland, July 12, 1768.

A small log house stood opposite the present barn in the orchard where he resided for several years. The stone house, so frequently and so fondly spoken of in Pennsylvania-German poems, was built in 1805. The stones for the front were hauled from near Leitersburg, a distance of six miles, and the capital available for building at the time was two hundred dollars. George Harbaugh, however, was an industrious man, and required all his children to be usefully employed. Like his father, Jacob, he was strict in his family, and a life long member of the Reformed Church, attending worship regularly at Waynesboro. Ministers frequently enjoyed his home and hospitality, and he was especially fond of their company. He was one of the founders of the German Reformed Church at Waynesboro, and took a prominent part in the erection of the church, which was built of hewn

logs. The inside work was wrought out by the carpenters in his barn and hauled to town by his teams. He was also, in his old age, one of the founders of the church near his own home ; giving the ground for the site and the grave yard, and taking an active part in its erection. He was during many years an elder in the church, and in his last years especially attended diligently to the duties of that office. He was strictly temperate in his habits and moderate in his views. He was averse to all excitement in politics, wild speculation in business, and fanaticism in religion. In his mellow old age he was known far and near and beloved by all. In his death the community sustained a great loss and especially the needy, distressed, and sick, to whom he attended with a father's care. On February 3, 1853, aged seventy-eight years and ten months, he passed away. He sleeps with others of the family in the graveyard on the farm. His wife, Anna, born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, died October 31, 1837, aged fifty years and five months, and lies buried by her husband's side.

They had twelve children—sons and daughters—nearly all of whom lived to a good age, but all have passed away except David, who has been a most zealous and able minister of the Lutheran Church, and is still an active man of God and an exemplary citizen, residing at present in Colorado Springs, Colo.

The tenth child of George and Anna Harbaugh was Henry Harbaugh—1817-1867, the subject of the following pages :

And so we have the progenitor and great-grandfather, Yost ; the grandfather, Jacob ; the father, George, and the son, Henry—all honorable men of good report ; all long since passed over to the spirit world, and their works do live after them.

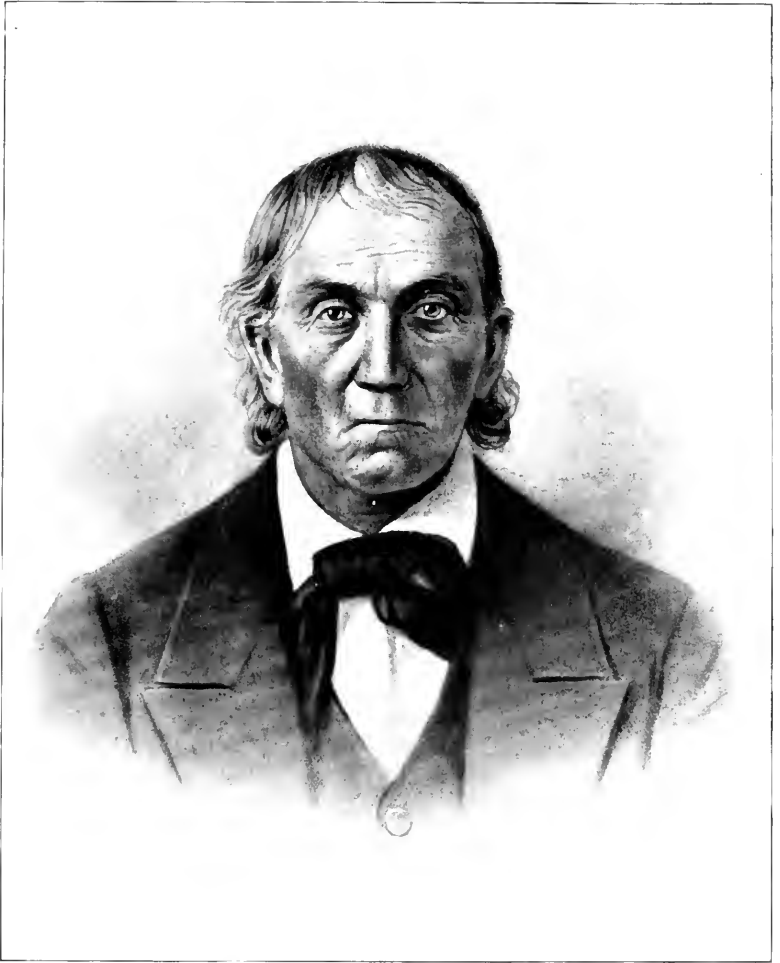
When these ancestors settled in York County and in the Valley and elsewhere, the country was wild and unbroken. On their own land they felled the forests, cleared the soil, and erected homes for themselves and their descendants. All this was done by many a weary and earnest stroke. They were economical, but bore the name of being good to the poor, and of practicing the virtue of hospitality. They were sober, kept their promises, and paid their debts, and were professors of the Christian religion. It is a duty and a pleasure to cherish the memory of those who have thus gone before us. To contemplate their lives and to grasp the spirit of their goodness cannot be but a blessed inspiration.

II. CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH ON THE FARM.

ALMOST within the shadow of South Mountain, on the Pennsylvania-Maryland boundary line four miles southeast of Waynesboro, Pa., stands the old Harbaugh homestead. The house is a double front stone structure whose substantial walls, built in 1805, bid fair to weather the storms of another century, while its less durable companion piece, the school house at the creek, "Juscht neekscht an's Dady's Haus," lives only in the song of the "Harfe." Here amid the homely scenes of Pennsylvania-German country life, George Harbaugh and Anna his wife lived and reared their children, and here it was that Henry was born on October 28, 1817.

In after years, when visiting the old home, he was wont to stroll through every corner of the house from cellar to garret. Rummaging among the old lumber, usually stowed away in the garret, his eye fell upon the cradle, which he thus describes :

"There is one piece of furniture in the corner of the garret, the sight of which touches us more strangely than all the rest, and awakens feelings of a peculiar kind. It is the cradle in which we all—the boys and the girls—were rocked in infancy. It is of the old



Henry Harbaugh

FATHER OF HENRY HARBAUGH

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE REV. DAVID HARBAUGH, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

fashioned make, and never was capable of the long, gentle sweep and swing of the modern cradles. Broad and flat, with rockers well worn, it hath little grace in its motion, but waddles clumsily, like a duck. Yet sweet in it was the sleep, and pleasant were the dreams of infancy ; and over no cradle, no, not in palaces, has a warmer mother's heart, or a more watchful mother's eye, ever hung and sighed, smiled, prayed, and wept."

This stout oak cradle, the only tangible association of his infancy now in existence, was but a step in advance of the hollow gum log shut in at both ends with a board, made to lie upon the floor like a half moon on its back, in which the worthies of the generation preceding him had slept and dreamed the sweet dreams of infancy. Under the guidance of exceptionally pious parents and in association with brothers and sisters, both older and younger than himself, Henry Harbaugh first awakened to conscious life, and began to reveal a personality that, at the end of his allotted fifty years, had not yet wholly unfolded in all its possibilities. While yet in very tender years, he seemed to read a solemn meaning in the shadows cast upon the white walls of the stairway by the flickering candle, or in the moaning of the wind through the tall poplars ; but all this was the early fruit of a sound imagination, and meanwhile he breathed in courage and strength of mind and body and grew sturdy and strong like a tree in the open. His early mental growth was

marked by a gradual unfolding not marked anywhere in its course by special brilliancy. He was propelled into a channel of intellectual activity wholly by a power within himself. His pastor, the Rev. F. A. Scholl, on one occasion suddenly stopped a conversation he was holding with the father, and laying his hand upon the boy's head, said: "You must become a preacher." The recollection of that incident was to some extent a directing light but not a vital incident in his career. The opposition of a stern parent, who made a tardy recognition of the superior talents of his son, served as a stimulus to the boy's purposes. But in the light of his after struggles, his failures and his triumphs, it may be fairly asserted that no purely human agency could have swerved the sensitive soul and religious genius from his course or imperiled his entry into the holy ministry. He had been dedicated to God in holy baptism in early infancy, and was confirmed June 4, 1836, at Waynesboro, Pa. Of these events he wrote in the *Guardian* of November, 1854:

"Not long ago, I unexpectedly got into my hands the records of the church where my parents worshipped, where we, their children, were baptized, and where I recorded my first vows in confirmation. At the beginning of the Record Book there was a brief account of the organization of the church, many, many years ago! There was the purpose and the pledge of those who were willing to enter into its first organization. There were

the rules by which they engaged to be governed ; and under these were subscribed the names of fifteen members, who solemnly began this church, in their own handwriting. Among them were the names of my father and mother. Ah, what feelings that record produced, no one but myself can fully know. They are dead, and as their lives on earth prove, in Heaven. How much had that record to do with this happy result?"

The blessed heritage of a pious faith was already his. He possessed a cheerful spirit and a happy blending of things practical, with a keen boyish imagination and sense of the mysterious. His youngest sister persisted in remembering him as a mischievous boy, though this recollection was dwelt upon in the evening of her life, and in evident contemplation of the attainments of her then Doctor of Divinity brother. Mischievous, that qualifying word with many shades of meaning, was really softened into a complimentary reference by the expression of pride on her kindly face.

The older boys of the Harbaugh household were farmers. They accepted that life in good earnest, and were afterwards faithful and successful in that pursuit. Henry suffered by contrast before he grew up to reach the handles of a plow. Upon a trip to the mountain sawmill, he was far more eager about the legend of Mount Misery than he was about the proper loading of the logs upon the wagon. The

curious old coins that were one day turned up by the plow interested him more than the plow that turned them up. He chose to contemplate the majesty of the forest trees and the life that teemed among them rather than to assist in reducing such haunts of nature to practical and commercial levels. He made the birds around the old homestead his associates. How they sang for him in the morning in the tree tops near the house! How they hurried with many a chirp and flutter from stake to stake, and swung and sang their songs in mowing-time on the tall weeds in the meadow! When he went forth to labor he knew them as they floated gracefully and leisurely high in the warm blue air. As they passed in droves away over the sombre landscape of autumn; as they moved towards the sunny South, his childish fancy conceived that they formed the letters of the alphabet in flying until they were lost in the dim distance.

All this was the awakening of his poetic soul, and many impressive teachings were then stored up in his mind and made to bear fruit in the thoughts of his mature years. But he was practical and sociable. He ran with the other boys through the orchard to the dead tree where the "yellow hammer" had his nest, and he was among those who undertook to catch the bird while his companions would stand back and shout "a snake in the hole," just at the critical moment. He would stand with

the others at a certain point in the orchard to hear the echo answer back from the barn door—the little man in the barn, as he was called.

Dr. Bausman, writing in the *Guardian*, speaks of a visit he once took with Dr. Harbaugh to the old homestead :

“ At length he took me to the ‘ old pie apple tree,’ still bringing forth fruit in old age. The tree faces the barn door. Standing here the boys used to call to ‘ the little man in the barn,’ as they called the echo of their voices, who would mock them with his prompt replies to their questions. We both stood under the old tree, facing the barn door, when he, with grotesque solemnity, and, if I err not, with hat in hand, woke up with his trumpet voice the little man in the barn as follows :

Harbaugh—Ho ! ho ! still alive ?

Little Man—Ho ! still alive.

H.—Little man in the barn !

L. M.—Man in the barn.

H.—Are you getting old ?

L. M.—You getting old !

H.—Still your voice is good.

L. M.—Voice is good.

H.—Little man, farewell.

L. M.—Man, farewell !”

The suggestion that Henry was a mischievous boy might be greatly strengthened, if the tradition could be positively confirmed that he once lured several neighboring boys close to a hornets’ nest hanging from a tree, and then from a safe distance

cast a stone into it. So it was as to the school life so faithfully pictured in "Das Alt Schulhaus an Der Krick." The average school boy will scarcely admit that such a recital of rewards and punishments, of recreation and declarations of independence, may be gathered from *observation* alone. And even observation alone would argue a slight infraction of discipline, for he relates :

" Uf eener Seit die grose Mäd
Un dort die Buwe net so bleed—
Guk, wie sie piepe rum.

Der Meeschter watscht sie awwer scharf,
Sie gewe besser acht : " *

It is related that one morning little *Heinrich* " was taken by the hand and led to this school house. The schoolmaster gave him a seat. Ere long, however, his new scholar grew weary of the task of sitting still so long. He took his cap to go home. When he was not allowed to escape through the door, he climbed up the logs of the unplastered wall, like a squirrel, seeking an outlet elsewhere. The master knew not what to make of the boy, but it was here that the strong boy-will took its first wholesome lessons by gradually yielding to authority."

*Dr. Harbaugh has rendered these lines almost literally as follows :

" Here on this side the large girls sat,
And there the tricky boys on that—
See ! how they peep around !
The Master eyes them closely now,
They'd better have a care."

Those who have read the "Alt Schulhaus an der Krick" will recognize it as the one described below, by the author himself, in the *Guardian* of April, 1854 :

"As to its location, it was built amid rocks and stones and stumps, near where a small stream murmured by, and at the edge of a half-cleared woods. Between it and the road lay the commons, which not by right and title, but by custom and use, had from time immemorial been the playgrounds of the school children. It was so near the house and barn of Mr. Farmer that, looking over from the road, you would take it at first glance to be one of the out-houses belonging to the farm. Indeed, the cider press building joined roofs at one end with the school house. . . .

"At one corner of the school house stood a large white oak tree, along whose sides grew up a very large grape vine, which extended itself all over the lower limbs of the tree, and in summer they hung down upon the roof. Happily, if not for the intellectual benefit of the children, yet happily for the interests of the farmer who owned the tree, there was school only in the winter, except a small summer school for little ones, who could not climb. Consequently there never was any opportunity for trying the strength of prohibitions, or the virtue of those whose mouths would water in the sight of forbidden fruit. . . . On the west side of the school house was a long window, made by sawing out two logs, and the introduction of low two-pane sliding windows. Along the inside was a long double desk

sloped on both sides for the large boys, that read, wrote, and ciphered. Along the gable was a similar desk for the big girls."

The manner of life at the Harbaugh homestead was characterized by great simplicity. Until Henry was ten years of age not a floor in the house could boast a carpet ; not a single window flourished a curtain. It was quite an event when at length the floor was laid with a striped homemade oil-cloth. This wonder of the age was often visited with joy by the children while it was in course of preparation on the garret floor. When it was at last actually fitted to its place it remained for a long time the pride of the household. Then the other rooms began to look bare and cheerless by contrast, and the girls of the family became correspondingly restless. Although sweet and clean under the influence of sand and soap, bare floors were no longer to be tolerated, and the good old customs of simplicity and economy, to that extent at least, must give way to a more modern finish. Gradually, therefore, every floor in the house received its soft covering and many of the solid comforts of a home crept in under the management of a rising generation. The mother of this household accepted the innovation graciously, for she was a true woman and took pride in maintaining her home with all the cheerfulness and comfort that the means at hand would afford. To her it was the earthly par-

adise, and diligence in the affairs of her house she considered one of her most important duties. She kept a clean and neat kitchen and all the boards that were not painted or carpeted were always smooth and white from the application of sand and a scrubbing brush. Seldom was it that the last two hours of Saturday evening were not spent in examining, folding up, and laying into their proper places the raiment for the coming Sunday. She pitied the unfortunate with a sincere grief and was always good to the poor. She was one of those peculiar old-fashioned mothers who have graced every generation of the world's history, from whose doors one may see many a less prosperous neighbor depart with full baskets and full hearts.

In "The Annals of the Harbaugh Family," Henry Harbaugh drew his own picture of his mother :

" In personal appearance she was not tall, but heavy. She always enjoyed good health ; and even in her last years, retained a ruddy color, and when exercising freely had rosy cheeks. She was industrious, mild, and kind hearted to her children, and always good to the poor. At the time of my mother's death, I was in Ohio, and did not hear of her sickness till I heard of her death. I had spent the summer in Harrisonville and returned to Massilon in November, 1837. My cousin, residing there, had just received a letter containing the sad news for me ; it having been directed to

him because it was known at home that I expected about that time to be there. He immediately asked me to take a walk with him. We found our way into a woods south of town, where he opened to me the touching news. Her image came up to me, not as dead—for I could not see her so—but as she stood leaning upon the railing of the porch in tears, when I was entering the carriage to leave for the West, over a year before. In this way, and in no other, have I seen her ever since. In this position only do I desire to see her—it is the best picture of her true character, always affectionate, bearing tenderly upon her heart of hearts the temporal and eternal good of her children. I cherish this image of my weeping mother. I can so easily transfer this recollection of her to the state of the glorified in Heaven, where all the beautiful is permanent. So will I see her, till I meet her in the bloom of immortal youth, clothed in the pure white robes of the sainted, in our Father's house above.

“She used to say, ‘Give to the poor and you will always have.’ I suppose she learned this from an old Book that used to lie on the corner of the mantel, and over which she used to pore full many an hour. It pleaseth me greatly that I can recollect this of my mother, now that she sleeps in yonder grave. I never heard my mother boast of what she had done; when she gave, it was all so natural with her, and she did it so quietly—just as it is with a tree when it shakes off its ripe fruit.

“My mother used to read the Bible and go to church. It seems as if I could still see the carry-all

move round the corner of the orchard, towards the little village in which stood the church where our fathers worshipped. It was a plain way of going to church, but it was the way my mother went ; and I verily believe she went with a good object in view ; and it is doubtful in my mind whether it ever entered her mind that it was a shame to go to church in a carry-all. It is a long time since then, and times and customs have greatly changed, but still it giveth me much pleasure to think of the old Book on the end of the mantel, that my mother used to read on Sunday afternoons after she returned from church. I cannot get rid of the idea that it was her church-going, in connection with that Book, that made her so good a mother."

So Henry Harbaugh passed his boyhood, in the winter months at the school house by the creek ; in the summer turning the hay rows or following after the grain cradles in the broad acres of the harvest field. Perchance he would steal away to the mountain side, there to commune with nature or to ponder over his well-thumbed book, away from the thoroughfares, far away from the towns where only the faintest din of the noisy work is heard and the tallest spire of the distant town is almost hid. Many an hour he spent watching the glistening surface of the winding stream or the tall poplars swaying in front of the quiet mountain brow afar off. An ideal place indeed for reading and study,

where physical health makes meditation vigorous, and where separation from the great flow of busy life makes interruptions few.

Into his quiet retreats there crept many a rude, disturbing element, and when duty called him back to the farm he grasped the handles and plodded along behind the plow with a cheerfulness of spirit that sustained and strengthened his reluctant hand. But he was not simply a dreamer. Between brain and brawn there was a goodly balance wheel. He had no apology for idleness, which he characterized as a burden to oneself, a trouble to others, and an offense to God. But in the rhythm of nature he had an enduring part, and the ordinary incidents of labor led to reflections of mind. Through the practical all around him he perceived the ideal, and throughout boyhood and youth his mental treasury was being fortified and replenished at the expense of a constant drain upon his material resources. He took notes almost from the time he was able to write and in so doing he was regular and systematic. His earliest book of the kind to which he referred frequently in after years, has never been found among his papers, though in an article in the *Guardian* he declares that he would not part with it for money. Some curious loose papers remain which illustrate how frank he was and unreserved in expression. The rude characters in boyish hand are in marked contrast to the firm,

clear penmanship of his mature years. The spelling was unhesitatingly sacrificed to save the thought, and yet one may readily lose sight of the uncouth vehicles by which the idea was fostered and carried along, until it might be needed to do the bidding of its master. Thus almost everything he wrote in those early days exercised and trained his mind, and in after years he found it not only available and useful, but pleasant to contemplate when passed in review. How observant he was of the shifting panorama of nature may be gathered in many pages of the *Guardian*, whose founder and editor for many years he was.

His picture of a rainy day at the farm is but one of many fond recollections. He does not mean the thunder storm which rises in mid-afternoon and drives over in an hour, but he found beauty and sublimity in that too. "Watch the deep dark clouds moving up slowly from the western horizon, increasing in deepness and darkness as the storm advances. Soon a bank of rolling clouds like a vast arch extends across the sky from which the lightning glares and darts, while muttering thunder shakes the earth; beneath the grand arch is seen the broad sheet of white descending rain, hiding the distant woods, sweeping the wide plain fields, and drawing still nearer. Already the birds are silent in the branches and the cattle move towards a shelter; or, if shut in, stand in mute wonder and

fear, while the plowman has unhitched his horses and is riding towards the barn. Scarcely has the barnyard gate closed upon him when the big drops fall like bullets into the hot dust of the road, and in a moment more the rain comes down almost a torrent, and a fair sheet pours from the eaves of the barn. The tin spout chuckles in vain to disgorge its overloaded contents, and the plowman as he stands thoughtfully at the stable door listens while roaring wind and descending rain tell him only the more sweetly that he is indeed in shelter. It has rained a few hours. The sun has come forth, and the whole face of the earth smiles in freshness and beauty. The horses have rested and the plowman has taken his supper. This done, he goes forth again 'to his work till the evening.' The sun has a milder brightness, the fields are greener, and the mountains have a bluer tinge through the pure air."

"But the rainy day we have in mind is the settled rain, one that does not begin and end on the same day—a steady, deliberate rain that soaks the earth and fills the rivers. The cattle seem to have less fear of it than they have of the passing summer shower. It comes not so suddenly and thus cools them without inspiring terror. They are the very picture of patience as they stand in the barn yard to be rained on. The farmer is not impatient at this protracted rain. It will make the plowing one horse easier. When he goes forth

again to the fields he will not turn up the dry earth as he did after the thunder shower. It has penetrated a full foot into the ground. How nicely the coulter cuts the sod and how smoothly the mould-board turns the furrow, and the horses move in a brisk pace. These rainy days are no loss of time to the judicious farmer. He will find indoor work enough for 'the boys.' The plow irons must be put in proper order. The horse's gears must be greased. The barn mows must be cleared and put to rights. The stables and feeding rooms need a thorough overhauling. It will even do no harm and look only better if the spider webs are swept away from the ceiling of the stables and throughout the barn. There is always some one about who is not slow in wood work. An axe, a shovel, or a fork needs a handle. A chair or a bench is to be mended, and some of the racks in the barn need slight repairs. In short, there is enough to do, and there is no need of getting impatient of the long rain or going to the nearest tavern to pass the time. In all the sneaking crowd that there doth congregate, you will not find one good farmer. You shall see when the rain is over in what freshness and beauty the earth will lie before you. What deep green the fields have put on. The rain has not been licked up on the surface as in the hot dust or sand; it has found its way down to the roots, and its influence upon vegetation will be

permanent. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing.”

No one who had been a laggard on the farm could have written thus; no one who had escaped the practical work of a farmer could have received such faithful impressions, much less cherished them unto the time of his manhood.

Thus in a home into which the stirring events of the outside world had already begun to extend their influences, midst simplicity, typical of the Pennsylvania-German farmer life, Henry Harbaugh grew from boyhood to youth, and in his eighteenth year began to grow restless—wary of the plow and less than ever inclined to the life around him. He had no quarrel with his father at any time. There is no one to rise up and say that he was disobedient or anything but reverent in his conduct towards either parent. No one could have carried into his mature life a more constant affection for his mother, and with brothers and sisters he well understood the code of honor and always rendered the full measure of brotherly kindness. Whatever his boyish faults that are buried in the past may have been, his impulses were as generous as they were earnest and positive.

But the time had come for the parting of the ways. The father, still cherishing the hope that his son would curb his restless spirit and remain

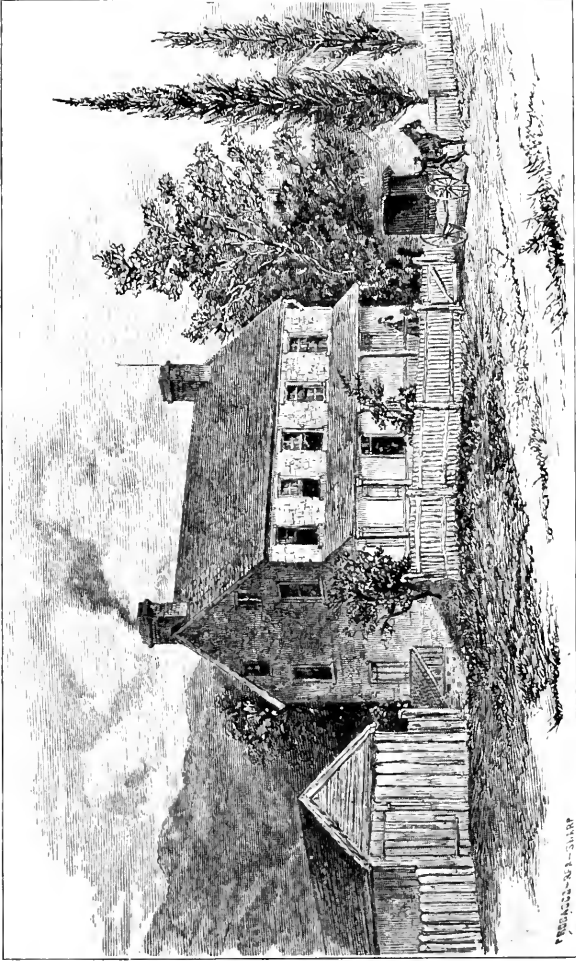
upon the farm, declined then and afterwards for some years to encourage him with financial assistance.

What would seem now as a sort of intermediate step to what the boy proposed to do, was taken in the engagement to work in the mill of his uncle, Elias Harbaugh, over in the "Valley." Whether or not the undertaking to learn the business of a miller was serious, he only remained at it for a part of a year. Mills of that day had a way of running themselves a good part of the time, and this circumstance no doubt gave the coveted opportunity for the young man to think and to pore over a few books that he had at hand. At all events, within a year he had turned his back on the old mill and his ancestral valley, crossed over the mountain and told his father that he was going West.

"Then," writes Dr. Theodore Apple, "there was a great stir of course among the Harbaughs, old and young, and the anxious question was raised at once, what is to become of *Unser Heinrich*? The father gave him up as a lost son, and the mother stood on the front porch, looking after him as he went down the road, as she wiped away with her apron a flood of tears rolling down her cheeks. She never saw him afterwards. This scene he described with his own pen when he began to use it, in one of his poems. Uncle Jonathan, who lived

on a neighboring farm, was more self-possessed. He said Henry could not be stopped. It would either be a *make* or a *break*, and he believed that it would turn out to be a *make*."

The casual summer visitor to Pen-Mar Park, viewing the peaceful valley from "High Rock," may have a complete panorama of the scenes which have been made so familiar in the Pennsylvania-German poems—the scenes from which Henry Harbaugh so sadly turned away in the summer of 1836. Here was his home, here the favorite walks, the lonely retreats, the woods and streams which he knew so well, and all the stages upon which he acted in boyhood and youth. Here were many hidden nooks to which he often resorted to think over his own situation, his responsibilities, and his future hopes and fears. No one in all that country knew the mountain paths and the winding way to "High Rock" better than he did. Of this he wrote in the summer of 1845: "Dr. Trail Green is going to visit my home with me, and we intend to go up to 'High Rock.' It is on the mountain about four miles from my home. It is one of the most splendid views I ever beheld. It towers high, and from it is to be seen a level valley forty miles long and twenty-five broad, extending from the South Mountain to the Alleghenies in width and nearly from the Susquehanna to the Potomac rivers in length. All this valley can be seen from



FRANKLIN CO. PA.

THE OLD HARBAUGH HOMESTEAD IN FRANKLIN CO. PA. BUILT IN 1805 PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS MARY D. MENDEL, CHAMBERSBURG PA.

the rock—houses, fields, woods, and streams—all lie in silent grandeur before the spectator.”

But modern progress has greatly changed the landscape. Much of the land has been cleared for farms. Railroads cut across the country, bridges span the meadows, and the shrieking engines scale the mountain side. Nothing remains to mark the site of the school house at the creek save the fast decaying portion of a white oak stump.

“Der Weissech schteht noch an der Dhier—
Macht Schatte iwwer’s Dach.”*

The old cider press is gone. The narrow winding path to High Rock, difficult to climb and follow, has given way to the smoothly graded highways. The only remaining landmarks are the gray stone house, and the quaint, weather-beaten barn, which from the point of view above seem to stand close in to the base of the mountain.

Much of the tenderness and pathos of the original are lost in the English translation of “Heemweh,” but may we not let this little bit of home-memory complete the imperfect sketch?

“As nearer to the spot I come
More sweetly am I drawn;
And something in my heart begins
To urge me faster on.

* The white-oak stands before the door
And casts its shadow on the roof.

Ere quite I've reached the last hill-top—
You'll smile at me, I ween!—
I stretch myself high as I can,
To catch the view serene—
The dear old stone house through the trees
With shutters painted green!

See! really I am near the house;
How short the distance seems!
There is no sense of time when one
Goes musing in his dreams.
There is the shop—the corn-crib, too—
The cider-press—just see!
The barn—the spring with drinking cup
Hung up against the tree.
The yard—fence—and the little gate
Just where it used to be.”

III. THE STUDENT AND APPRENTICE IN THE WEST.

A brief glance at the history of the time may, perhaps, enable one to appreciate the influences that prevailed and the conditions that confronted the young man ambitious to succeed in life, but not fully conscious as yet of the resources at his command, nor of the direction his efforts might take. Beyond the immediate circle of home life the world begins to widen rapidly, and, as the larger view grows dim in detail, it intensifies in solemn reality. He who widens the sphere of action for himself, deepens his responsibility to God and his fellowmen. Henry Harbaugh, early in life, eagerly sought the former condition; how faithfully he assumed the latter may be gathered from his life and works.

The year of 1836 found the American people at the culmination of an exceptionally brilliant moral and industrial revival.* A wave of temperance sentiment and activity had modified the national habit of eating and drinking too much. Industries and public improvements had made strides in all parts of the country upon a scale never before dreamed of. The habit of expressing solicitude

* Andrews' U. S. Hist.

for the fate of the Union had largely passed away, and both of the dominant political parties were pinning their faith to the patriotism and good sense of the common people. Every American had come to believe in America. The decade ending with 1840, was the transition period in mode of travel from the old stage coach to railroads and canals. Ex-President Madison had just died, and such men as Adams, Calhoun, Jackson, Webster, and Clay were exerting masterly activity in politics and statesmanship; the last two named being in the midst of a thirty years' unsuccessful struggle for the presidency. The presidential campaign of 1836 was being waged with great bitterness. A national literature was in its formative period, with Cooper, Irving, Hallack, and others enjoying the popularity which was shared a little later by Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Whittier. Manners and habits of dress were improving slowly. Gentlemen were still to be seen dressed for the street not so differently from the revolutionary style, while women wore enormous leghorn hats, leg-of-mutton sleeves, and skirts barely reaching the ankle. Letters were folded, sealed with wax, and mailed without envelopes until 1839, and stamps were not used until some years later. The mails were slow and uncertain and postage was a considerable item of expense. In 1834 Chicago had one mail a week by a messenger on horse back. The railroad from

Philadelphia to Columbia, Pa., the canal from there to Hollidaysburg, the portage railway over the mountains to Johnstown and the canal from there to Pittsburg afforded a means of travel between East and West which began to rival the old stage lines. Ohio, between the years 1835 and 1840, increased in population from about one million to a million and a half. It had already become the promised land towards which the young men of Harbaugh's Valley in Pennsylvania were turning, and indeed several relatives of the family had already settled in this new West. Information was eagerly sought as to the best way to go and the means of transportation. The whole subject was talked over quietly at home, but more boldly at the blacksmith shop or other places of assembly during the leisure hours of the day, and at the singing schools and social gatherings in the evening. Conflicting reports came back from the settlers of this far off country. As might be expected, some had succeeded and liked it; others had failed and returned home. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that it promised well for all who were willing to work and stay long enough to conquer their longings for the blue mountains of Pennsylvania.

About the first of August, 1836, just one hundred years after his great-grandfather had come out of Switzerland to seek a new country, Henry Harbaugh began his journey over the mountains to-

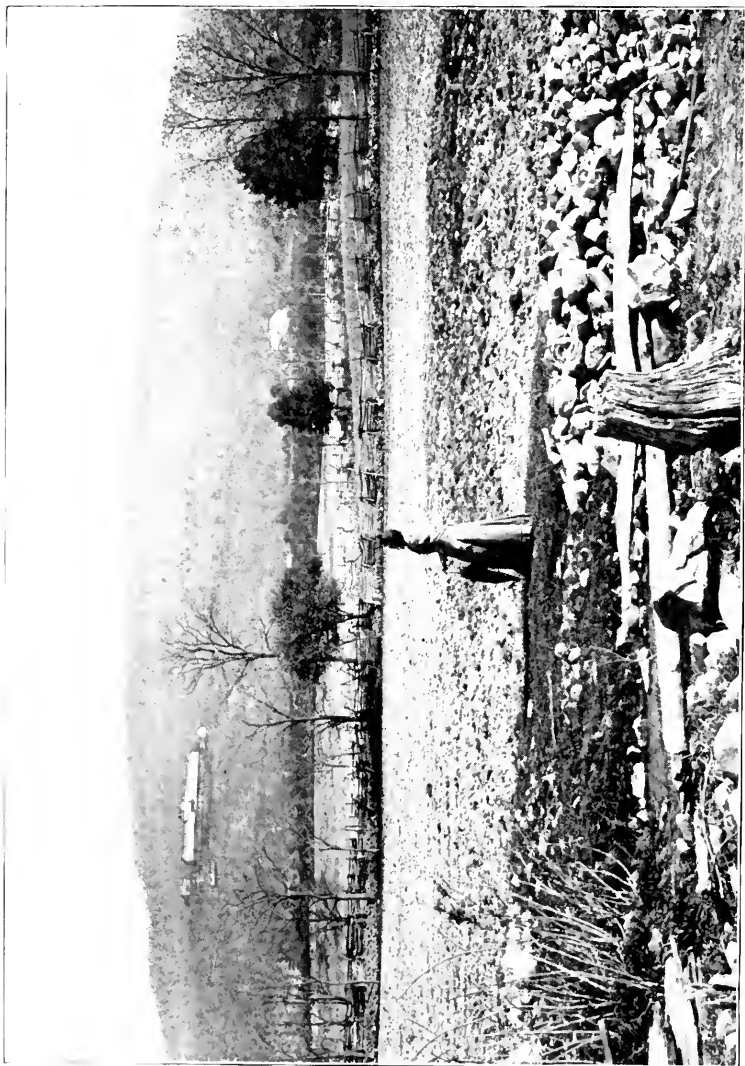
wards Ohio. He was not yet nineteen years old and it was not only a new departure for him, but also the first break in the family circle in this regard. His father was displeased with the prospect and gave merely a formal consent, withholding the generous approval which the young man so strongly craved. The mother was heart-broken, but her farewell was as affectionate and tender as her love for all her children had been constant and true, and the memory of that parting at the threshold of the old home lingered through the after years until it became enshrined in the tender pathos of "*Heemweh.*"

George Harbaugh lived to recognize the talents of his son and to behold them being rendered unto God with manifold increase, but the mother's life had almost run its course, and "*Heemweh's*" saddest note was struck :

Dort gab ich ihr mei' Färewell,
 Ich weinte als ich's gab,
 'S war's letschte Mol in däre Welt,
 Dass ich's ihr gewe hab!
 Befor ich widder kumme bin
 War sie in ihrem Grab !*

The little school house by the creek and its suc-

* 'Twas there I gave her my good-bye,
 I wept as it I gave,
 It was the last time in this world
 Her blessing I could crave.
 Before I had come back again
 She rested in her grave.



SITE OF THE OLD S HOOL HOUSE AT THE CREEK STUMP OF THE WHITE OAK TREE IN THE FOREGROUND.
PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS MARY D. MENDEL, CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

cessors in office had already left their impress on the boys and girls of the Harbaugh family. They could read and write well in the English language, though the Pennsylvania-German dialect was still the means of ordinary communication in the family, and German was largely used in the services and sermons of the church. Imperfect as the school system was and unsupported as it was by popular sentiment, the average scholar of that day managed to acquire much general information of a practical kind from the *Schulmeister*, who was sometimes a resident of the district, and at other times a stranger who had perfected his education in a more highly favored institution of learning beyond the mountains.

Being assured a temporary home with relatives, Henry Harbaugh set out for Eastern Ohio on August 4, 1836. Poor in purse but hopeful and self-reliant, he engaged passage in the stage running from Chambersburg, Pa., through Bedford, Somerset, and Mount Pleasant to Pittsburgh. As may well be supposed, the conveniences of travel and lodging were of the simplest sort, and his first touch of homesickness came early in the journey, when the stage arrived at Mount Pleasant: "Here the passengers left me for Wheeling and I was left alone. I sat with the driver fifteen miles and then went in the stage, lay down and slept as much as I could, and that was not much."

At Pittsburgh he took passage by steamboat about fifty-three miles down the Ohio river and from that point by stage and canal boat he completed his journey. Within two weeks of the time he left his home in Franklin County, Pa., he was engaged to work with a house builder in Massilon, Stark County, Ohio, and continued in that position six months. He noted the fact that his employer was "a man with respectable ancestors who understands his business well," and was also struck with the extensive scale upon which building business was carried on in Ohio, and feared that it would take more of his time than he had to spare to learn it. He engaged himself at first for one month for whatever the man pleased to give him, and at the end of that time he was offered fifty dollars a year for two years and boarding, which he declined. He worked on, however, for the first six months without any definite arrangement as to pay and after that found employment with another man who was engaged in building machinery.

He was not in Massilon more than a month until his talents as a singer began to attract attention. He sang in the church choir on the first Sunday of his stay in Massilon, and was kindly received by the minister and some members of the congregation. A few days after that he was invited to attend a singing school several miles out from the town. He went and sang for an assembled audience of

about one hundred persons, young men and women, and at the suggestion of some of his hearers, he organized a class on the spot, having twenty-four names enrolled that evening. These singing classes he kept up during the winter months at whatever place he chanced to be during the whole of his sojourn in the West, and while they yielded some income in connection with his daily work, they also formed no small part of his early education and culture.

He began a private course of study and reading from the very day he landed in Ohio, and he never let slip an opportunity to attend lectures, debates, or patriotic meetings, and took an active part in them whenever invited so to do. He formed some very warm friendships, and engaged in a correspondence with several of his most intimate friends, in the course of which the most sacred confidences were exchanged, and subjects of a literary or religious character were discussed in a very systematic way on the plan of debates. To one thus engaged in self education under very limited advantages this form of correspondence was invaluable, and resulted in some remarkable discussions in which are shown very painstaking and original research on the part of the authors. It was a profitable but rather an unusual way of spending the time on the part of young men of twenty years. His letters written home contain much thoughtful and tender expres-

sion, and, from the very first, embodied a gentle agitation of the question which was uppermost in his mind. Scarcely a letter written to any one in the East omitted the request for an opinion as to his finishing his trade or going to school. "Be sure to tell me in your next all about what the folks think of me learning the trade," he writes perhaps two months after he had left home. And at the end of one letter is this tell-tale but pathetic sentence: "I don't think I will forever continue at the carpenter business."

Gradually the accounts of his progress in learning grew more frequent and confident in tone, and his epistolary efforts, interspersed liberally with verses on various topics, began to cause some uneasiness at home, consequently there were murmurings of the rewards of changeableness and sloth that were sure to overtake *Unser Heinrich*. In this crisis a good friend to whom Henry had gone to school for a while, came to the rescue with some very wholesome advice. He was blunt in expression and went straight to the mark, but he was as kind hearted as he was intelligent, having both the confidence of and confidence in the young man to whom he addressed himself. "I am happy to find," he writes, "that the liberty I took in criticizing has not ruffled you against me. As some allusion is made respecting metaphor and figures of speech and mystics, I would briefly reply that it depends

much upon what calling you pursue. To cultivate them certainly refines the mind, and a speaker can make an object appear more vivid and can bring it out in more than its own true colors. But my principal object in making those remarks was on account of your being flattered in your poetical effusions, and fearing that you might thereby be carried from the object which I have understood you have in view, and turn author, expecting thereby to support yourself by your pen. I know from biographical and other sketches that literary men, particularly those who follow no other calling, in Europe, have lived poor lives with few exceptions, however famous they may have been after their death, and even then their progeny derived little from their labors more than the praise they heard lavished on their works. And as to America it is ten times worse in that respect than Europe.

“Having learned from good authority that you intend to prepare yourself for the ministry and having some idea of your means, I thought probably you would pay less attention to the mystic and more to the real simon pure, although the reasons you advance please me well, nor do I wish to bind you in any contracted sphere of usefulness as some who are spouting forth occasionally their jealousy by saying you wish to be better than other people and wish to live without work. Such sentiments are

almost beneath contempt, just as if a man's labor was done when he can read and write well and speak fluently. As regards my sentiments respecting the animadversions made upon you by some ministers I agree with them in some points. If you were to address the common people, which of course you will if you become a minister of the Gospel, would you think high-wrought pictures, mysterious figures having the semblance of fiction, and flaming allegories would have the tendency to arrest the attention of hearers to their benefit? Or would it be better to have the plain matter of fact way, illustrated by comparisons within the knowledge of people, warmly pressed on them by the action and gesticulations of the speaker? That some people have a dull, monotonous way of addressing their hearers is true, and the effect it has on the hearers is about the same that the rain has on the sands of the Arabian deserts. These suggestions are made for no other purpose than to draw your attention to a point that may perhaps be of some utility, not that I think to dictate to you anything as a superior, but as a friend."

The foregoing extract is given at some length for the reason that it intimates to what extent the young student in the West had been already making use of his pen, and for the further reason that it furnishes a fair specimen of the courtly, high-flown diction that prevailed at that age. Henry

Harbaugh's earliest letters and essays were much in the same vein, though there was an element of humor that brightened the quaint phrases. With a very imperfect knowledge of the origin of words, he seemed to adopt them sometimes because of their great length, and as his spelling improved his expressions became more formidable, and the words used often exceeded in length the requirements of the thought. In the first letter written home to his brother, he announces, in the most comprehensive way, that he proposed to stay in the West, "to improve myself in the acquirements that I find are necessary to us and to every young man who takes an interest in his future happiness and enterprise and who does not wish continually to bear the yoke of oppression and contempt that is laid upon them by those who are possessed of superiority." But he follows this with the announcement: "I will now give you a memorandum of the females of the West," whereupon he launches out into a most delicate tribute to the grace and beauty of the young women with whom he had become acquainted; and lest his brother should suspect that he was becoming too deeply absorbed in the social pleasures of his new home, he adds, "but I have another magnet in my brain now besides marrying a wife."

In recording some facts relative to his departure from home, he used the words: "I left my home for Ohio to fulfil my designs," and from the whole

trend of his life thereafter it may be gathered that his purpose was to obtain an education. His undertaking to learn a trade was a financial expedient in part, and incidentally a means of convincing his friends that his plans did not involve the forsaking of manual labor. Comments and criticisms upon his work and purposes were always received by him in the most humble and kindly spirit; he never let slip an opportunity to learn, no matter in what form the information or experience presented itself. He was a sensitive soul, however, easily driven to the gloom of discouragement through the application of harsh terms, but his spirits were buoyant, easily recoverable, and not to be trodden under foot with impunity. He was possessed of a calm courage, and, when convinced that he was right, could wield as keen a lance as any that ever was thrust against him.

In and about Massilon, Canal Dover, and New Hagerstown he remained until the fall of 1840. He taught school three winters and attended the sessions of New Hagerstown Academy during two summers. During all this time he wrote a great deal. Everything that impressed his mind at all was jotted down, and much of it having served his purpose as an exercise, was destroyed. His long words often ran wide of a proper meaning and his muse sometimes rode a rough horse, but with it all he wrote letters, prepared speeches upon patriotic

subjects, and delivered them upon numerous occasions ; read original essays, and once at least entered into the field of romance and published his story in one of the Ohio weekly papers. Upon the occasion of this production his candid friend again appears with his criticism :

“ I received a paper some weeks ago,” he writes, “ from you, containing a fictitious piece which is pretty well written. It is well composed and conceived for so young a hand as yourself, taking your literary attainments and your chance and time for your education into consideration ; there are some few expressions though at the time of reading I thought were injudicious, and the latter part winds up rather abrupt to continue the thread of the story with the same uniformity that the part down to the marriage seemed to promise. However, I do not wish to discourage you from sending me a paper at any time that contains a composition from your pen, whether poetical or prosaical.”

The Harbaughs as a family were always Democrats, and Henry joined the young men of Ohio in support of Van Buren in 1836. He was not to be outdone in party zeal by any one, and he declared that if he chewed tobacco he would not hesitate a minute to bet a chew on Van Buren. But while he was a debater and partisan shouter with the other boys of his acquaintance, he did not become a presidential voter until 1840, and by that time he

had come to enlist in the cause of Harrison. Politics had a prominent part in the debates and written communications of that day, and the flings at each other on partisan questions were perhaps no worse, certainly they were no better than at the present day.

In the summer of 1839, Henry had so far changed his political faith as to say : " I am afraid that Van will be re-elected. I expect that your influence is in his favor, but I assure you that a man who says that 'the farther the power of suffrage (or voting) is removed from the people the better' will not get my vote ; and he also said that any person who was not worth \$250 should not have a vote, and at that rate I myself would hardly have a vote, and I think that I as a freeman am as much entitled to one as Mr. Van himself. Before I would vote for a man who has said all this, and to top the climax recommends that cursed Sub-Treasury bill, I would go to Texas. I don't want you to understand from this, however, that I belong to the Whig party. I am opposed to parties. I am a *Republican, a Democrat and a friend of equal rights*, but not a Van Buren man. I am a genuine Conservative!!!!"

The exclamation marks all belong to the original text here quoted. Late in the winter of 1837 he came East in the expectation of receiving some substantial encouragement and assistance that would

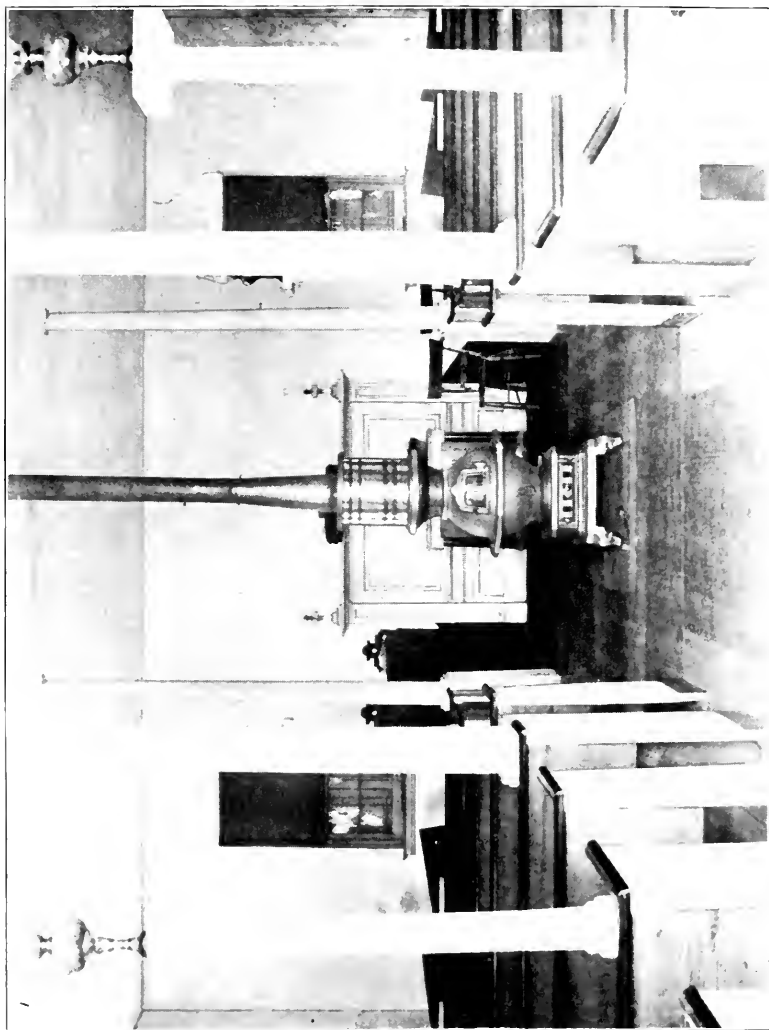
enable him to attend school. It is difficult for one to realize that a young man of Pennsylvania-German family as late as the year 1836 should find it necessary to strive for the privileges of an education, and to be postponed on account of a mistaken sentiment, arising partly out of his own personality ; but the fact remains that he returned to the West with the declaration : "The prospects of going to school have again been blasted." He again set to work as a carpenter and when he had earned about \$200, lost it all by the failure of his employer. He remained at the trade undismayed, however, and increased his earnings by teaching common school and singing classes. He shut himself up in the evenings in a bolting chest which he had selected for a study, secured some candles, and while his less serious companions were spending their time in idleness, pored over his books.

In one of the earlier numbers of the *Guardian*, he related his own experience :

"We know a young man who in the course of his business as a journeyman mechanic, was thrown among a company of young fellow-workmen who had 'no other resort,' as they thought, but to spend their evenings in playing cards in a mill, which they were at the time furnishing with its inside machinery and fixtures. He, having been trained to different habits, had no difficulty in finding another place of resort. He procured for himself candles, fixed up for himself a study

in a finished bolt chest, where he spent his evenings in reading, writing, and study. As we know him well, we have been frequently assured that he still remembers some things which he learned in that bolting chest ; and he is firmly of the opinion that those evenings were among the most pleasant and profitable of his whole life. While the card players would fall out in the game, and swear in fearful style at one another, the echoes of which would ring through the mill, he was getting along on the very best of terms with the poets, historians, and sages of other days. These conversed with him kindly and wisely, and did not seem at all ashamed or impatient of his humble company."

In the winter of 1839 he was at the academy, New Hagerstown, which he described as a small place with two taverns, two churches, three stores, one squire, a female seminary, and an academy for young men. They had two literary societies which met every Saturday for the purpose of select declamations, reading of original essays, and debating. He took the regular academical course except Latin and Greek, which he did not take up until he went to Marshall College. To one of his friends he thus describes his apartments : " Fancy to yourself you see a large three-story brick house, not altogether finished. Now do not be forever gazing at the outside, but step in, straight forward, up stairs, turn to the left (need not knock), well here is Harbaugh's studying room ! Take care, don't tramp on the



INTERIOR OF THE OLD HARBAUGH CHURCH ON THE HOMESTEAD FARM REBUILT IN 1892

nail that sticks up in the floor near the door. Do you know what that's for? Well, I'll tell you : there are a few fellows in the other rooms who are fond of popping in to molest me, so you see we take that piece of board and put one end against the door and the other against the nail, then when they knock, ' there is nobody at home. ' ”

Adopting a more sober train of thought in the communication just quoted, he proceeds to an argument on infant baptism and, in the conclusion of it, records the view of Christian charity which he entertains as a young man of twenty-two years :

“ If you were baptized in the stream under water in faith and sincerity, you in my opinion are baptized right, but I consider that sprinkling is just as scriptural. I have spoken with reference to the subject in sincerity and I hope you will review it with a Christian spirit. I do not wish to fight against truth for the sake of prejudice, for I could wish that there were many who are no more sectarian than I am. Though I belong to a church, yet I do not feel disposed to condemn those who do not perform their worship as our church does. I believe if there were more union of heart among professors of religion it would be better. I am afraid there is too much said respecting the form, and the heart loses its devotion. The ancients, like some at the present day, thought that if they could only slay a bullock upon the altar, that the work was done,

but God declares that he will not regard their sacrifice."

The number of poems written by Henry Harbaugh during his three years' sojourn in Ohio will never be known. At least fifty of them are extant, nearly all of which are of considerable length. A few of them were written in albums and probably half of them were published from time to time in various newspapers.

One of his first finished essays on "Music" was delivered at the New Hagerstown Academy at the exhibition held by the students of that institution, September 27, 1839. It is in two parts, exceeding in length any of his productions of that period, and bears evidence of much thought, as well as an acknowledgment of his special love for that theme. In one brief sentence he couples his ancestral Switzerland with his beloved native land in a beautiful and affectionate manner. Speaking of music personified, he exclaims: "Superstition had chained the heaven-born stranger until the Reformers tuned his harp to more heaven-wrought strains in the churches of Europe, and taught him the songs which angels sang upon the plains of Bethlehem. But Europe could not retain the peaceful pilgrim, nor were the glens of Switzerland ample to captivate the imperial echoes, but on the trans-Atlantic strands of America he was destined to chant the song of freedom." Not among the

least of his essays was "The Mind of Man as Evinced by its Operations," which was read at the literary contest in the New Hagerstown Academy, March 27, 1840. The Franklin Literary Society was represented by Mr. James McGinnis of Eastport, Ohio, and the Madison Literary Society by Henry Harbaugh, who carried off the honors of the occasion. This essay abounded in metaphor and poetic expression, setting forth *inter alia* that, "the mind of man is like a small rill that rises in some sequestered glen, and becomes mighty in proportion as it approaches the ocean, which at first plays carelessly among the laureled wilds in all the beauty of romantic solitude. When we contemplate the unbounded range of arts, sciences, and improvements around us, we are instantly led to look up with wonder to those Herculean minds whose expanded intellects have far outstripped even the most extravagant fancies of earlier years!"

So it remained for this industrious young essayist to look back with astonishment upon the extravagant fancies of his earlier years, some of which were embodied in the very prophesies he had made.

He also delivered a number of patriotic addresses, notably the one to his fellow-citizens on the 4th of July, 1840, upon "The Causes which led to the Declaration of Independence."

In the early summer of 1839, his father made a brief visit to the West, and upon this occasion

Henry had great expectations of settling finally the difficulties that yet stood in the way of his further education. But the occasion passed without any event that changed his prospects, and he struggled on until October, 1840, when, poor in scrip as ever, but with moral and intellectual capital unimpaired, he applied for admission to the Freshman class at Marshall College, Mercersburg, Pa.

Dr. Bausman describes Henry Harbaugh's meeting with Dr. Nevin at Mercersburg :

“ Then already he (Dr. Nevin) was widely known as a theologian and a ripe scholar. Sitting at his study table one day, engaged in severe mind work, a bashful young man approached his door with no little misgiving ; with just such thoughts as would naturally oppress any young man of ordinary modesty in approaching a college president for the first time. He raps at the door and is told to ‘ come in ’ in a tone of voice which by no means removes his embarrassment. His story is soon told. The keen eye of the president scans him with painful care. There was nothing in the young man to promise an extraordinary future. A polished exterior, and an ease of manner, which feels perfectly at home in such a presence one cannot expect in one of his age. A sound body he seemed to have and a head which gave room for brain enough, provided it was of the right sort. His whole appearance was that of a young man fresh from his work shop, a rough stone hewn out of the mountain, which needed much careful chiseling to bring out the full-formed, finished, sym-

metrical statue. His room was assigned him. After passing through the usual examination he entered the Freshman class. At length his long cherished hopes to become a college student are realized.’’

Thus ran the course of fortune with him until his twenty-third year. Much of it all—the downfallings and uprisings, the smiles and tears, and aught else that goes to make up the lights and shadows of an eventful life—may be rounded out from the diary of one’s own experiences, for the old world wags much the same for all, and life’s story is an old one.

IV. MARSHALL COLLEGE AND THE SEMINARY, MERCERSBURG.

THERE were about 130 students at Mercersburg at the opening session of Marshall College and the Seminary in the fall of 1840. Henry Harbaugh was not regarded as one of the most promising among them. Dr. D. Y. Heisler remembered him well as he then appeared : “ a somewhat slender and tall young man, with the evidences of hard work and earnest efforts deeply impressed upon his features. His athletic frame, sun-burned countenance, and bony hands, gave him an appearance wholly different from that of the future Dr. Harbaugh, with the image of whose pleasant and genial countenance we are all so familiar. He was there, however, in the power and spirit of his future self. In his regular studies and in all his exercises, literary and theological, he exhibited the same earnestness, ardor and persistent application, which so eminently distinguished him in after life. In the discharge of his duties in the seminary and college, as well as in his occasional addresses to Sunday-schools, which with other students he used to attend in the country, he was always enthusiastic, fresh, and instructive ; but his style of speaking was then comparatively crude and his gestures exceedingly

awkward, owing greatly, no doubt, to his self-forgetting earnestness in the presentation of the truth."

The young student arrived at Mercersburg November 11, 1840. He had left Ohio in mid-October, having secured passage with his brother, who was then coming East, in a two-horse carriage. The trip was accomplished in seven days and was far more comfortable and pleasant in every way than was afforded by his former mode of travel.

He had formed some warm personal attachments among the people of Ohio with whom he had been associated during the three years sojourn, and now he was leaving with genuine regret, but with brighter hopes for the future than he had ever before cherished. He was to return, however, and Ohio would be his future home, he told his friends, but now his footsteps were turned towards Mercersburg, where the coming years had so much in store for him, upon which he reckoned not.

The following quotation from one of his letters well illustrates how thoughtful and observant he was as a young man and how keenly he enjoyed being "nearer to nature's heart." (May 22, 1842.)

"We arrived at Wheeling the same day we left you," he writes to one of his Ohio friends. "We did not, however, cross the river the same evening, as the ferry-boat had laid up for the night. We had good luck. We stopped only about an hour in Wheeling, and from there we reached my father's

in five days. Being Saturday evening, we had to drive late, as it was after ten o'clock when we arrived home. Our journey was generally pleasant, though we had some rain on Thursday and Friday. Nothing is more unpleasant than to be away on a journey on a rainy day. All the other time was fair and beautiful. May is the loveliest season for traveling; nature in all its richness smiled around us. Not only is every field and every plain carpeted with green, but nature hangs its beautiful drapery on every hill and tree. Flowers and perfume meet the sense and fill the heart with feeling, and we are made to exclaim in the language of Thompson:

“ ‘These as they change, Almighty Father! these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the Spring
 Thy beauty walks. Thy tenderness and love
 Wide flush the fields.’

“ There is every variety of scenery on the road from Ohio here. Along the Ohio river is a lovely spot. The near banks that enamel the stream are shaded by the blossoming Buckeye, and the gentle current murmurs by as calm and even as the good man's life. Then as you pass along farther east you see by the wayside many a little cottage and many a lonely cabin—wealth and poverty side by side—the lordling and the slave, the oppressor and the oppressed are all together and you are led involuntarily to ask yourself, why this difference? and he is a philosopher who solves it aright.

“Through the country you see many neat residences, some beautiful yards, lovely shade bowers, summer houses and green trees—all of which are a good index to the character of the inhabitants. For where you see such beauty and taste without, you may look with confidence for neatness, kindness, and happiness within.

“Such persons commune much with nature’s God. Thus the heart is made better, and it is filled with the warmest feelings, which continually flow out in rich floods towards God and man.

“Towards evening of the second day after you leave Wheeling you get to the commencement of the mountains. For about twenty miles before you get to them, they appear to the view far in the distance, raising their deep blue peaks towards heaven in tranquil beauty. Then as you get nearer to them they become more distinct, less beautiful, but more grand and sublime. The first is the Laurel Hill. It is thick with laurels full of flowers, as they are in bloom at present. There are also many locusts; they are at this time also full of flowers, and as you pass along you are greeted by their loads of perfume, which comes to you on every gale. From the top of this first mountain is a most lovely prospect. Far as the eye can reach lies to view the level country westward, interspersed with fields and woods, white houses and villages. When we were there it was nearly sunset, and as he descended

in the west in his 'golden car,' a lovely serenity spread itself over the face of the country. At last the shades of twilight began to settle far off on the mountains, and animated nature with her thousand insect voices commenced its deep and solemn vesper. From Laurel Hill eastward there is nothing but mountains for about 130 miles, at the end of which is the lovely (Cumberland) valley, one hundred miles long and thirty to forty broad, in which Mercersburg is situated. On the top of the highest mountain the leaves were scarcely started, and the woodland was bare. I have said that I love mountain scenery, yet I love not only the mighty and sublime in nature, but the lovely and beautiful—the gentle, the modest, the chaste. I have loved the mountain with all its wildness from my childhood. It has been my intimate companion, and all the world, with its pride and follies, seems as nothing when my soul rises amid scenes like these."

Mercersburg in sixty years has added much to her fair fame, but the many affectionate and glowing tributes to her greatness, sent forth from literary hall and banquet board, have not served to lead her as a body corporate into any dangerous schemes of expansion. In the matter of internal improvements the town has kept modest pace with like villages of Southern Pennsylvania, but seldom indeed has it been found necessary or desirable to extend its borough limits. The burgess and town council have

been all-sufficient in civil administration, and a high constable, acting on occasion as special policeman, has been the sole executive officer. In 1840 Mercersburg was a thriving village, commercially speaking, and was alive with freight and passengers moving east and west. The macadamized road, now a turnpike, had already been built and there was a coach line from Frederick City, then the terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, by way of Hagerstown, Mercersburg, and Bedford to Wheeling, West Va. This was a successful rival of the stage lines running on the National road. Mercersburg was a picturesque place at this time, and while many of the old landmarks have long since disappeared, the old taverns with their quaint signs, large open stable yards crowded with white covered wagons and quietly feeding horses, are still within the memory of most of the older inhabitants.

From a purely Scotch-Irish community in 1835, Mercersburg has merged into an Anglo-German people which is substantially her citizenship to-day. The old town has entertained many noted personages; it has produced and sent out into the world men and women of refinement and education, who have made their impress on state and nation. The town has grown old and gray and quiet, but it shelters many peaceful firesides, and a company of gentle-folk with whom it is a rich pleasure to meet. One may stand now, as Henry Harbaugh did upon

the front steps of the seminary in the autumn of 1840, and contemplate much the same scene. True it is that the many green groves which encroached so beautifully upon the borders of the village have disappeared before the axe of the relentless lumbermen; the wide pasture fields lying between your point of view and the town limits have given way to the builders, while the slender saplings round about the seminary building have sprung up to over-top the building itself.

To one looking westward from this eminence the little old town falls into view with its weather-beaten shingles and big brick chimneys. Down in the foreground of the picture stands the church—a large brick structure with a quaint little steeple perched on top looking like a tarnished silver thimble. In front and within the high iron fence, to the left as you enter, stands a square block of marble which once marked the grave of Dr. Frederick A. Rauch. To the right is the grave of Henry Harbaugh and a monument erected to his memory by the Synod of the Reformed Church. The interior of this church will be well remembered by many a college student—its dusky walls, its ponderous galleries, and the lacquered brass chandelier suspended by a long rope from the hub of an immense wheel frescoed upon the ceiling. Many a sultry Sunday morning during the progress of the sermon has one of the younger representatives of



MONUMENT AT THE GRAVE OF DR. HARBAUGH IN TRINITY CHURCH YARD,
ERECTED BY THE SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

the congregation rested back in the corner of a pew and in fancy fashioned countless pieces of machinery with this gigantic wheel as a nucleus. Perchance it would be a locomotive engine with train of cars attached extending far out into the base-ball field, with the whole equipment ten times too big ever to get through the tunnel pictured like the wheel in massive strokes on the wall behind the high white pulpit.* And they who stood in that high white pulpit—McCauley the gentle, eloquent minister, Brown the faithful pastor who traveled by road and mountain in answer to every call of his people, those giants of intellect, Schaff, Nevin, Higbee, Thomas G. Apple, and so many others—all have joined the choir invisible of the sainted dead! These the church will never cease to honor and hold in affectionate remembrance.

But farther to the west there fall into view the everlasting hills and the blue mountain background. These have better withstood the test of time. Scarcely three miles away is a spur of the North mountain, curving around like a sheltering arm from Mount Parnell on the north to Two-Top on the south, with a foreground of rolling farm land cut in two by the glistening turnpike which loses itself in the windings of the Cove Gap.

The description of the town most familiar to

* The interior of this church has been beautifully remodeled in recent years. The gallery, high pulpit, and old frescoing are gone.

those who have dwelt beneath its classic shades is contained in the college catalogue of other days: It is "a village of about twelve hundred inhabitants, situated on the south-western part of Franklin County, Pa., in the midst of a fertile lime-stone region, at a distance of an hour's walk from the base of what is called the North mountain. The scenery formed by the mountains, which bend around it like a vast crescent or amphitheatre, contrasting as it does with the rich open country below, is absolutely splendid."

Frequent allusion is made elsewhere in these pages to the social and educational features of Mercersburg, and the inclination to introduce further description that might be borrowed from various sources is therefore suppressed.

Marshall College, which early in its career was termed "the little Dutch College out somewhere along the mountains," had a long and hard struggle for existence. A peculiar responsibility rested upon teacher and pupil alike. Both the college and the seminary were one great big home where social intercourse was unrestricted and where the conveniences of life such as the institution could then offer were enjoyed largely in common. The well was always free to him who would carry his pitcher to it; the country around afforded pleasant walks and recreation, while the nuts were plentiful in the nearby woods for all who would gather them. The huge

wood pile with its attendant implements never turned anyone away who honestly sought healthful exercise.

When Henry Harbaugh entered his name upon the roll of this institution he did it not as an expedient, not merely as a means to some good end; not alone as a preparation for the calling in life that seemed to him so many weary years ahead. But rather his enlistment was for life. He regarded himself as surely adopted and the spirit of the institution in some mysterious manner became his spirit; the impulse which his mind received in these plastic years of his life, in a great degree determined the current of his after history. He accepted the guardian care and benefits, and assumed the responsibilities of a child of the institution.

The early students of Marshall College, with but few exceptions, realized these things—that from the broken and withered bough no fruit could fall within the shadow of the parent tree; that any living branch cut off and separated from the body of the tree could bring forth no fruit of its kind. And it were well for men of a later generation could they awaken to the truth that he who wilfully and permanently severs himself from the life of his *alma mater*, thereby proves himself false to the memory of those noble men who gave their best years, yea, their very lives, against odds that this college might live and her light continue to shine among men.

The present writer deems himself fortunate in having the following masterly summary of the status of our church and institutions of learning in the year 1840. Dr. Theodore Appel, in his *Life and Work of John Williamson Nevin, D.D., LL.D.*, says :

“ The Reformed Synod met in the later part of October, 1840, at Greencastle, Pa., not far from Mercersburg, and about the same distance from Chambersburg, where the editors of the church papers and most of the church treasurers resided. All parts of the denomination were well represented, the advisory members, of whom Dr. Nevin was one, being about as numerous as those that were regular delegates. Rev. Bernard C. Wolff was chosen to preside. A general feeling of hopefulness and confidence seemed to predominate, which presented a strong contrast to what prevailed in some of the preceding synods, especially in one that was held in Philadelphia in 1839. The dark clouds which had hung over the church, and over the seminary in particular, had in a measure passed away, and better times seemed to be looming up under the blue sky of hope. The action of the synod at Chambersburg in the election of a new theological professor (Nevin) was heartily approved.

“ The matter of holding a Centennial Celebration during the following year occupied much of the time of the synod and every member seemed anxious to give it as wide and useful a range as possible. In reliance upon Almighty God, the year 1841, therefore, was set

apart as a solemn festival of thanksgiving, prayer, and praise; sermons and historical discourses were to be delivered, the churches were to bring their thank-offerings to the Lord, and to unite in raising \$100,000 at least for its struggling schools of learning, missions, beneficiary education, or other objects; subscription books were to be opened in all the pastoral charges, containing separate columns for each specific object; the brethren in the West were invited to unite in the celebration At Mercersburg a very enthusiastic meeting had been held under the direction of classis, at which quite a number of generous contributions were made. Dr. Rauch pledged himself for \$500 and Dr. Budd for the same amount. Others in the congregation and on the outside subscribed liberally. The ladies in the Presbyterian congregation had nearly raised the money for a \$500 scholarship in Marshall College; on the Reformed side the ladies were trying to do the same thing, and twenty students in the institutions had engaged to raise \$25 each in five years to complete a scholarship of their own. Dr. Nevin gave \$1000 for himself and family, which was probably the largest amount contributed during the centenary year."

This was the enthusiastic condition of affairs at the time Henry Harbaugh entered college. At that time the alumni could number barely twenty members, but where numbers lacked there was plenty of energy and hope for the institution.

But just at this time Dr. Rauch fell sick and it was realized among his closest friends that he had

not long to live. He was young in years but frail of body, and had no doubt overtaxed his mental and physical energies in the work of Marshall College and the Seminary, on which his heart was set. He died March 2, 1841, and was laid to rest in the grave yard of the college at the southern end of Mercersburg, where his body rested until its removal to Lancaster in March, 1859.

From the foregoing it will be observed that Henry Harbaugh's entry at Marshall College was only a few months prior to the death of its first president, and he had, therefore, very brief personal contact with Dr. Rauch as a teacher. But Dr. Nevin had been sent to the relief of the college and seminary in the declining days of Dr. Rauch, and was then already asking the people of the German Reformed Church through the press, the pulpit, and the class room, whether they were willing to see the church merged into other religious systems, or whether they would unite to sustain it as it was and allow it to grow in its own historical life. Dr. Rauch was laid in his grave in March, 1841, but Mercersburg theology had already awakened and was wielding its influence in the formative period of what has since come to be the Reformed Church in the United States. During these and after years many of the fathers of the church had their good part in welding and forging the system of theology which con-

trols the cultus and economy of our rapidly growing branch of the visible church.

Henry Harbaugh was now coming near to what he had long wished for. He had a modest sum stored up for expenses of the first year at least; and what was far more important than that, his honored father was beginning to apprehend the true bent of his son's mind, and there was no longer the feeling in the heart of the young student that he was doing and living against the will of a conscientious but mistaken parent. He was well pleased with the college. He had found a pleasant boarding place at a very modest price and had begun to study. To a correspondent in Ohio he thus unburdens himself:

“I like the college well. Of course thus far I have not much enjoyed myself, being altogether strange. I pay \$1.87 per week boarding, and the tuition is from ten to eighteen dollars per session. There are about 125 to 130 students. I am studying at present Latin and Greek only. Greek is hard—more so than planing logs or boating on the ice. The college course is four years. Probably I will not take a full course. Your letter found me in good health, but I cannot say in good spirits, for I was exceedingly depressed in mind about the time it made its appearance.”

Early in January, 1841, in an affectionate letter to his father, he relates in detail the circumstances

of the fire which destroyed the building in which the preparatory school was held.

"I am getting along tolerably well with my studies," he writes. "I intend to commence to study the German language on Monday, as I consider it wrong for me to keep studying other things of less importance before I know the language in which I was raised better. I will study the German with Professor Good. He is a good German scholar and fond of teaching it. I do not know that I can come home again before spring. I would like to see any of the folks at any time. Probably if snow comes, some of you will pay me a visit, and if so I hope you will not forget to put some of the good apples in the box." He received the candles that had been made for him at home, and he hoped some one would take a sleigh ride and bring the German dictionary along up.

With the same diligence that had characterized his student life at the New Hagerstown Academy, Ohio, he availed himself of all the means of improvement that were to be found at Marshall College. He became a member of the literary society, which was conducted in the German language, and also one of the rival English societies. In *Die Deutsche Literarische Gesellschaft* he found opportunity to supplement his study of the German language, to exercise in the sound German words, and to become more fluent in the use of them. Criti-

cism on the part of the various members was unsparing, and Henry Harbaugh was severely brought to frequently on account of his tendency to drift into the use of the Pennsylvania-German dialect—the language of his home.

He became a member of the Diabothian Literary Society, in which English was used, and around which much of the charm of college life lay for him. Of his entrance into it Dr. Theodore Appel speaks as follows :

“ We were on intimate terms during his course of studies at Mercersburg, and had many interesting conversations together. He joined the same literary society to which we then belonged in 1841, and took his seat as a full-grown man, already twenty-four years old, when all the rest of us were his juniors. He sat and listened for a while, but looked as if his thoughts were somewhere else, rather absent minded ; and it was not thought that there was anything special in him, or that anything special would come out of him. On one occasion, however, when he was called on to read a composition, he got up and recited a very beautiful little poem, full of tenderness and pathos, something very remarkable in the circumstances, and very surprising to his fellow members. The wonder was where this rural addition to the society had found such thoughts and such words. At once he rose up as one of our brightest stars, and we were all of us very proud of him. The poem has been published in several periodi-

cal, and has always been admired, notwithstanding its want of polish in several respects.”

Dr. Appel further, speaking of the tendencies of some young students of that day, declares again the doubt that existed as to Henry Harbaugh's future, “but as for Henry Harbaugh—afterwards author and professor of theology, no less than a powerful preacher of righteousness—it was a doubtful case whether he would come to anything at all in the ministry. He was free spoken and had very little of cant about him. Both he and his ancestors were genuine Swiss, and could not be anything else but Reformed. Henry, however, was not behind anybody on the subject of temperance or slavery, just as afterwards he never lagged in the rear on the question of the Union.”

While Henry was thus observed by his fellow students, it would be a mistake to suppose that he was not also one of the observers. His estimates are in several instances recorded. One fellow, he remarks, “is a bright genius. He can learn considerably more in two days than in one. He appears to feel the full force of being at college. It will take him about a session to find out that he knows nothing.” . . . “Suppose you come up some one of these Saturdays,” he writes to his brother George, “and I will make you a present of a copy of Dr. Rauch's *Psychology*—the book the man

wrote who died last spring, and that will pay you for your ride. I would like to have a talk with you. You have a horse to ride, but when I come home I have to walk.”

It was thus that the homesickness betrayed itself in nearly every letter the young student wrote. He longed to get back to the old stone house—to the little sleeping room—out into the orchard where he could awaken the echo, and hear the “Little Man in the barn” call back to him. But there was much to occupy his mind now, and he found so much encouragement in the progress of his first year’s work at Marshall College that he was able to say to one of his friends :

“ You tell me in your letter that you find a great deal of enjoyment in reading. If you find a pleasure in it now, you will in after life—find, not only the pleasure continued, but it will be the cause of drawing smiles upon your pathway. It will serve to light up each joyless hour with a serenity of mind and a self-existent joy of heart, that can only be known by those who feel it. There are hours—lonely hours—that every one is called to pass, at one time or another, and sorrows that no one can evade, but how much easier are they borne by the mind that is fortified by education, and which finds in itself a resting place when all around is turbulent and black with storms of sorrow. You say you are almost discouraged trying to get an education. It is true that you are put to inconvenience by there being no school there, but you must not let this discourage you. You

can read, and, as you say, study at home, and if you read as you say you do, two volumes a week, you will improve much until spring. And no doubt some time you will get an opportunity, and the more you accustom yourself to habits of study, privately, so much the greater will be your advantages when you get to school hereafter."

In the midst of his studies, he found time for some practical theology and pastoral work. Towards the close of his second year at Mercersburg, he wrote :

" I got my cold by walking to the country to address a Sunday-school. I got into a perspiration while I was in the house and then took cold when I came out. I have established a Bible class about two miles from town among the young folks of the country. They are very attentive and take a great interest in it. I meet them on every Sunday afternoon at half-past three o'clock. The class is composed of about fifteen young persons, and is still increasing. I expect to have an interesting class and, by the help of God, to do some good among them."

Probably the first service of a public character which he performed was on the occasion of the death of his uncle in "Harbaugh's Valley," in December, 1842. Jacob Harbaugh had been an exemplary member of the Reformed Church, an elder in the congregation at his home for many years, and had reached an advanced age. Henry Harbaugh was present at his funeral, and circum-

stances were such that no minister was able to attend. The young theological student offered a prayer and sang a hymn at the house.

Henry preached his first sermon in the "Little Cove," ten or twelve miles from Mercersburg. He and his room mate, Mr. Leshner, were there by invitation in the last week in December, 1842. They were kindly received with the well-known hospitality that exists for travelers and strangers unto this day in that little valley. He preached upon the text "It is finished," and spoke for about fifty-five minutes—not an unusual length for a sermon fifty years ago.

These homilies from the seminary, and the services attendant, were well received, patiently listened to, and piously joined in by the people; and it came to be an event of more than ordinary interest in the various settlements, "when the students came down to preach." The reverence with which these young men conducted the services, and the ardor and enthusiasm which accompanied their discourses, appealed strongly to these people. If at times theology and botany prevailed too largely over religion and flowers in the sermonizing, nevertheless the influences of Rauch, Nevin, Schaff, and others pervaded it all, and rendered it a condition of amateur preaching not so directly given to other communities.

A short time after his experience in the "Little Cove," Henry Harbaugh replied to one of his friends in Ohio :

" You asked if I was embarrassed when I preached. I was not. I felt perfectly composed. I have to preach again on Sunday evening, the 4th of February, about two miles from town, in a little village."

Another engagement which was nearer to his heart than all else in Mercersburg, was the little singing class which he had organized in connection with his leadership of the Reformed Church choir. Only a few months before leaving the seminary in the autumn of 1843, he wrote :

" This afternoon about three o'clock I visited the ' Juvenile Female Sewing Society ' of Mercersburg, of which I am an honorary member. Perhaps I told you before of this society. It consists of young girls about 12 years of age. They sew little things, the profit of which is devoted to missionary purposes. They have already between four and five dollars of money. I like to encourage them, so I visit them frequently. They meet every Saturday afternoon. They are also my singing class. I took them a watermelon this afternoon. It was a large and excellent one. They were much pleased and we had a great feast. They are improving beyond all my expectations, and I intend to hold a concert this fall before I leave. We are at present practising tunes for it and I think we will have a crowded audience. I do not like to part

with my class and they do not like to part with me, but so it must be. It is harder to leave this class than any thing else I have found in Mercersburg.”

At the anniversary exercises of the Diagonthian Literary Society, held July 4th, 1842, he was on the program with Theodore Appel, John Cessna, William P. Schell, and others. The last part on the order of exercises, was: “Oration—*The Tomb of Washington*, Henry Harbaugh of Ohio.” At this time he thought very seriously of again interrupting his course of study to teach for a term at Waynesboro. Dr. Nevin then gave him the following certificate :

“ Mr. Henry Harbaugh has been in connection with the Theological Seminary of the German Reformed Synod, as a student of theology, since last fall ; having previously prepared himself for college in the Preparatory department. He bears an excellent character, as a Christian man and a student, and I can readily recommend him as one likely to give satisfaction as a teacher in the situation for which he proposes to apply at Waynesboro.”

He did not accept the appointment, however, and that fall entered again upon his regular studies at Mercersburg. Altogether he spent three years in succession at Marshall College and the Seminary, the first year entirely in the college and the remaining two partly in the college and partly in the

seminary. To the regular theological course he added what he could from the college. His course was, therefore, not regular, and he did not graduate, as he then considered his youth pretty well gone and his funds small. He thought, and was so advised by others, that he might be useful in the ministry with a partial course. "It is not so much human learning that God will bless as the one thing needful," he wrote, "though that is not to be despised, and I pray that it may be increased."

But his mental equipment at this time, and also when he entered the active work of the ministry one year later, was better than he knew. Where he had crowded time and had interwoven the college and seminary courses of study, he had also marshaled his mental powers and trained them to do his bidding in a systematic and logical way. Thirst for knowledge and an unyielding perseverance in pursuit of it, were his substitutes for opportunity and time. At each recurring vacation time his thoughts seemed to turn towards teaching. Early in life he had grasped the idea of improving his own mind and imparting knowledge to others at the same time. He regretted that there were so many teachers who had neither appreciated their advantages nor felt their responsibilities. He believed that a school teacher ought to be first of all a Christian, one who would exert a moral influence

and cast heavenly seed on the sunny fields of childhood, which growing up might be for the glory of God in eternal ages. He advocated the organization of libraries in every school house, and was personally instrumental in starting one at the Amsterdam school house near his old home. This was while he was at the seminary in Mercersburg in 1843. Dr. Traill Green, then teacher of natural sciences, accompanied him to his home below Waynesboro and made an address to the children and people gathered at the school house, in the interest of such a library. Within a few weeks thereafter they had 170 volumes and the promise of many more, and it was already doing wonders for the young folks.

In August, 1843, he said: "I love the institution and its professors as well as many of the students. With the citizens of the town I have very little communication, only so far as I am thrown among them in the common relations of life."

From this time forward he bent his energies harder than ever towards the completion of his course in the seminary. He was becoming unduly anxious to enter the active work of the ministry, and was urged all the more in this direction by reason of the fact that his venerable father, though willing now to assist him, found himself unable to do so because of severe financial losses.

In the autumn of 1843, therefore, he completed his course in the seminary and left Mercersburg, bearing with him the warm personal friendship of Dr. Nevin and others of the faculty, and the good wishes of many friends he had made while there.

V. TWENTY YEARS IN THE MINISTRY.

THE REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, as he may now be called, found that there were many vacant charges in Pennsylvania. Ohio was also a promising mission field at that time for the Reformed Church. He visited a number of places in Maryland and Virginia and preached during the autumn of 1843. From some of them he received calls, Westminster, Md., and Meadville, Pa., being among those which he seriously considered. The mode of travel to the various places was slow and expensive, and while he visited and preached for a number of congregations, he did not finally decide upon a field of labor until after the meeting of synod at Winchester, Va., where he received his authority to preach. As to one of his journeys to preach in Maryland he speaks as follows: "I left Mercersburg on Saturday in the stage to Greencastle—10 miles, and from there I went to Hagerstown, Md., the same day in the rail-cars. It is a beautiful way of traveling. We went nine miles in a half hour. It looks singular to see a steam locomotive with a train of cars moving over the country 'like a thing of life' and at so fast a rate. Now it runs fast over an even plain, now it winds round a hill, and now it shoots into a deep cut, and

then out again, and so on, puffing and blowing like a great monster. May it not be that some day you will ride on it?"

Before going to the session of synod, he went back to his old home, where, in accordance with a previous arrangement with the pastor, Mr. Philips, at Jacob's Church, in "Harbaugh's Valley," he assisted in the series of services leading up to the celebration of the Holy Communion. From Thursday until the following Monday he preached nine times at the old stone church. Several of his sermons were in the German language. Seven years before—brief ones they seemed to him now—he had gone away from the mill of his uncle Elias and had taken his departure from his ancestral home to "fulfil his designs." Now he was standing among his relatives and friends of former years, preaching to them the word of God. It was a trying time, no doubt, but the warm reception of his friends, and the scenes of his youth, acted as a blessed inspiration, and the occasion gave him the coveted opportunity to sweep away any feeling of prejudice that might be lingering against the boy, *Unser Heinrich*.

Harbaugh's Valley was first settled by the three Harbaugh brothers—Ludwig, George, and Jacob, in the year 1760. They came from the Kreutz creek settlement in York County, Pa., as has been stated elsewhere in this volume. Previous to the

year 1822 they worshiped at Apple's Church, near what is now Thurmont, Md., and owing to the scarcity of ministers, had their services, for a great part of the time, only every four or eight weeks on Thursday instead of Sunday. Jacob's congregation was organized by the Rev. David Bassler, then pastor of the Emmitsburg charge, and the stone church was erected in 1823. In later times it has come to be called St. Jacob's Church by what Dr. Cort terms "a strange misnomer." "After seventy-five years," said the present pastor, the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort, "it stands forth strong and beautiful in its simplicity, an enduring monument to the heroic faith and piety of the Reformed fathers and mothers who reared it in the midst of the primeval forest." These words were uttered on the occasion of the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the building of the church—September 24, 1898.

Upon the conclusion of the services in which the Rev. Henry Harbaugh took part at Jacob's Church, he repaired to Winchester, Va., where he was licensed to preach by the synod October, 17, 1843.

He accepted an urgent invitation to go to Lewisburg, Pa., to preach for the people with a view of becoming their pastor. The former pastor had resigned owing to his inability to preach in the German language, and the people were rejoiced at the prospect of having a minister. Mr. Harbaugh's impressions of the town and country were very

favorable. He pronounced it a beautiful place, and the people received him with a warmth and kindness that never abated in the least during his seven years' pastorate among them.

The charge was made up of two congregations, one at Lewisburg and the other six miles in the country. To the country congregation he preached altogether in English. In town German and English alternately every other Sunday. He entered upon his work without delay. In addition to the services mentioned above, he conducted a weekly lecture and prayer meeting, and the Sunday-school. He started a Bible class with an attendance of 34 members. He received a salary of \$300 a year from this charge, but within the first year of his pastorate the Milton congregation was added, and he also served several other points in an irregular manner, and his salary was increased proportionately. Nevertheless, he had a rather meagre income, but his people were kind and they manifested their approval of his labors frequently in a substantial way. He began his ministry in December, 1843, and was ordained on the 24th of January following. He found Lewisburg to be a town of considerable size, pleasantly located on the west branch of the Susquehanna river, about ten miles above the forks. It is in the historic Buffalo Valley in central Pennsylvania, amid fertile farm lands, bounded by the Blue mountains in the distance.



HENRY HARBAUGH AT THE AGE OF 35 YEARS FROM DAGUERRETYPE TAKEN IN 1852

After accepting the call he paid a visit to his old friends in Ohio, and on December 14, 1843, was united in marriage with Miss Louisa Goodrich, of New Hagerstown, Carroll County, Ohio, whose acquaintance he had made in his early life at the New Hagerstown Academy. This union lasted until the summer of 1847, when the companion of his youth, while on a visit with him to the home of her parents in the West, was stricken with fever and died, September 26.

The people of Lewisburg charge had been laboring under the disadvantage of worshipping in common with the Lutherans in a so-called Union church, which prevented them from having services oftener than every other Sunday. The young pastor saw at once the many inconveniences arising from a system of this kind to both the minister and his people, and efforts were put forth at once to establish a church exclusively Reformed. This was not fully accomplished, however, until 1847, when a substantial brick church was erected to the service and honor of God. The result thus attained was in a large measure due to the energy and zeal of the young pastor.

The practical work of the ministry was a revelation to him. After all his experience in the world of mental and physical labor; after his painstaking course in practical and theoretical theology, he assumed the pastoral charge of this little flock of

God's people in fear and trembling. Of the reality of his call to the work he had never any doubt. He felt that the way leading from his confirmation in 1836, to his ordination to the ministry in 1844, had been hard, and that his efforts had been conscientious, and yet, while on the threshold of the life which he had so earnestly longed for, he confessed that he was inefficient and yet groping in the dark in many things that concerned his Master's kingdom. His services at the altar, in the pulpit, and his ministrations among the people at their homes were not in accordance with the plans which he had pondered over beforehand. The outer world had a chilling effect on the church. His people were perverse at times, over-zealous as to one branch of the church work and coldly indifferent to another. The young parson himself often allowed trifles to vex him, and permitted responsibilities that did not properly belong to him to lie heavily upon his heart; so that at times he was moody and so lacking in grace as to be ready to exclaim: "Oh, who is sufficient to be a faithful minister of God in season and out of season!"

The young pastor was a good listener to what laymen had to say. His good humor kept all discouragements and moods in the background. His sense of despondency was not intruded upon his people. His periods of mental depression were fought out for the most part at his desk, and his

trials of faith were sustained by prayer. With persons from abroad who wished to enlist his sympathies, or perhaps tempt him with books he could not afford to buy, he exercised marvelous patience, and he soon learned to close off in a manner void of offense that peculiar class of people who essayed to entertain him with long stories on short subjects. The work which he laid out to do admitted of no waste places in the flight of time.

He was eager for work, open to suggestions of others, and keenly observant of the lives and plans of his own people and of the community at large. Whenever opportunity afforded he attended services at the several churches of the town, and, though not openly critical, he found much to reflect upon for his own benefit. He did not approve of preaching on a subject when the people were in agitation upon it. He early observed the danger of sensationalism, and his tendency in the pulpit was away from the questions of the day towards the simple word of God. A most striking exception in this, however, was on the subject of temperance, in which he was most persistent and uncompromising for the greater part of his early ministry.

Preaching, he considered, ought to be plain and to the point ; and a preacher, like other men, when he has nothing to say, ought to say nothing. He disliked argument when entered into merely for its own sake, but polemics for a purpose grew upon

him, and he became proficient and formidable on the floor of synod.

He avoided disputes with his fellow-townsmen when he found them ignorant of the subject under discussion. He encountered considerable difficulty with the prevailing Unitarian sentiment and also with certain persons who urged upon him the discussion of the "Anxious Bench" exposition then lately published from the pen of Dr. Nevin. He was dismayed by the display of shallow thinking upon this and kindred subjects, and failed to appreciate the humor of one disputant, who sagely asserted that Dr. Nevin had given it the wrong name, inasmuch as the "bench is never anxious."

He deplored the lack of discipline in the congregation as he found it, and often regretted on Monday that he had spoken so severely to his people the previous day. He grieved over the lack of unity in the church at large, and, in this respect, he assumed a burden of thought which no one man is called upon to bear. In later years, though with unabated zeal in the work of the church, he looked upon God alone as the power that could heal her divisions.

He discovered that it required a great deal of resolution to carry forward regular studies where there was so much interruption and so many circumstances to intrude upon him. He could study well when walking in the country or along the river

bank. He could always learn a good lesson in conversation with children, and on one occasion when he had found it hard to persuade a boy that birds like to live, he observed that "one seed in the young mind is worth ten in the old." At times his sermons, prepared with a great deal of labor and conscientious effort, seemed to be dull and unprofitable, while after a time of restlessness and inability to command the powers of his mind, he would preach with ease and feel that the effect had been good. He believed that the best pulpit eloquence was when the truth was brought fairly to the conscience. He thought that a pastor must not expect the people to lead him in any profitable exercise ; he must lead them.

He found the German language difficult, especially in sermonizing, and once in a while his sermon was made singularly emphatic by a little hesitation and then the introduction of a broad, crisp Anglo-Saxon word in place of the German one that could not be recalled. After ten years of pulpit experience and no small amount of translating of the German language, he still found it something of an effort to preach the German, and a welcome relief to resort to English.

He found it not good to be in all kinds of company when intending to preach, and he could preach best when he went direct from his study to the pulpit. This indicates a difficulty which many ministers

have in fairly balancing the duties of pastoral visitation and public services in the house of God.

But with all the little frictions incident to a first pastorate, and with the grace to calmly accept them, which comes of experience, Henry Harbaugh grew very fond of his little flock. While he pursued his work with unabated vigor and stood up for right as he saw it without compromise, the relation of himself and his people rose to a pure glow of affection. This is well indicated in his reply to a suggestion that he should accept another charge in the spring of 1847 :

“ I can see no reason why I should leave these people. I believe I have their confidence, and am, under God, useful to them. My salary is not near so large as that of which you speak, and scarcely large enough to support me as a minister ought to be supported, but this is not so much of a consideration. The charge is small, new, and my salary is every year increasing. It is because the charge you speak of gives more that I am fearful of giving the least encouragement, lest it might be the impulse of a wrong spirit.

“ Whether my qualifications are such as would meet the case you represent, I cannot say. That must be learned from another source. This, though, is what I can say in reply to your friendly epistle : Accept my thanks for any concern you have manifested in my welfare. May God make it plain. I will not leave Lewisburg until God makes me leave : that is, until He makes it so plain as that it shall not be possible for me

to mistake it. And this He will do if it be His will that I shall go."

The thoughtless jibes of the public press upon this subject need no refutation, but if they did, such words as the foregoing ought to suffice among thoughtful people. They are but the words of one recording the actions of the many faithful, conscientious servants of God.

The call to which the above paragraph is a reply, set forth the facts that one of the most important of our churches was about to become vacant, that there was but the one congregation, for which a minister would be required who could preach in both languages—"one who could preach a good practical, doctrinal sermon (a Heidelberg Catechism man)"—one who could preach "a common sense three-quarter of an hour sermon so that any Pennsylvania-German can understand it"—one who would "visit the sick, and every family of his flock once or twice at least during the year—a systematic, pastoral visit." The compensation was to be \$500 or perhaps \$600—"no horse or conveyance required."

It was to this part of the communication the following words of the reply refer: "Whether my qualifications are such as would meet the case you represent, I cannot say."

Among the pleasant and encouraging features of his life at Lewisburg were the visits of Drs. Schaff

and Nevin and other ministers of the church, with whom he took great delight in conversing, and who preached for him frequently. Thus he could keep in touch with the institutions of learning, and keep himself informed of the great activities of the church and of the best thought of its men of light and leading.

One of the brightest hours of his weekly labor was the meeting of the Sunday-school teachers. Here his love of teaching found its true response ; here also lay his best opportunity to do lasting work. With such a devoted, faithful, and thoroughly unselfish portion of his flock before him, he knew that an influence would be wielded and good seed be sown for a fruitful harvest. This training of the teachers he placed second in importance only to the course of instruction in the catechism for those who were looking towards confirmation to the church. To this catechetical class he was constantly devoted, and those who were confirmed in the course of his ministry were most deeply impressed with the solemnity and earnestness of his final words to them. The final examination of his catechumens was usually held before the consistory and a good part of the congregation.

He began early to write articles for the *Messenger*. He prepared the first prologue for the anniversary of the Diognothian Literary Society of Marshall College in 1845, and in that year wrote and deliv-

ered a sermon to his people on the subject of heaven. This afterwards became one of a series of sermons which were rewritten and became his first published volume—"The Sainted Dead." His tendency in preparing sermons was to run into serials and his mid-weekly lectures partook of that character for the most part.

Early in the summer of 1847 he set out with wife and little daughter, Mary, to visit Ohio. They made the journey in easy stages by horse and carriage. The young pastor was in good spirits, and after an exceptionally hard year's work, was eager for the freedom of a vacation, and delighted with the prospect of a leisurely trip through the mountains of Western Pennsylvania. He was leaving his people in peace. The work of his pastorate had prospered. The new church project was then well under way. The corner stone had been laid on May 7, in the presence of a large concourse of people. Dr. J. W. Nevin had been present and preached the sermon. Subscriptions to the new church had been raised to the amount of \$1,600 with but a few days of canvassing. Everything seemed favorable for a good rest in travel and at the home of Mrs. Harbaugh in Ohio. The one sad stroke upon them at this time was the death of their second child, a daughter who died just two days before the occasion of the laying of the corner stone, aged only eighteen days. At one place where they

remained over night in their travels west there had been scarlet fever among the children of the household. This fact was discovered only after it was too late to adopt any precautions, and soon after their arrival in New Hagerstown, Ohio, Mrs. Harbaugh took sick with a virulent attack of scarlet fever which was complicated with rheumatism, from which she never recovered. After a few weeks of intense suffering she slept in death, September 26, 1847, aged twenty-three years and three months. She was buried there among the friends of her childhood, and the sad homecoming of the young man with his little daughter may be much better imagined than described. Very touching indeed was the sympathy shown by his people at Lewisburg, and he at once resumed his duties among them with mind turned more solemnly than ever to the contemplation of the life beyond the grave.

He was an interested observer and student of public questions. He did not like practical politics, and could not abide the unstudied and careless speeches of the hustings. He often attended discussions of a political character, however, and during the forties was inclining in his political faith towards the movement which afterwards crystallized into the Republican party. In July, 1848, writing to his brother, he made the following pregnant and prophetic utterance :

“ There is a powerful anti-slavery spirit getting up. I would not be surprised if the candidate to be taken up at Buffalo (Van Buren) in August would succeed. May God grant it. If he does not, then in 1852 we will have two parties, thus, ‘ Slavery and anti-slavery,’ then the Union will be divided. It cannot stand, it will not stand six years longer, unless the current of our country’s history will take a sudden turn. We are now going towards a split fast and far. However, ‘ God who sitteth in the heavens will laugh,’ and His kingdom will rise with even new power and freshness out of the wrecks of revolution.”

The Free-soil party failed to receive even one electoral vote, in 1848, but events did take a sudden turn in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise which aroused Lincoln and other leading men of the nation to the organization of the Republican party. And in 1858, Lincoln uttered a prophecy similar to the one quoted above, though on a public and momentous occasion, and more nearly in the fulness of time :

“ A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved ; I do not expect the house to fall ; but I do expect that it will cease to be divided ”

Having built and dedicated a new church at Lewisburg, and having built the congregation up in membership and influence in the community,

the Rev. Henry Harbaugh, after much deliberation, felt constrained to accept a call to the First Reformed Church, Lancaster, Pa. It was with great regret that he gave up his first pastorate. The ties were stronger than ever now for the reason that he had married Mary Louisa Linn, whose home was in Lewisburg, on November 14, 1848.

In March, 1850, he took up his work at Lancaster. His pastorate there proved to be the busiest ten years of his life. He edited *The Guardian*, a monthly magazine which he had started at Lewisburg in January, 1850, finished the second volume of his work on the future state, "Heavenly Recognition," and prepared the "Sainted Dead" for a third edition during the first year at Lancaster. He also prepared for publication "The Fathers of the Reformed Church," "The Palatinate Catechism," "Union with the Church," "The Birds of the Bible," "Life of Michael Schlatter," and much other work which will be referred to more at length in a subsequent chapter.

From such busy scenes as these Dr. Harbaugh would sometimes flee to the mountains or to some place in the country with a friend or two for recreation. To his friend Dr. Bausman he wrote in the mid-summer of 1857:

"You preached last Sunday on the childlike in Christ. So did I in the evening. At least a good part of my sermon was on that. I preached on Christian

cheerfulness, perhaps suggested by your remark on Ward Beecher's sermon. My idea was that the Christian is the childlike, and the childlike is the cheerful. A child is often vexed, fretful, &c., but never sad. If sad, then morbid. I agree with you that we may well wish to be children again. That is a bright spot that comes but once in life. As we get older we are forced to fence off the world on account of its untrue character, and with it banish the heaven that lies about us in our infancy.

“ You banter me in your letter to spend a vacation with you. Well, Bro. B., I would do anything in the world to cheer you. Although I have no particular need of recreation, feeling pretty well, yet it would not hurt me ; and how pleasant for us to spend a week together. Now hear what I say : You come down to the junction (in Perry County) next Monday, or to Millers-town, on the Juniata, with your carriage, and I will meet you there. And we will go to *any* place you please for a week—to Perry County, to Chambersburg, Mercersburg, and my brother's at Waynesboro—any place you please. And on Saturday we will separate at the same place and go home to preach. How would a trip to brother C. H. Leinbach's, in Perry County, do, for a week ? Fine ; we could go whortleberrying, and talk about all things. There is so much pomposity and empty flourish in this world, and in these times, that it does one good to come heart to heart. Perhaps a week away from your cares would do you good. And if in the way proposed, I can add something to your comfort, oh, how gladly will I do it.”

“What a memorable week that was,” writes Dr. Bausman. “Strolling along the banks of a stream, Dr. Harbaugh mounted a log, made a low awkward bow, and delivered a parody on a political speech. I can still see him, his face flushed with fiery ardor of the occasion, himself looking so smilingless and grave, and the rest of us convulsed with laughter, till one’s sides ached.”

On another occasion, writing to Dr. Bausman who was then in Europe, Dr. Harbaugh said, among other things :

“When I read your letter I had an indescribable strong desire to be with you, and had I then been able to command the speed of the telegraph, you would have met me soon. . . . But let it go now. If I do not get to Europe, we will get to heaven some day—won’t we? And as Stilling says: ‘Dort lasst sich noch mehr von diesen Sachen sagen’ (There we shall have some more to say about these matters).

“I was out at the fish baskets last week (in the Conestoga, near the old Bausman homestead). We had a pleasant time—two eels and forty suckers. We were wishing you were along with us. Got some of H’s apples and cider on our return. I had your old coat on and filled it out pretty well.”

Only those who knew the tall and slender young Bausman and the broad shouldered Dr. Harbaugh in 1857 would be able to appreciate the humor of that last sentence.

During the winter of 1858-1859, he preached a series of sermons on the subject of the Virgin Mary which attracted large audiences to his evening services, some among his hearers being Roman Catholics. Report went out through the community that he was developing decided Romanizing tendencies. In January, 1859, he preached the fifth and last sermon of this series and at the request of not a few of his friends, prepared the manuscript for publication, which appeared in book form under the caption of "The True Glory of Woman," and had a large circulation.

The preparation of these books, particularly the "Lives of the Fathers," which he declared time and again had been too long neglected, was a great labor in itself. In 1850, beginning February 1, he preached 107 sermons in Lancaster and 28 at other places; to this must be added ten or twelve lectures on special occasions. In 1851, 125 sermons in Lancaster and 30 elsewhere. In 1852, 97 sermons in Lancaster and 35 at other points. And so the average kept up during his pastorate of ten years, and indeed during his whole after life.

In a meditation upon this portion of his work, at the close of the year 1851, he made the following entry in his diary :

"As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the

earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater : so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth : it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.' (Isaiah 55,—10, 11).

“ I believe in God and in all His promises—in His power and grace, and with cheerful confidence, look back upon all these sermons as blest of Him. In this lies the consolation of a pastor. What has been deficient in the presentation of the truth will be pardoned through the same blood by which we believe we have been pardoned of other sins, and received into favor. Glory to God in the Highest—all praise to the Lamb—all honor to the Spirit. Amen !”

The following paragraphs from Dr. Harbaugh's address delivered at the close of the Allentown Seminary, April 3, 1861, are given as specimens of his style and diction in that kind of public discourses :

“ The story of the fall is a prophecy for the world. This first chapter in man's history is repeated in every subsequent one. As sin has made man a slave to the useful, he has learned to love his master. While the penalty of sin has made him toil for the useful, the power of sin has at the same time wrought to make him sensual, selfish, earthly ; so that if in any case he reaches wealth beyond his wants, he adds miserliness to his misery. Instead of pursuing the useful as means, he pursues it as end. Making an end of what is only

designed as a means, he becomes mean in the pursuit of means, and sees nothing beautiful beyond what ministers to his degraded lust of means and money.

“What then is his idea of education and cultivation? The useful. The mind is a means to get money; money is not a means to be used in the cultivation of mind. Whatever brings money is useful; whatever costs money is evil. A little writing, a little reading, a little cyphering is necessary and cheap. But the higher branches—painting, music, all the finer arts, all the beautiful sciences, which a man can neither eat, nor drink, nor sell—what are they good for? It is all money thrown away!

“Such men would rather have a big strong horse than an educated child—would rather have stock in bank than stock in the heads of their children—would rather see their children hoe another potato patch than study another book. They say mules are more useful than music; pigs are better than pictures. They say, give us little books and big bakeovens—little learning and large ledgers—big barns and little seminaries. To such results are we necessarily and consistently brought by carrying out the principle that the useful is the first and most important interest in life—a principle false in its position and debasing in its tendency.”

Within the first year of his pastorate at Lancaster the subject of a new church building was being agitated. The actual work began shortly after the close of the winter months. The old church was one of the few specimens left among the Pennsyl-

vania Germans. It had been well built of selected materials, and though the young pastor thought it a sad sight to witness such an old temple of God laid in ruins, yet it was right to do so, as the new one was needed. To prepare a sermon for such a peculiar occasion as the farewell services in a 99 year old house of worship was no light task. The venerable landmark soon disappeared under the strokes of the workmen and the ground was made ready for the new building. It was of far greater proportions than the one built at Lewisburg, and much more handsome in its architecture and appointments. The corner stone was laid May 30, 1851, and the work went regularly forward from that time to its completion except as to the towers, which remained unfinished some time after the building was in use.

In February, 1854, the consecration services were held, and it was a joyous occasion, largely attended by ministers and laymen of the Reformed Church and by citizens generally of Lancaster city. July 25 of the same year witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the new college building. Henry Harbaugh had been deeply interested in the welfare of the institution, was a member of the committee, and assisted personally in selecting the site. He made an address on the occasion referred to above.*

*NOTE.—Franklin College, established at Lancaster, Pa., in 1787, and Marshall College, founded by the Reformed Church at Mercersburg, Pa.,

The last few years of his ministry at Lancaster weighed heavily on the heart of the young pastor on account of the antagonism which arose within the congregation. His uncompromising position on the subject of temperance was a disturbing factor. His strong advocacy of the liturgy then under consideration by a committee of synod, of which he was a member, aroused bitter opposition and greatly impaired his work in the charge. His consistory was sadly divided against itself, and gradually a majority was arrayed against him. He resigned in 1857, but was induced to reconsider and withdraw his resignation. He remained until the autumn of 1860, during which time the appeal taken to classis on his behalf was sustained. It is to be regretted that such facts need to be recorded, and they have

in 1836, were consolidated under a new charter in 1852, the union taking effect in 1853. In view of the proposed celebration of the 50th anniversary, the jubilee of the founding of Franklin and Marshall College, in 1903, the following memoranda made by Dr. Harbaugh may not be without interest:

"Franklin College—It was first held on Water Street, the second house above or north of Orange on the west side, in a stone building which was afterwards turned into a brewery. Prof. Reichenbach was then teacher. He was celebrated as a mathematician. From thence it was removed to a building on the back lot from south Queen Street near Vine, on the alley, which building has been lately and for some time the lockup of the city—a stone building. To this place it was removed in 1790 and remained till 1793. This building was erected during the Revolutionary war as a Continental stable for horses, by Col. Mathias Slouch, who was a German, commissary of supplies, receiving his title from that fact, never having been in military service. Thence it was removed to North Queen Street. That place, when it was removed thence, was turned into a hall for the exhibition of mountebanks! Gov. Bigler and others began their rafting business by squatting on the lands of Franklin College in Clearfield County. These facts I obtain from Col. Mayer, now 79 years old, Sept. 21, 1858. H. HARBAUGH."

been touched upon only in so far as it seems necessary to keep the thread of narrative unbroken. He left Lancaster because he was unable to make his labors there acceptable to all of his people, but he gave up the charge only after he believed himself fully vindicated. Whatever may be said on behalf of those who so bitterly opposed him, it can be confidently asserted on his behalf that he grieved and wept over the church at Lancaster long and bitterly, and prayed for his enemies more earnestly than they can ever know.

For further comment on this subject the reader may safely turn to the words of Dr. D. Y. Heisler, who passed through what he terms something of the same "painful and yet most blessed experience :"

"The old congregation, after a painful conflict of years, effected a division—one part, the English portion, constituting St. Paul's Church, while the other part, who desired services in both languages, was organized into the First Church, to which Dr. Harbaugh was called to minister, from Lewisburg, Pa., in 1850. The fact of a long conflict having been passed through by the congregation—a conflict of languages—intensified and rendered more fierce by previous conflicts, arising from the difference of religious sentiments prevailing among the members—the so-called old and new measure parties—rendered the position of the pastors of both churches very critical, and required in them

the utmost prudence and care in order to keep clear of difficulties.

“ It is hard for an outsider to estimate duly the serious difficulties and dangers which surrounded the worthy pastor in the First Church. He took charge of the congregation just as it was emerging out of the smoke and dust of this severe and protracted conflict, or series of conflicts rather, and while yet in a state of highest excitement. Many persons who had been for years careless and indifferent, and had taken little or no interest whatever in the church, were roused up by the excitement of the occasion and marshaled into battle array with the rest of the congregation, and at the time of the actual division, were in a certain way connected with the congregation as members.

“ This entire mass, so diverse and uncongenial in its character, had to be managed, and either gradually worked into a homogeneous mass or finally eliminated as useless, and even worse than useless, material, or else retained as a source of constant trouble. The earnest and positive labors of Dr. Harbaugh, to some extent carried forward simultaneously this three-fold process of spiritual assimilation, elimination, and excitation of ever-recurring troubles in the congregation.

“ That there should be conflicts was to be expected as a matter of course ; neither man nor angel could have prevented them ; that the earnest and faithful pastor should be able at all to bear up under these manifold trials is an evidence of the wonderful powers of endurance which he possessed ; and that he should succeed in spite of all these necessary and unavoidable

trials, to build up the congregation, both in numbers and in strength and clearness of their Scriptural views and Christian virtues, proves his extraordinary ability as a preacher and pastor; and finally the fact that, during his pastorate, stormy and perplexing, one of the finest and most substantial churches in the city of Lancaster should be erected, is sufficient to stamp his ministry in that congregation as efficient and successful in the extreme. We do not speak here at random; for having been connected as pastor, with one portion of that congregation during its fiery trials, we know from painful and yet most blessed experience what the state of the congregation then was, and what extraordinary trials it involved for its future shepherd."

As a young man both in Lewisburg and Lancaster his uncompromising attitude upon moral questions often served to array against him a portion of the community which could combine to place him in a false light. While in after life he never altered his views on any question of principle, he modified his methods of combating evil and receded from the extremes to which he had gone upon some occasions.

He pursued the right as he saw it without any fear of the consequences. His zeal in the interest of those who showed any disposition to accept Christ never abated in the least. The indifference of parent to the religious training of children he deplored as one of the withering effects of the power

of worldliness, and he would postpone a baptism and give the parents a serious talking to when he found them ignorant of and indifferent to the step they were about to take.

Just as he was severe at times with those who were wilfully wicked and immoral, so he was gentle as a mother in dealing with those who were struggling upward from the effects of a long and rebellious life into a purer condition of living where they could make an intelligent surrender of themselves to God.

With the social life of young men in his congregations he was in perfect sympathy. On semi-public occasion he was frequently the centre of an interested group, both young and old, and it is remembered of him by many who had the personal experience, that his good humor never forsook him, and his fund of anecdote never failed. He was ready for a romp with the children and had plenty of little tricks and stories with which to amuse them.

Whenever he had occasion to withdraw from such relation in life to the pulpit or services of the church, he invariably laid aside all spirit of levity, and became clothed with a solemnity and seriousness of manner which he really felt deeply, and which he imparted to all who were in his presence. While not a man of unusual height, he was of strong muscular build, and his commanding pres-

ence strengthened the impression that he was of large stature.

He made frequent mention in his diary of the pastoral work. He allotted a part of each forenoon for visiting families to urge upon them their religious duties, and he diligently sought out persons who ought to attend catechetical lectures and who were for the most part indifferent to their privileges. "How faithless are some parents in regard to their baptized children!" he exclaims upon one occasion.

With all the demands upon his time he did not forget the duties he owed to his family. Referring to a part of New Year's day which he spent with them, he said: "I spent the most part of my time to-day with my family. This is a duty which there is danger of neglecting. We are in danger of becoming unsocial in the multitude of studies and cares. Must seek to guard against this tendency." He had this thought in mind also when he dedicated his book "Birds of the Bible" to his wife, "to whom the hours of leisure in which this volume was prepared properly belonged."

These reflections occurred to him amid the pressing duties of his pastorate such as are mentioned in his diary entry of March 14, 1852: "Married a couple. Preached and held the communion in German. Gave the communion in three places to sick persons. Attended a funeral. Examined,

baptized and confirmed one person. Preached and held communion in English in the evening."

For ten years and a half he had labored among the people of Lancaster until the first of October, 1860, when he resigned his charge. On Sunday evening, September 9th, after the sermon, three men from St. John's Church in Lebanon, stepped forward as a committee and presented a call in the name of that congregation. The result of the pastor's consideration of the call is found in the fact that a few weeks later he removed to Lebanon, Pa., and assumed the pastorate of the newly organized congregation of St. John's Church.

Synod was in session at the time of his arrival in Lebanon, and he was installed by a committee of synod, October 18, 1860, as pastor of St. John's Reformed Church, Lebanon. The progress of his labors among this new people may be gathered from his first anniversary sermon :

"One year ago we were brought together in the providence of God, almost strangers to one another, and the solemn relation of pastor and people was made and ratified between us. If any one had suggested such an event but a few weeks before it took place, we would have set him down as a dreaming prophet. Surely it is not in man to direct his steps and still less is it in a minister to choose his charges ! It is due to the congregation by whose kindness and consideration this first year of my ministry has been made pleasant, to say

that I have had no reason for a moment to regret the change which brought me into this interesting and hopeful field of labor. Whatever has been defective in my ministry has been charitably endured by you ; and I have this confidence of faith, that the blood which washes away all sin will also atone for the faults and follies which attach to the ministry committed to me.

“ One year ago this beautiful church edifice was the centre of a singular cluster of anomalies. Here was a church building without a church—a consistory without a congregation—a pastor to be installed without any members to be installed over—pews without occupants—a choir gallery without choir or instruments—a Sunday-school room without teachers or children—book cases without books. In short the entire shell of a home without a family.

“ It was evident, however, that there were earnest and anxious hearts looking towards this spot, to whom it was daily growing more sacred, and who had made up their minds that what was not yet, by the grace of God should shortly be. When the pastor asked for members to be installed over, names were handed in. When the bell rang, people came. When the empty pews asked for occupants, families gathered in. When the hymns were announced, choral sounds greeted the ear and cheered the heart. When the doors of the Sunday-school were thrown open, there was heard the pleasant noise of little feet ; and when the doleful empty shelves of the library cases were looked into, it was said ‘ let there be books,’ and books came.

“ Without commotion and without restraint, by some

mysterious law of attraction, everything took its place and began to move in its order, 'while in stillness thus our little Zion rose.'

"What has been accomplished during this first year of our existence can of course only be fully known in that great time of harvest unto which all our earthly labors continually grow. Yet in some degree we may judge of permanent results from indications of present progress and success. The first and most outward data are furnished by our statistics. These we shall first present.

"This congregation was organized one year ago (October, 1860) with 61 adult members. To these have been added by confirmation 7, by certificate 33, making the whole number added 40

"There is, however, something higher and better than statistics; the spirit and life of the congregation which has made these statistics what they are. Fully 104 sermons and 52 shorter week-day lectures have been delivered; for if there have been some omissions of regular services, these have been more than made up by the extra services on holy days and in connection with the communion occasions.

"Our faith in the divine character of the teaching office in the church does not allow us to fear that the word might have returned void.

"Rather we must believe that the entrance of the word has given light; and that many have been built up and confirmed in their faith.

"No credit is due to us if these discourses have not been harping on favorite strings, but have carried us

over the general ground of faith and practice ; because our course has been marked out for us by the excellent arrangement of the church-year, so that it was not lawful for us to pleasure at will on easy or popular topics, but we were under a wholesome discipline which required us, as each Sunday directed, to give a portion of all the meat in due season. Thus it has been almost impossible for us to overlook or omit any doctrine, any duty, any privilege, any virtue, any grace, for each one confronted us at some time or other in the Lessons of the day. If this course has in any measure brought before us the whole truth, round and symmetrical, we are indebted to the order of the church year for it. For this is as good a preventive of idleness in ministers, as it is a terror to lop-sided and one idea Christians."

The anniversary sermon, from which the foregoing extracts are taken, further takes up the review of Sunday-school work of the year, and then drifts into an historical view of the church year, and the use of the liturgy in the Reformed Church. Dr. Harbaugh experienced no difficulty in the introduction of the liturgy and observance of the church year at Lebanon. He congratulated the congregation upon the restoration to them of their part in the services of the sanctuary.

"You have claimed your right of being active worshippers, and not silent spectators merely. . . . You claim, with the meditations of your heart, also to offer up the words of your lips. When God said by the

mouth of Solomon, 'Let all the people say, amen!' he gave to the people that response of faith, and that seal of prayer. Who shall take it from them? For this, too, I claim no credit. You by your own wish and decision, asked it. Before I was installed as your pastor you asked it; I only acquiesced in your decision, but I did it from long and full conviction and with all my heart. And the more heartily and devoutly you respond to our beautiful and solemn prayers, the more I shall commend you for it."

As the children are an important part of the church, the Sunday-school is an important part of the congregation. At the opening of the year there were mustered 87 officers, teachers and scholars; they had not a single book, not a Bible nor a New Testament. At the end of the year they numbered in all 117 members, had all the Bibles and Testaments they needed, catechisms for each scholar, and a monthly paper to give to each one in the school room. They had 431 instructive and interesting books, "have become publishers of a Hymn Book of our own, and our treasury is still in funds."

The two years that followed, and that terminated his labors as a pastor of any particular flock, were busy ones for the minister of St. John's. Civil strife between North and South was raging furiously and the excitement of the times was bearing heavily against the progress of his work. Dr. Harbaugh had voted for Fremont; he voted for Andrew

Curtin for Governor, and for Lincoln, and he was unwavering in his allegiance to the government from the beginning to the end of the war. He seriously considered accepting a chaplaincy in a Pennsylvania regiment, but was warmly and effectively persuaded by many of his friends that his best services to church and state could be rendered at home. That his proper place was at home is attested in more than one instance—and especially does it appear in the fact that the United States Christian Commission applied for and published his tract or address on the “Religious Character of Washington.” In sending this address out among the soldiers, the commission used these words :

“Soldiers, read and study the religious character of Washington as presented in the following pages, and while you read and study, and endeavor to learn how to serve your country to the best of your abilities, remember the motto, ‘In God we Trust.’ ”

The pastor of St. John’s went to Harrisburg February 22, 1861, and heard Mr. Lincoln speak on the occasion of his stop there during the memorable trip from Springfield to Washington. He records that he was well pleased with the honest face and judicious words of the president-elect.

He was much depressed when in December, 1862, Dr. Schaff, who had become his intimate friend, went to Andover to deliver a course of lectures—he

had a presentiment if not a conviction that Dr. Schaff was lost to the Reformed Church. But a few months later he had a very cheering letter from his friend in which he spoke of being well pleased with Andover, but adds: "Nevertheless, I see no occasion for changing my views on Puritanism in the least. On the contrary, it is one of the strongest arguments for our theological position that the defects of the system are beginning to be felt by its best and most earnest minds. There is plenty of light in New England but not enough heat. There is great need for the infusion of the historic, the mystic, the aesthetic and the churchly element. I spent a most pleasant evening with Dr. and Mrs. Stowe and was surprised to find how far they admit this very thing. Their judgment, or feeling rather, is worth the more as they have gone to the very extreme of independency."

Dr. Schaff further makes a very pleasant personal suggestion which, if it had been adopted at the time, might have been the means of preserving Dr. Harbaugh's life for further years of usefulness. He says: "I thought of you with painful sympathy every day since I heard of your unexpected affliction, and the thought struck me whether this perhaps would not be a fit opportunity for you to pay a flying visit to the mountains of Switzerland, and the universities of Germany. You may still be back by Christmas, if necessary. You could see

Lange in Bonn, Hundeshagen in Heidelberg, Kerschner in Tübingen and a host of interesting men in Württemberg and Prussia. I will give you the best of references. Think of this suggestion and let me know when you get here."

Many of his students and old friends love to remember Dr. Schaff as one who in the depths of his heart never really did leave the Reformed Church. He was present at the General Synod held in Reading, Pa., in May, 1893, only a few months before his death, and it proved to be his farewell meeting with his Reformed brethren. At that time, referring to the Briggs heresy trial then pending, he said, "If they turn us out I will come right back to you." And in conversation with one of his friends about early times, he remarked: "Die alte Liebe ist doch die beste."

The characters of Nevin, Schaff, and other men of the Mercersburg movement are not easily susceptible of comparison. In personality they differed widely. In their habits of work and thought they were far apart. Nevin was a teacher of teachers; Harbaugh was peculiarly a teacher of the people. Schaff and Nevin were to the church what an upright man should be in the national senate. Harbaugh was a commoner. Just as the ideal senator concerns himself with the great questions of state and thereby reflects back to the people a more perfect form of government, so Nevin championed

the cause of Christ on the floor of synod. Harbaugh came forth directly from the hearts of the people and brought their needs and interest up with him. The influence of great theologians tends from the seat of deliberative bodies back to those who created them ; the influence of Harbaugh's life and teachings, on the contrary, originated in the homes and hearts of his people, and forged its way to centres that were even beyond the confines of his own branch of the church. But the attributes that were predominant in either of these fathers of the church, were in a large measure common to all, and in their personal lives they were devoted and affectionate friends.

VI. THE AUTHOR AND HIS WORKS.

IT would be fortunate perhaps if the limit of this biographical sketch could be so extended as to admit of more liberal quotation and intelligent review of Dr. Harbaugh's literary productions. This is especially true of that portion of his work which is now hidden in the volumes of the *Guardian*, which he edited from its birth in 1850 until 1866, and the *Mercersburg Review*, to which he contributed frequently and of which he was the editor a part of the time.

Such an undertaking, however, was not contemplated in the original plan of this volume, and as the work has progressed its development does not seem to be of such a character as to make any extended inquiry into the learned writings of Dr. Harbaugh a fitting part. While an effort has been made to present a view of his life partly through his literary work, yet this part of the field has been explored in much the same way as a cautious engineman with hand upon the throttle, and pilot by his side, approaches the curves and grades of an unfamiliar branch of the road. The learned fathers of the church who are still with us may be amused at the boyish pride that has here and there cropped out, and may readily excuse the impulsive expres-

sions of a son upon the life of his sainted father ; but they would be grieved, and justly so, at the result of an untutored and spiritless digression into the sacred domain of Christological Theology.

If the tenderest theme of Dr. Harbaugh's whole life were capable of expression in one word, it would be *Home*. In fond recollection, it was the home of his childhood, that found expression in "Heemwel," and other poems both in English and German, as well as in almost every number of the *Guardian*, during the early years of his ministry. In present enjoyment and affection, it was the family home—the sympathy and companionship of the wife of his mature years whom he called "the home of his heart."

In his deepest contemplation and spiritual longings, it was the heavenly home of which he said at the conclusion of his first published volume, "The Sainted Dead :"

"Here I lay down my pen, but here do I not end my meditations on the heavenly land. My thoughts, and feelings, and hopes crowd onward still. Along the misty Jordan, which bounds the future side of this mortal life, I continue to walk up and down, crowding upon its awful confines, and looking anxiously across, till the fog breaks."

Then from the German of Stilling he quotes :

“Blessed are they that are homesick, for they shall come to their father’s house.”

The scenes on which his mind had dwelt—the scenery upon which his eyes had rested in childhood’s years when mind and affections were peculiarly plastic and growing, had transferred their images into the eye and spirit, leaving there a bent and bias which remained a part of his inmost self. Thus the deep memory of childhood brought its scenes to his spirit with all their old immediateness, and the riper life became their interpreter; in these resurrections of memory lay the power of his mature life to impress others; here lay the secret of his wisdom to teach, and his mystic power to charm.

To point out just when Dr. Harbaugh’s literary life began would be impossible. His habit of jotting down his thoughts started almost with the first efforts of the school-boy to write English words; his productions while at school in Ohio have been briefly referred to elsewhere in these pages. Upon entering the ministry at Lewisburg he began to contribute articles to the *Reformed Church Messenger*. He prepared the carriers’ addresses for the local papers at Lewisburg, Lancaster, and Lebanon almost every year of his pastorate in each place.

The first published volume, “The Sainted Dead,” grew out of a series of sermons which he delivered

Es alt Schul-haus an der Krick.

XVIII.

O wou sin now die skuler all
Wo hawa do gelernt?
A deel sin weit awerk gereest,
By fortune uf un al ge chased -
Deel hot der dot geernt.

XXI.

Now horcht ihr Leut wo noch mir lebt,
Euch schreit ich now des Stuck;
Ich warn euch! - droh euch! - gebt doch acht,
Un nemmt for ever gut enaecht,
Des Schul-haus an der Krick!

Lebanon Pa }
Nov 26. 1860 }

at Lewisburg as early as 1845, and after several years meditation on the subject, he published the work in 1848. In gathering information on this interesting subject he was surprised to find that so little had been written directly on it. He found also that, while his own mind had been employed on the subject, there were many to whom it had been a subject of like interest, and who were eager to read what professed to throw light on it.

When he had finished the work it was laid unreservedly before his friend and teacher, Dr. John W. Nevin, with the request that he exercise critical censorship on the work without mercy. In the July number of the *Mercersburg Review* (1849) Dr. Nevin reviewed the book and incidentally gave his impressions of the personality of the author, who was then thirty-one years old, and had been out of the seminary only five years :

“ A very popularly written volume on a popular and interesting theme, which needs only to be known generally, we think, to find many readers, and which, when it is seriously read, can hardly fail to leave behind it a salutary religious impression. The work of course is more practical than philosophical, designed to serve the purposes of believing piety rather than to minister food for curious speculation. At the same time the writer shows himself to be possessed of a good deal more learning, and philosophy too, than we meet with in many who put forth much larger pretensions in this

form. Mr. Harbaugh is constitutionally a thinker, and not a mere dull retailer of other men's thoughts.

“The habits of the preacher and the pastor, both vocations in which he is known to excel, are not allowed with him to mar the sympathies and affinities of the scholar ; and the present production, in this view, is certainly very creditable to his literary character and powers, and carries in it also good augury for the time to come. The author has a certain advantage for the popular discussion of the subject he has taken in hand, in his temperament and age. The first includes a broad dash of mysticism ; to the second he is indebted for an exuberance of imagination, which riper age will be apt considerably to tame, both qualifications well suited to help the mind forward, in such an excursion as is here made over the confines of time and sense, into the world of unseen mystery that lies beyond. There is nothing dark, however, nor particularly transcendental in the style of the work. Its poetry is not prose run mad, or mounted on stilts into the region of the clouds, but clear, sensible thought and speech which as a general thing all sorts of readers may readily enough comprehend. Mr. Harbaugh uses a pen which is at once both fluent and correct.”

After discussing the work on its theological side somewhat at length, Dr. Nevin closes with these words :

“On the subject of the Church, as we have before said, as well as in its whole Christological theory, the little volume before us is far enough removed from the

abstract spiritualism which has become so common in our modern divinity. One great object of the writer seems to be indeed to expel such spirituality of the mere intellect from our minds, and to make us feel that the mystery of the new life, as it is unfolded to us in Christ, is no less real and concrete and near to the world as it now stands, than are the palpable existences that surrounded us in the sphere of sense."

Dr. Nevin was not mistaken in his prediction that the book would be widely read. The first edition was soon exhausted and the second followed it, enriched at various points, and considerably enlarged by additional arguments, illustrations, and practical reflections, the fruit of continued attention to the subject.

The second volume, "Heavenly Recognition" (1851), is an earnest and scriptural inquiry into the question, will we know our friends in Heaven? In style and command of language there is a noticeable improvement over the first volume and the reader is led to feel that the arguments advanced are sound and correct, yet, for those who are soon convinced, there is still a pleasure in following the author through all his meditations on this absorbing subject. This volume, like the first, was well received and ran through many editions.

"The Heavenly Home," which completed the trilogy on the future life, was published in 1853. As to its aim and purpose, it is well introduced in

the preface to the work itself. It concluded what the author had designed to contribute to this interesting department of pious inquiry—the fruits of seven years' contemplation of the subject. These themes were not treated without a special and definite aim, even beyond the general desire of promoting the interests of individual piety and comfort. While this had been kept steadily in view, it was in connection with what the author considered the wider and deeper wants of the age. He saw in the piety of the age a drifting towards mere naturalism. The power of the world to come, he thought, did not enter sufficiently into our piety. Men were not conscious, as they should be, of their nearness to unseen, supernatural, and eternal realities. Hence instead of reverence, there was boldness; instead of humility, presumption; instead of quietude of spirit, there was restlessness; instead of faith, individual notions and opinions, instead of love and hope, there were distractions and fitful spasms of desire; and instead of the life of a higher world, dwelling in us by grace, and bearing us forward to glory, we have become the unhappy subjects of mere influences.

“May we not ask,” says the author, “whether the very progress of modern natural science, which is the cause of all our earthly conveniences, and which if rightly used leads us towards God, has not by a prostitution to mere carnal ends, had a tendency to

cause men to deify human reason, to enthrone intellect, to over-rate man's natural powers, to flatter his pride, to seek the satisfaction of mere temporal wants, and thus practically to forget the momentous interests and claims of a future and higher world? Behold for a moment the busy whirl of earth, the rush and rivalry of the multitudes in pursuit of the mere interests of time, even to the secularization of holy seasons and places, and then say whether the subduing powers of another life are felt as they should be."

In the treatment of the whole subject of the future state, the author sought to avoid two extremes. On the one hand, he endeavored to shun the vague, hortatory cantation, which he found so common in a certain class of practical treatises, and which, however pleasant it might be to a certain class of Christians, he did not consider either profitable or satisfactory to earnest and inquiring minds.

Again, with equal diligence, he sought to avoid wild and bold speculations, which, while they delight the itching ear of the curious, have in them too much of the wisdom of this world to serve the purposes of true piety, and have, to reverent minds at least, the appearance of being profane. He humbly sought to entwine in one, the authority of revelation, the definiteness of science, and the tenderness of devotion.

How well he succeeded in this devout purpose, is attested by the thousands of readers who have sought consolation in contemplation of the future life, in their affliction and distress.

“There reposes deep in the human spirit the idea of the perfect. Amid the sense of our own imperfections and the sight of imperfection in all that surrounds us, there is the deep, intuitive conviction that there exists somewhere the infinitely Pure, the infinitely Beautiful, and the infinitely Good. Often when the spirit lingers lonely and meditative among the wrecks of earthly hope, and feels as if it could no more cling to things which perish, it is drawn by a sweet attraction made up of faith, hope, and love, into a far off silent world of peace, purity, and perfection. Beneath our sense of guilt, beneath those monitions that chide us as wanderers, beneath the confusion and collision of sense, of sin and sorrow, are heard in soft ‘mournfully pleasant’ undertones the harmonies of higher, holier, and happier realms. There is at such times a growing weary of present things, the things that are seen ; and the spirit longs after an outlet from that which is ‘in part,’ and an outlet into that communion where ‘that which is in part shall be done away.’ ”

In the words just quoted the author of the “Heavenly Home,” the last of his volumes on the future state, introduces his readers to a pious con-

templation of the future world, and the employments and enjoyments of the saints in heaven.

In some of the positions taken by the author in these volumes, Dr. Nevin did not fully concur. While he warmly commended the work, he also took advantage of the author's request that "he criticize the work without mercy," and indicated what he considered errors from a theological point of view.

Indeed, it is related that Dr. Harbaugh himself, as Professor of Didactic and Practical Theology at Mercersburg, made some statement in one of his lectures which was not at all consistent with his treatment of the same theme in "The Sainted Dead," and when his attention was called to it, he made reply that he had written that book when he was a boy.

Quite different in character was the next publication from his pen, though attended with the same diligence in research and earnestness of purpose.

In the autumn of 1852, at Lancaster, he preached a sermon from the text (Prov. 30, 26), "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." This suggested to him the idea of writing a series of articles for the *Guardian* on the animals and birds of the Bible. No doubt he found that the whole subject would take too wide a range for his purpose, and chose the birds of the Bible as the more pleasant branch of the subject. These articles appeared in the *Guardian* during

the year 1853-4, and after being revised were published in 1854 in book form.

Piously cultivated and truly refined minds, he thought, would never tire in the study of this beautiful portion of creation—the birds. Peculiarly interesting to him were those birds which Jesus mentioned, whose images, natures, and habits mingled with the visions of holy men of old, and which became to them great words bearing precious truth to ages since, and ages yet to come. The author's endeavor was not to give descriptions of dead birds so much as to make pictures of the living ones; and he aimed to make his book more like a grove than a cabinet. Mechanically the book was handsomely printed and richly illustrated in colors, and had a large circulation. Prof. W. M. Nevin, in his interesting review of it, points it out especially to those who wish to remember their friends at Christmas, and speaks of it as a book that "will not waste its sweetness in a single year, but continue to bloom for many; one that will not soon be superseded or impaired, but, like a good old painting, keep its place and be rather improved by age; one that will rest comfortably beside even the Bible or any other good book and not feel out of place; one that will delight not only youth and beauty and childhood with his laughing eyes, but be read with pleasure also by manhood, and lighten with a mellow

smile even the cheek of hoary eld, as he pores over it earnestly through his sober glasses."

Then came "Union With the Church," a small volume of 127 pages, a plain, practical treatise upon the duty and privilege of becoming members of the church. Presuming correctly that a number of well meaning persons remain out of the church, because the progress of sectism and rationalism has produced a false public sentiment in relation to the nature of the church, the author, in the first part, removes the difficulties which present themselves to sincere inquirers, and, in the second part, presents a series of convincing arguments in favor of the immediate union with the mystical body of Christ.

In the January number of the *Mercersburg Review* (1851), appeared an article entitled, "Systematic Benevolence, or a Plea for the Lord's Portion of Our Increase." This was afterwards published in pamphlet form at the request of synod, under the title of "A Plea for the Lord's Portion of the Christian's Wealth."

In September, 1855, Dr. Harbaugh came into possession of the Journal of Rev. Michael Schlatter and examined it with the greatest pleasure. He at once saw its importance as a part of our early church history and immediately began to translate it into English.

Much has been written, in recent years, of American history covering the period in which the Rev. Michael Schlatter lived and labored for the Reformed Church in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. Much ink has been shed in the endeavor to produce living pictures of the life and times which led up to and through the American Revolution. In their efforts to improve upon the early historians and to brighten the dry facts of history, not a few writers have gone to the other extreme, drifting into senseless absurdities.

Prof. John Fiske, whose lectures on the critical period of American history, and other works in the same line of thought, have given him a well-earned reputation as an infuser of life and spirit into the scenes in which the American Army of Revolution and the Continental Congress had their struggles to found a new nation, would no doubt be surprised to find that this same life and spirit pervades "*The Life of Michael Schlatter*," a humble missionary, a chaplain in the French and Indian war, and the first superintendent of public schools in Pennsylvania.*

*Dr. J. H. Dubbs gives the following interesting facts in the life of Schlatter:

"Schlatter was chaplain of the Royal American Regiment, 4th Battalion, 1757-1759. Chaplain of the 2nd Battalion of Bouquet's army on the expedition to Pittsburg, 1764. Took the side of the patriots in the Revolution; two of his sons were in Washington's army. He was imprisoned on the grounds that he was still an officer of the Royal army, but refused to obey orders. His house was plundered. I can find no proof of Harbaugh's assertion that he was a chaplain in the Revolutionary army."

See also "The German Soldier in the Wars of the United States," by J. G. Rosengarten, pp. 25-27.

The life of Michael Schlatter was produced amid the busy years of the Lancaster pastorate. In the course of its preparation the author unfolded a general plan for what he then termed "Lives of the Fathers," and he had already gathered much material for this object. He found to his great regret that the work had been too long neglected, and that many interesting facts were growing into dim tradition in reference to the early ministers of the Reformed Church. He gives forcible expression to this thought in the introduction to the "Life of Michael Schlatter:"

"For a time the sayings and doings of our ancestors may be left to the preservation of a grateful remembrance, and to the unrecorded traditions which parents hand down to their children. But such traditions soon grow dim and uncertain, and at last vanish away. As the setting sun leaves first a glory, then a twilight, and at last darkness: so the deeds of the past as they sink beyond our personal recollection, are first bright, then dim, and then gone!—and too late we mourn that we have no picture of the faded beauty. Our parents relate to us stories of the days of our grandparents; but our grandparents themselves are gone, and tell us no more what was before them. This is our case as a church in America. The grandparents are gone, the fathers are going, the history of their toils and achievements is beginning to swim in half uncertain twilight, and there is but barely time to record the doings of their life's day before the oblivious night sets in, when

records and traditions will no more recognize one another."

Michael Schlatter was not the first ordained minister who came out with the oppressed emigrants from the Palatinate and found a home in Pennsylvania and neighboring states. He was, however, the one who accomplished most and made the greatest sacrifices in the work of permanently organizing the infant church in America. The work of Henry Harbaugh is a faithful and spirited record of the earnest and laborious life, nearly half a century of which was spent in the religious interests of the Germans of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia. It was a life belonging entirely to the last century, including what may be called the formative period both in church and state, and extending through the perils of our country's two tedious wars. The author's power of investigation into original sources, and his accuracy of detail, coupled with his ability to reproduce the elements of biography in a living story, have led more than one reader to pronounce the book a model of its kind. It was offered first and directly as the life and labors of Michael Schlatter, and then, indirectly, as a small contribution "to the inward civil and religious history of our free, peaceful, and noble state." For both these purposes, as well as for its intrinsic value, the book has been highly

prized and widely read, especially among Pennsylvanians. Schlatter's appeal to the churches in Europe, setting forth the true condition of the destitute congregations in the colonies, is well worth a careful reading by any one who desires to be well informed upon his own branch of the church. So also his connection with the charity schools ought to interest every Pennsylvanian who takes pride in the progress of education in the commonwealth.

"The Fathers of the Reformed Church" followed the life of Schlatter. Two volumes were completed and a greater part of the material for the third prepared. The labor involved in this work was great. It made necessary an extensive correspondence, and no little traveling about for the purpose of consulting the old records. It has rescued to the church a vast amount of information concerning the early ministers and their work during the time when the church was almost wholly a missionary field. To use the words of the author himself:

"We have written vast numbers of letters—we have travelled in pursuit of facts—we have taken down the traditions of the aged, and compared them with preserved records—we have searched old files of newspapers and pamphlets in the libraries of Philadelphia and elsewhere—we have examined piles of old letters in English, German, Dutch, and Latin—we have gone patiently through the Coetal and Synodical minutes and archives, so far as they are still extant, from 1748

down to the present time—we have carefully waded through a bundle of documents in German, Dutch, and Latin, procured some years ago from the ecclesiastical archives of Holland—we have examined, either personally or through friends, all the old congregational records throughout the church—we have rummaged the old papers left behind by many of the earliest deceased ministers—we have been in garrets and in graveyards—we have begged and bought material—in short, we have sought wherever hope of success invited us, like one who seeks for goodly pearls.”

One letter of inquiry, under date of May 20, 1856, to Dr. Bausman, who was then in Germany, runs as follows :

“ If you can incidentally, I wish you would make some inquiry about the religious condition of the Mennonites in Europe. When you get to Berlin, please inquire also, if you do not forget it, about Rev. John C. Stahlschmidt, who came to this country about 1770 and returned about 1790, and was about Berlin. He was a pietist. I once saw a letter he wrote to one of our old ministers, I think in 1793, or perhaps later. I would like to know his last years. I have a history of him up to the time he returned to Europe. I wonder whether the Dominies in the Rhine country know anything yet of the pastors who came from that country here—Hendel, Herman, etc.”

The Rev. D. Y. Heisler, D.D., continued this work after Dr. Harbaugh's death, and among his contributions was a brief but touching biography

of Henry Harbaugh, his friend and co-worker. Dr. Heisler's work, with that of his successor, Rev. Dr. W. M. Detrick, brought the "Lives of the Fathers" down to the time when the material desired could be more readily and accurately obtained.

Dr. Harbaugh finished the Lancastrian decade with the "Golden Censer," a book of devotion for the young, his series of sermons preached on the life of the Virgin Mary, revised and published under the title "The True Glory of Woman," and his volume of English poems.

With his pastoral work, his *Guardian*, his labors attendant upon the deliberations of the Liturgical Committee, and the many other special calls upon his time all considered, it was certainly a busy ten years.

Encouraged by Professor Nevin and others, and also by the fact that his publisher preferred the poems to another manuscript which had been submitted as an alternative, he edited and prepared his English poems for publication. "The Mystic Weaver" and "Through Death to Life," are two of the poems which have been widely published and read both in Europe and America. They have been recited at times on public occasions by persons who did not know who the author was. The little "Child's Christmas Hymn" has been sung to the children of many firesides. Two hymns contained

in the collection are also in the Church Hymn Book, but the compilers overlooked the authorship, and they were not accredited to Dr. Harbaugh until the last revised hymnal was published. They are :

“Jesus my Shepherd, let me share
Thy guiding hand, Thy tender care ;”

Also that more familiar one, “The Hiding Place”—

“Jesus to Thy cross I hasten,
In all weariness my home.”

His well-known hymn, “Jesus, I live to Thee,” has taken its place in the Protestant Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian hymnals, and in a number of other collections. It has also recently been placed by Dr. Irvine in the College chapel at Mercersburg, upon a tablet in brass letters. The translation of it into German by the Rev. N. Z. Snyder has been highly spoken of, beginning :

“Jesu, ich lebe Dir,
Mein liebster Freund bist Du.”

The epilogue written for the anniversary of the Diagonthian Literary Society of Marshall College, July 2, 1847, is to be found in this collection of English poems. Dr. W. M. Nevin, in his inimitable way, has thus spoken of them :

“We were apprehensive,” he commences, “that it would turn out in this way. A certain rich vein of feeling and easy flow of imagination had we

long ago observed in the prose writings of our author, which we feared in the end would burst forth into poetry. A disposition in him for some time had we remarked, with some concern, to introduce into his essays and other writings, as if merely to illustrate or embellish some of his thoughts, choice passages taken from the best old English and German poets, which, however, showed too plainly what was the natural bent of his mind, and with what sort of writings he was pleased. Nay, in the *Guardian*, from its first appearance, little poetical pieces of his own had we been in the habit of observing every month, as it came out, few at first and far between, indeed, and, as we thought, inserted merely for filling up some odd space; but, at length, we saw them swelling out into whole poems, extending sometimes over several pages. We were not taken aback then, by this final enunciation. We had seen the determined tendency long before. We knew that this would be the end of it."

Dr. Schaff confessed to a similar want of surprise. "The appearance of a volume of poems by Rev. H. Harbaugh," he says, "was to us simply a question of time. It had to come sooner or later by an unavoidable necessity. The bird will sing and the poet will write poems, and if he finds a publisher he will publish also, or others will publish him. We have before us genuine lyric effusions, some of

them of more than ordinary beauty and merit, all animated by a lovely spirit, which associates beauty with truth and goodness and makes this triad the worshiping handmaid of religion.”

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
 Away in the sunny clime?
 By humble growth of an hundred years
 It reaches its blooming time ;
 And then a wonderous bud at its crown
 Breaks out into thousand flowers :
 This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
 Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
 But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
 For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,
 That grows in the sunny clime,
 How every one of its thousand flowers,
 As they drop in the blooming time,
 Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
 In the place where it falls on the ground ;
 And fast as they drop from the dying stem,
 Grow lively and lovely around ?
 By dying it liveth a thousand-fold
 In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,
 The Arabs' Gimel el Bahr?
 That lives in the African solitudes
 Where the birds that live lonely are ?
 Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
 And cares and toils for their good ?

It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise!—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them, dies!

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song until the end of life,
And then in the soft, still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven!
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies—
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

Have you heard these tales—Shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How He left the choirs and anthems above,
For the earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and the pain of the Cross,
And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!

Have you heard this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew.
His seed prevails and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the skies above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all ;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear :
The grain that seems lost in the earth below,
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

The "Golden Censer" was prepared at Lancaster during the time that the Liturgical Committee were holding their deliberations, but was not published until Dr. Harbaugh had removed to Lebanon in November, 1860. In it will be found not so much of anything new, as of that which will conduct the young Christian into the silent fellowship of the venerable saints of the past ages. The author claimed little for himself, but chose humbly to say : "Here are words of high inspiration born in the hearts and caught from the lips of martyrs, confessors and saints of all ages, lands, and languages. Sacred associations of faith, hope, love, and penitence, of joys and sorrows, of conflicts and victories, render fragrant every line and word of these solemn old devotions."

During his first year at Lebanon, "Hymns and Chants," a book for the Sunday-schools, was issued. It proved to be what was needed and has been largely used as an order of worship and hymn book in our Sunday-schools for the last thirty years. In

preparing this work the author was surprised to find how many poems the existing collections contained which in his judgment were not hymns at all. He also published, in 1867, "Youth in Earnest," as illustrated in the life of Theodore D. Fisher, a young member of his church at Lebanon, who became a paymaster's clerk in the army in 1863, and who was lost in the burning of the unfortunate steamer Ruth, on August 3, 1863, on the Mississippi river near Cairo.

The mention of the "Child's Catechism" (1867), "The Religious Character of Washington," "Annals of the Harbaugh Family" (1856), and other small pamphlets, does not fully complete the list of his minor publications.

The project of a commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the Heidelberg Catechism now began to be of absorbing interest to the pastor of St. John's Church, Lebanon. This great event, after careful preparation, was celebrated at Philadelphia, Pa., January 17-23, 1863.

In a historical sketch of this event, or series of events, is the following paragraph :

"Great events, it will be found, if facts are carefully traced out, generally owe their origin to some comparatively trivial circumstance, which at the time attracted but little attention. The Tercentenary Celebration of the Formation and Adoption of the Heidelberg Cate-

chism by the German Reformed Church in America, does not form an exception to this rule.”

In the first volume of the work entitled “The Fathers of the Reformed Church in Europe and America,” by Rev. H. Harbaugh, D.D., the following language occurs at the close of his sketch of Frederick III.:

“If the Reformed Church wishes still further to honor the memory of Frederick, it cannot do it in a more appropriate and better way than by laboring to make his blessed Heidelberg Catechism rise to new life and power in the hearts of its members. Should the Reformed Church in America feel desirous of reviving old memories, in grateful connection with the Palatinate prince and his zealous love for the church, and seek a fit occasion for such a pious purpose, we suggest the 300th anniversary of the year and day, when he, with his own imprimatur, and with pious princely commendation, sent forth the Heidelberg Catechism into the churches and schools of his dominions—January 19, 1863.

“How appropriate! and what a blessing might such an occasion be made to the German Reformed Church in America!”

This was written early in the year 1857, and published soon afterwards. It was not, however, until about two years later that any formal movement was set on foot to carry out the suggestion here made. At the annual meeting of the classis

at Mercersburg, held in Huntingdon, Pa., in the month of May, 1859, a series of resolutions bearing on the subject was offered by the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, and adopted by the classis.

This brought the matter to the attention of the synod of the church, and from that time forward, through means of committees, the work of preparation was carried on and all arrangements were completed.

Eminent theologians of Europe, especially in Germany, contributed articles which were translated and read by members of the convention. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. Samuel R. Fisher, D.D., and Dr. John W. Nevin was made president. Dr. Harbaugh had translated the contribution of Dr. Herzog of Erlangen, Germany, on the *Swiss Reformers* and read it in place before the convention.

Between the readings of the specially prepared essays, discussions were held in an informal way. At the close of the address of Dr. Ebrard on Melancthon as translated by W. M. Reily, a tutor in the seminary at Mercersburg, Dr. Harbaugh, addressing the convention said :

“The essay of Dr. Ebrard just read discusses an important point—the influence exerted by Melancthon on the Palatinate, and the Melancthonian element as it entered into the formation and founding of the Re-

formed Church of the Palatinate under Frederick III. in 1563.

“The full extent and significance of this element, as it entered into that eventful period of the Reformation history, has only during the last several decades come to be properly understood. The reason for this may be found in the more catholic spirit which has of late years characterized the study of that period of history.

“When the great Reformatory movement of the sixteenth century became unfortunately divided into the two great sections of the Lutheran and Reformed, the controversial spirit on both sides grew sharp and strong. In the heat of battle, preferences—we might say prejudices—became firmly set, and these were traditionally perpetuated from age to age. Being removed from the scenes of those early contests both by space and by time, we of the present day are in this respect in a favorable position for reviewing and perceiving the ruling elements which entered into the events of the times. It is difficult for us now to appreciate fully the strong traditional feelings which then warped, if they did not even unconsciously darken, the minds of those who then contended with each other on both confessional sides. Even some of the catechisms and books of elementary religious instruction, were, we may say, rudely sharp and pragmatic, cultivating thus the spirit of sharp antagonism in the minds of the young, and perpetuating stern traditional prejudices in youthful minds, who could know but little of the points at issue. In a passage in the cate-

chetical work of De Witte—in many respects an excellent book—the catechumen is asked: ‘Are the Papists properly called Catholic?’ *Ans.* ‘No; they are properly called Kakolic,’—playing upon a Greek word meaning evil or wickedness. We have also heard of an elementary religious book of that time in which the child is asked: ‘Believest thou firmly that the Reformed hold six hundred and sixty-six errors in common with the Turks?’ *Ans.* ‘Yes; this I believe with my whole heart.’ These are somewhat strong and extreme specimens; but they are still illustrative of the sharp antagonism in which the different confessions stood toward each other, and show with what zeal it was sought to bias the minds of the age. In proportion as such traditional prejudice reigned, and as long as they reigned, it was, of course, impossible to take a calm and true view of the events in which they had their rise.

“With the dust of that great historical battle the partisan feeling of the age have in a great measure passed away, and men are prepared to look back and review the times with other eyes. The Reformed are now able to see the working of a great power in the bosom of Lutheranism, in which they discover not only a congeniality with what was precious to itself, but which actually became part of itself. Melancthon, the author of the Augsburg Confession,—who at first stood fully with Luther in his views of the Lord’s Supper,—was brought gradually to sympathize with, and at last substantially to adopt, the view of Calvin on this sacrament, so that he incorporated it substantially in his

amended edition of the Augsburg Confession of 1540, and, abandoning the view of Luther, or at least essentially modifying it, held and stated his views in a way which found hearty favor with the leading Reformed theologians.

“ Besides,—what is a still more important fact,—the view of Melancthon on the entire doctrine of the Lord’s Supper took deep root, and extended itself widely and powerfully, in the bosom of the Lutheran Church itself. Such influence, in fact, did his views, as embodied in the tenth Article of the revised Augsburg Confession of 1540, obtain, that it became the ruling power in the Lutheran Church on German soil. This is evident from the fact that from 1540 to 1580 the altered Augsburg Confession entirely set aside the general use of the original confession of 1530, so that when, in 1580, it was intended to republish the original confession, no copy could be found to print from, and recourse had to be had to the original manuscript.

“ The fact is, that the latest and most reliable investigations in history clearly show that Melancthon was influenced by the Calvino-Reformed doctrine of the Lord’s Supper, and he influenced the Lutheran mind largely, especially in the Palatinate, in favor of the same view : so that when the old Lutheran party rallied again, about the time when Frederick III. came into power in that electorate, they were not able to call back the general Lutheran mind from their tendencies toward and sympathy with the Reformed doctrine. Frederick III., with that deep insight which characterized him, wisely determined to embody these views in his Heidel-

berg Catechism. Melancthon's influence had prepared the public mind for its favorable reception. The new catechism came with welcome into the bosom which already had all aptitudes and longings for the views it embodies. Thus the Melancthonian tendency in the Palatinate became the occasion, the basis, and the determining element from which rose the German Reformed Church of the Heidelberg Catechism. In brief, the Reformed Church influenced Melancthon, and Melancthon opened the way for the founding of the Reformed Church on what was before Lutheran ground.

“The historical facts on which this view of the rise of the Reformed Church of the Palatinate rests have been incontrovertibly established by such men as Dr. Ebrard, Dr. Heppe, Dr. Herzog, and others. Sudhof, in an article on the Heidelberg Catechism in Herzog's *Real-Encyclopædie*, and in his life of Ursinus and Olevianus, has vainly and ineffectually endeavored to controvert this view.

“Facts justify us, moreover, in believing that had the timid Melancthon stood up firmly in maintaining the tendencies which his own influence had created, when these tendencies were again assailed by the old Lutheran party, the result might have been a full union of both sides of the Reformation on substantially the same confessional ground which the Heidelberg Catechism now represents. Who does not regret that so desirable a consummation was not realized? But Melancthon was constitutionally timid. We may not blame that illustrious man; not more can be required of a man than is given him. He has been called a com-

promiser. We would not charge him with this. We attribute his silence to his timidity. If, however, it should be thought true that the failure referred to has resulted from a compromising spirit, it is only another sad illustration of the fact, so often evident in history, that every endeavor to compromise the interest of fundamental truth must meet with sad and certain defeat.

“ No feature of Reformation history deserves more earnest study at the present time than this Melancthonian tendency ; and none gives better promise of pleasant and peaceful fruits to both the Reformed and Lutheran Confessions in their present states both in Europe and America.”

Dr. Harbaugh's principal address, however, on that occasion was “ Creed and Cultus ”—an exhaustive treatise, with special reference to the relation of the Heidelberg Catechism to the Palatinate Liturgy. The Tercentenary Monument—a volume of nearly six hundred pages, containing all the essays, proceedings, and a history of the movement, together with valuable statistics, was compiled and published in the same year of the convention. Much of the work of this publication was performed by Dr. Harbaugh before he gave up his charge at Lebanon to accept the professorship at Mercersburg.

No one in the Reformed faith could have given the *Mercersburg Review* a more cordial welcome than Dr. Harbaugh. He pronounced its appear-

ance in January, 1849, as an epoch in the church. The *Review* was published at first every two months, then it became a quarterly and appeared as such until 1861, when the publication of it was suspended on account of the distracted state of the country. It was not revived until 1867, when it appeared again, under the editorship of Dr. Harbaugh.

His stewardship was brief, but the *Review* gained a fair foothold again, and his contributions to it were characterized by great vigor and force. The *Review* has since been regularly published, having been modified several times in name and in general plan during the course of its history. It could not be otherwise than with pathetic and solemn interest that any one would now turn to these old volumes and behold the literary excellence and great scope of learning displayed therein. The first editor, Dr. Nevin, was the foremost theologian of his time in America. The general contributors were the men who have been in the front rank of thought and action during the last fifty years of our church's history.

Dr. Harbaugh was a frequent contributor, and among his articles are the following: "Reverence in Worship," September, 1849; "Systematic Benevolence, or a Plea for the Lord's Portion of our Increase," in January, 1851, which was afterwards published in pamphlet form at the request of synod,

as "A Plea for the Lord's Portion of the Christian's Wealth." In the July number, 1852, he contributes a review of the Doctrine of Christian Baptism, translated from Dr. H. Martensen, Professor of Theology in the University of Copenhagen. In January, 1853, appears his "Parochial or Christian Schools," being the substance of a sermon delivered by appointment at the meeting of the synod of the church in October, 1852, in the City of Baltimore, and published at the request of that body. In April of the same year is the continuation of Dr. Martensen's discussion of baptism.

During the year 1854 he contributed a translation from the German of Lange, and an article on Christian cultus, and in the next year two articles from the German, and a further essay on Christian cultus. For the next five years he contributed no less than twelve articles of considerable length to the *Review* upon questions which were agitating the church at that time.

Dr. Harbaugh, upon assuming the editorship of the *Review* in 1867, brought to the work a ripe scholarship and a high reputation as a writer and thinker upon the system of philosophical and theological thought it was intended to represent. His theological studies conducted him into the very centre of the sphere in which it proposed to move. In his introductory article, January, 1867, he says: "The publication which was from 1849 to 1852 the

Mercersburg Review; from 1853 to 1856 the *Mercersburg Quarterly*; from 1857 to 1861 again the *Mercersburg Review*; but which, under these changes of title, steadily maintained the same spirit and character, and which has been during the last five years suspended, is now again resumed. Its suspension was not owing to any loss of interest in the subjects to which its discussions had been devoted, but partly, if not wholly, to the pressure on all publishing interests brought on by the war of the Union, and was always designed to be but temporary. The reasons which led to its origination are the reasons for its continuance. In resuming the old name it proposes to lift the old banner."

During his editorship in 1867, Dr. Harbaugh contributed to the *Review*, "The Christian Idea of Almsgiving," "The Two Systems," "The Essence and the Form of Christianity," and his last article, which appeared in the October number, "The Old Distinction between *Gemeinde* and *Kirche*," with special reference to the 74th question of the Heidelberg Catechism.

The lectures which Dr. Harbaugh wrought out at the seminary in Mercersburg, are preserved in manuscript among the archives of the seminary at Lancaster. Some of the ministers who were students at the time these lectures were delivered, possess written copies of them in full, especially those on Dogmatics and Practical Theology. The only pub-

lished lecture perhaps is the one which appeared in the *Review* of January, 1868, upon "The Church Doctrine of the Forgiveness of Sin."

Dr. Harbaugh completed a full course of lectures on Dogmatics which alone would make a good sized volume in print. He also prepared a course on Practical Theology, on Catechetics, Cultus and the Pastoral Work; lectures on Homiletics, on Symbolics, on the history of Reformed Dogmatics, and on the Heidelberg Catechism. The mere mention of these topics can give no adequate conception of the work as it was planned and carried forward.

"In a seminary where the teaching is all done by two professors and a tutor," remarks the editor of the *Review* in April number, 1868, "the wonder is where time could be found for such an amount of labor, amounting really to the preparation of full treatises in the several departments above enumerated."

In outlining this work Dr. Harbaugh leaned towards the system of his favorite author, Dr. Lange, of the University of Bonn, but he was not merely a retailer of other men's thoughts, and his work is expanded and enriched by extensive research into the theology and philosophy of Germany.

The Inaugural Address, "Christological Theology," was delivered in the First Reformed Church,

Reading, Pa., on the 24th day of May, 1864. The General Convention of the Reformed Church to close the Tercentenary Celebration of the Formation and Adoption of the Heidelberg Catechism, was in session at the time. Its proceedings were suspended on the morning of that day to afford its members an opportunity to participate in the solemnities of the occasion. The services were opened with an invocation by the Rev. John W. Nevin, Chairman of the Committee of Installation. After the devotional services had been concluded, Dr. Nevin delivered an extempore address. His remarks were earnest and appropriate, and were rendered more impressive by the fact that the speaker was able to draw his lessons from his own experience, having formerly occupied the same office himself.

After taking the obligation of office, and listening to the charge delivered to him by the Rev. Samuel R. Fisher, D.D., Dr. Harbaugh stepped within the chancel and delivered his address, which occupied about two hours, and which is considered by many theologians to be by far his ablest production.

Synod afterwards requested that the address be handed over for publication, and the author complied. Whilst it was passing through the process of printing in Chambersburg, and after about one-half of it had been set up in type, manuscript, type

and all shared in the common ruin which attended the burning of Chambersburg by the Confederates on July 30, 1864. Thus the author supposed that a final disposition had been made of it. He was called upon, however, to reproduce the address, if possible, and pass it over to the Committee of Publication, but it was a request most difficult to fulfil.

Upon the completion of this difficult task Dr. Harbaugh wrote in a characteristic vein to Dr. Samuel R. Fisher under date of November 22, 1864:

“Te Deum laudamus! To-day I send you by mail (marked printer’s copy), in care of I. R. Rodgers, the MSS. of the Inaugural. That was a job! You look for it, if it is lost again I must have \$500 for writing it again. It was the hardest job I have undertaken for a long while. The occasion was not before me, the stimulus was not at hand, the scaffolding had all been taken down, and I had to work myself into the subject again as at first. Fortunately I had a rough first draft. But the filling in had to be done again *de novo*. I believe it is faithful—the thoughts are all there; whether the style is as good I do not know. Now as the child is rescued from Rebel fire, do it up in a good dress. And as time has elapsed, do it up as *quickly* as possible. The spirit of the occasion must not die away before it appears.

“*I must read the proof.* Were it the original copy, I would not care to trust in your hands, but it is not written in large copy hand, so it is not so clear, and it must be correct. It will not delay it much to pass the

proof to me. Could I not put a brief note on the blank page opposite the title? Perhaps the story of the fate of the original ought to be given in brief, and a statement of how I produced it so that it may not be thought to be another thing. The fact that I had the first rough sketch would fix that right. . . . Will you or have you re-written your charge? or must I stand alone? If not, you ought to put in at the end the account of the proceedings as a historical matter."

This inaugural was addressed to the learned professors and students of the Reformed Church Communion; the Christology which he left to the people and which has been sung in many climes, and adopted by many a pious heart as a sufficient expression of its abiding faith, is all summed up in that tender little hymn, "Jesus, I live to Thee."

What shall be said here of the *Guardian*? That little magazine which the founder and editor regarded as peculiarly his own. It is more befitting with this, perhaps, than with any other of his publications, that the author should speak for himself. When in 1867 he laid the editorship upon his friend, Dr. Bausman, he wrote :

"Seventeen years ago, in our early ministry—full of youth and enthusiasm, we started the *Guardian* in Lewisburg, Pa.—started it with plenty of faith and hope, but without funds or subscribers. A kind providence gave it success far beyond our most sanguine expectations. In 1850 we carried our sweet burden

with us to Lancaster, Pa. After ten and a half years we took it with us to Mercersburg, where it has again been our companion three years longer. In our study and as by our side, it has grown up from infancy through childhood into full youth. Every year has it hung upon our Christmas tree as an offering to Christ in the services of the young. To part with it, even with the assurance that it will live on, and perhaps live better than ever before, has to us something of the nature of a bereavement in the family.

“How many, many memories,
Come o'er my spirit now.”

In his diary of December 13, 1866, he wrote :

“This evening I wrote and sent on my last words as editor of the *Guardian*. I could not entitle the article ‘parting words,’ or anything of that kind. I must feel as if it were still *my Guardian*. Seventeen years thou hast been my companion—a beloved friend of my bosom. It seems like the end of a little world to give thee up. Yet it must be at some time, and why not now when duty seems to me so plainly to call for it. It may be a more important work, but it cannot be a pleasanter one that now calls me to part with the editorship of my *Guardian*. May God take care of the work I am now passing out of my hands and give me grace and fitness for the work that is now falling to me in its stead.”

The Pennsylvania-German poems which appeared from time to time in the *Guardian* were collected and published by Dr. B. Bausman in a volume

called "Harbaugh's Harfe," in 1870. Dr. Bausman, writing in *The Reformed Church Messenger* recently, said :

" In 1868 the late Dr. W. A. Passavant, of the Lutheran Church, wrote the following to Dr. P. Schaff :

" ' I wish very much to suggest to you the publication of Dr. H. Harbaugh's touching Pennsylvania-German poems. I have long thought that his poem entitled "Heemweh" was equal to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." There is no one in the land better able to bring out such a work than you are ; and it might and would be a monument at once to the piety and genius of our departed Harbaugh, who was in every way worthy of the love of his own church and of that of the pure and good in all communions. As a delineator of the character and life exhibited in our slow old Pennsylvania state he had no equal. And now I have relieved my mind of this burden of pious care for our departed poet-friend.'

" Dr. Schaff laid this tender-spirited letter, with its pious request, upon my heart. The result is known. But for this timely request the unique poems of Harbaugh might still lie unread, in the old files of the *Guardian*. Much of the best work of our strongest men has never been published in permanent book form. It was simply spoken in the lecture room and on the pulpit, or published in the periodicals of the church. The results of the best and ripest scholarship of Harbaugh, Higbee, Apple, Weiser, and others are unread treasures, scattered loosely around in old periodicals, like so much literary lumber."

The "Harfe" contains fifteen poems in the Pennsylvania-German, and the author's own translation of four of them into English, among these being the two most popular and widely known ones—"Das Alt Schulhaus an der Krick," and "Heemweh." The volume also contains a brief sketch of Dr. Harbaugh's life in Pennsylvania-German, by Dr. Bausman, and a poem entitled "Zum A'Denke An Heinrich Harbaugh," by his intimate friend the late Dr. Weiser.

The "Harfe" is illustrated with six wood cuts made from original drawings. The picture of the Old School House, the Old Mill, the Harbaugh Home, and the Old Hearth, were all sketched on the spot in Franklin County, Pa. "Kerchegang in Alter Zeit," and "Heemweh," were drawn by an artist of Reading, Mr. Devlin.

Dr. Harbaugh was frequently requested to publish a collection of these poems in book form, but the wish of his many friends remained unfulfilled on account of his early death. The commission could not have been placed in worthier or more tender hands than Dr. Bausman's. "Harbaugh wrote these poems, not I," he writes, "but he was a dear friend of mine—is yet, although on the other side. A grateful love for him as well as for the people in whose language he sang these songs, induces me to publish this little work. The wish for its appearance—both in America and in Europe—

has become pronounced. . . . This 'Harfe' gives a representation of the folk and family life of the Pennsylvania-German. From the cradle to the grave. From the family, the school and the church many a beautiful picture is painted."

Dr. Bausman closes his preface to the "Harfe" with this touching sentence: "Möchte die lieben Leser bitten, 'Die Harfe' nicht an die Weiden zu hängen, sondern recht oft ihre schönen Klänge im Kreise der Familie ertönen zu lassen," which being interpreted, means, "I would ask the dear readers not to hang the 'Harp' on the willows, but to allow its beautiful tones to be frequently heard in the family circle."

The following words are taken from Dr. Schaff's memorial sketch of Dr. Harbaugh, in the *Christian World* of January 9, 1868:

"As the poet in the Pennsylvania-German dialect, he stands alone, if we except an isolated attempt made before, namely, the touching evening hymn, '*Margets schcent die Sunn so schoe*,' which was written by a Moravian minister (the late Rev. Mr. Rondthaler), and published, with some alterations, in Schaff's *Kirchenfreund* for 1849. I first directed his attention to this piece of poetry, and suggested to him the desireableness of immortalizing the Pennsylvania-German in song, before it dies out, as the Allemannian dialect has been immortalized by Hebel. He took up the hint and wrote his 'Schulhaus an der Krick,' which he modestly

submitted to me, and which, when published in several newspapers, produced quite a sensation among the Pennsylvania-Germans, and found its way even to Germany. The 'Heemweh' and other pieces followed from time to time in his *Guardian*, and were received with equal favor. These poems can, of course, only be fully appreciated in Pennsylvania; but in originality, humor, and genuine *Volkston* they are almost equal to the celebrated Allemannian poems of Hebel. They are pervaded, moreover, by a healthy, moral, and religious feeling. They deserve to be collected and published in book form either separately, or in connection with his volume of English poems."

The Pennsylvania-German is a beautiful dialect from the Palatinate, into which have crept many English words which have added to its utility but not to its softness and beauty. It has been used for the most part as a means of conversation, having in but few instances risen to the dignity of a written language. Its literature, however, has not been limited merely to humorous experiments made by philological students, as has been stated by a certain writer. "Heemweh" alone furnishes ample proof of the tender pathos of which this language is capable, and perhaps the most popular poem of all, "Das Alt Schulhaus an der Krick," is not only rich in humor, but singularly true to life in its descriptions, and pathetic in the undertone of sacred life and home-feeling that pervade its every line.

Nothing could be more natural and truthful than the touching expression which Dr. Harbaugh gives to that sense of love for his mother which absence first revealed to him in its deepest meaning. Far away in the West, with rivers and mountains between them, he unbosoms the beautiful secret of his heart's silent love; and in after years, when memory presented it to him anew, he gave expression to "Heemweh," in the only language that could have fittingly clothed his thoughts.

It was thus that the scenes of his childhood were woven into his life and associations, and he never could break away from them without the pain of homesickness. He would at any time exchange the pomp of social pleasures, and even the triumphs of theological controversy, for a quiet lingering memory of the summers of his childhood; the dewy meadow, the twittering heat over the landscape like a swarm of silver-winged insects, the calm clover fields in red and white blossoms, the glad shout of the reaper, and the painful whine of the dogs, responsive to the noonday horn; the tinkling bells and the lowing and bleating of herds returning to their nightly shelter. His spirit gladly received and revived such scenes in all their richness, and memory treasured up for him the golden store.

In "Der Alte Feierheerd," the old time hearth-fire, and other poems the reader is brought home to the winter of childhood days, combining the stern-

est outdoor lessons with the sweetest heart teachings of the fireside. The sheet of snow on the fields, hardened and glistening in the sunlight, the piercing creak of the heavy wagon over the crisp and frozen road, and the merry jingle of the sleigh bells; then the snow balls, the snow men, and the snow forts—the athletic feats upon the glassy pond, and the school house, with its recess, its balls, musters, battles, races, and hillside sliding—all these, and much more, are called up with peculiar vividness in this quaint and curious *patois* from the ancient Rhine country.

“Of course,” writes Dr. J. H. Dubbs in the *Guardian*, “Dr. Harbaugh’s efforts, like those of other poets, were not of equal excellence. Thus his ‘Peewee,’ though otherwise a fine poem, bears a strong, though of course undesigned, resemblance to Hebel’s ‘Storch;’ while his ‘Law Bisness’ is so much inferior to his other productions as hardly to appear to be from the same hand.”

It may be true that the fate of the Pennsylvania-German language is sealed, and that it will in time pass away as a practical means of communication, but it has a history and a literature that will endure to become the wonder of generations yet unborn who shall ponder over it through their smiles and their tears.

In spite of the humorous speculation revealed in the translation of Hamlet, which has been made

memorable by its rendering of that solemn declaration, "I am thy father's ghost," into "*Ich bin deim dawdy sci spook*," let the Pennsylvania-German jealously guard the dialect of his fathers, and care for it as Dr. Harbaugh asked him to cherish the old school house :

"Ye, who shall live when I am dead—
Write down my wishes quick—
Protect it, love it, let it stand,
A way-mark in this changing land—
That school house at the creek."

Never are the poets—the interpreters of the mysteries of the human heart—more successful than upon the home theme. Whatever else that is beautiful they may have left behind, it is in their rural idyls that their names are most pleasantly and durably embalmed. It was his "Elegy" that made Gray's fame immortal. For Goldsmith it was his "Deserted Village." For Burns, "The Cotter's Saturday Night;" Rogers, his "Pleasures of Memory;" Thompson, his "Seasons;" Cowper, his "Task." The same may be said of many others in all lands and languages. What are these poems that stand out among the rest but songs of home, the echoes from the heart that memory returns in soft voices from childhood. These are the "wakings up from their temporary sleep of innocence of those deep intuitions and presentiments, which from the beautiful and imperishable fields of life behind

us, furnish us the strongest intimations, outside of positive revelation, of an immortality beyond the grave."

It could not be otherwise than that a man of such positive nature as Dr. Harbaugh should create antagonisms. The zeal with which he pressed forward often brushed aside the usages of diplomacy and relegated moderation to the rear. The Rev. Dr. George H. Johnston, a nephew, who had exceptional opportunities for knowing Dr. Harbaugh intimately, speaks to this point :

"If you will allow me," he writes, "I would suggest a ruling characteristic of Dr. Harbaugh's organization : His was a sanguine temperament, full of indomitable energy, persistent, hopeful, quick to see what ought to be done, and then, without any ado, going about doing it with might and main. He did not depend on others to outline work for him to do, but topics, subjects, sprang from his own mind and claimed his best powers. Another characteristic was his ready wit, humor, temper of mind, which buoyed him up, which helped him mightily to refresh himself, and shake off care, brighten weary and heavy laden clergy and laymen and fit them and him to renew their labors. This vein of good feeling, of wit, of invective, of *reductio ad absurdum* power, he often utilized to overthrow an argument, to confuse and confound advocates of untenable theories and illogi-

cal or absurd views. He reminded me of Abraham Lincoln now, of Washington Irving then. . . .”

These phases of his character were best portrayed in his sympathies and labors in connection with the so-called “Liturgical Movement.”

The question of using the liturgy in the Reformed Church was not a new one during the early ministry of Dr. Harbaugh, or even of Dr. Nevin. The Reformed Churches of the Reformation in both Germany and Switzerland were liturgical, and the early ministers of the Reformed Church in America used the Palatinate liturgy largely. Some of them had only manuscript copies of some of the old forms of worship and used them regularly in their services.

As early as 1820 official notice was taken of the matter in accordance with the request of Maryland Classis when the synod met at Hagerstown, Maryland. A request was made that the form of worship be revised and published both in German and English. A committee was appointed to consider the matter, and thus, without making much headway, the whole subject was before the church at its successive synods until 1841, when Dr. Mayer's Liturgy appeared in both languages. It was not, however, a success, only one small edition being printed, and no second edition was ever called for. The question was further agitated in much the same way, and was referred to committees whose members found it difficult to effect any satisfactory result.

The "Mercersburg Movement" brought the subject before the church in a stronger and somewhat different light during the decade from 1840 to 1850, and at the Synod of Norristown in October, 1849, quite a long report was submitted and after much debate a committee was appointed from whose labors finally came the Provisional Liturgy published in 1857. The discussions at this synod were earnest and lengthy, and the question resolved itself into: Liturgy or no Liturgy.

Speaking of the occasion from memory, Dr. Philip Schaff says: "Another speaker embodied his anti-liturgical prejudices in the lines,

" 'Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try.' "

But he was promptly silenced by the quotation of what immediately follows, in the same hymn of Montgomery, who, as a Moravian, was certainly in favor of liturgical worship:

" 'Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.' "

"A third opponent of the report asked the question: 'If I read another man's prayer, is it I who prays, or the one who wrote it?' He was effectively answered by another question: 'If you sing a hymn is it you that sings, or the man who composed it; or must you make both the poetry and the music in order to use it as an act of worship?'

“The last speech as far as I recollect was made by Dr. Nevin, with his usual solemnity and earnestness. He stated frankly, that the study of the church question ‘had wrought a complete theological revolution in his mind and entirely removed his inherited Presbyterian prejudices against liturgies.’ ”

Dr. Harbaugh was a member of the committee appointed at Norristown and remained a member until the completion of the Provisional Liturgy in 1857, and also served on the committee as it was afterwards called to active duty again. He was secretary of the committee and kept complete notes of all its meetings. Many of the conferences were held in his study at Lancaster and much of the work was done there. He was wholly in accord with those of the committee who advocated a complete liturgy which should embody forms of worship for all services of the church, as well as for private devotion and special occasions. The extent of the labors of this committee can scarcely be estimated. Liturgical lore was explored from the original sources. The German liturgies and forms were translated and revised, and all the literature and history of the church as it pertained to the subject was familiarized and presented by the various members. Drafts of prayers were submitted, freely criticized, altered, rewritten, and finally adopted. Thus the Provisional Liturgy was finally published

without expense to the church in 1857 and given over for inspection.

To guard against all mistakes, it was plainly stated that the synod had not yet given to the work its sanction ; the liturgy carried with it no authority for the churches—nothing to make the use of it binding, nor obligatory in any direction. It was only put forth to meet what was believed to be a growing want of the Reformed Church. It was thought that years might be required to settle the question, and that the interest involved was so great that none should object to having years allowed, if necessary, for its proper determination.

However, the liturgy was well received, the third edition having been called for almost in the same year of its publication. As stated above, the question was by no means settled, and at successive synods following the year 1857, the subject was under discussion. Meantime the government of the church was so changed that the various synods were to be delegated to a general synod to meet every three years. The western branch of the church had taken up the liturgical question also, and so it came about that the whole subject was brought to the attention of the first General Synod at Pittsburg in 1863.

The committee that had been so faithful in its duties was restored to office by the Eastern Synod, and, at the first General Synod, a recommendation

was sent to the Eastern Synod to go forward with the revision of the liturgy, according to its own judgment, so as to have it ready to be presented to the General Synod in 1866. With this kind of encouragement acting as a stimulus, the committee went to work again in good earnest. They held many meetings, receiving or rejecting their own contributions to the work, using the freest and most unsparing criticism, and had it finished and published for the Synod of York in October, 1866. The word liturgy had become offensive to many persons and in view of that fact, the work was called simply, "An Order of Worship for the Reformed Church."

The work justified the expectations of its friends. It bears on its face the indications of unwearied labor and perseverance. The spirit and character of the Provisional Liturgy had been maintained, but various changes had been made, and it was then presented to the synod for adoption or rejection. In connection with its presentation the committee made a long report, embodying a brief history of the liturgical movement.

The synod then referred the Order of Worship as presented, to a committee of its own members, who made a report, which is given in part from the life of Dr. Nevin, as stated by Dr. Theodore Appel :

"The report then concluded with several resolutions, recommending that the thanks of the synod be rendered

to the great Head of the Church, that this work, so far as the synod was concerned, was brought to a termination ; that its thanks be tendered to the committee for the zeal, ability, and unrequited toil which they had displayed in the prosecution of the work, from the beginning to the end ; that the revised liturgy be referred to the General Synod for action ; that its optional use be allowed within the limits of the synod, until the whole question should be finally settled by the various classes and the General Synod, according to the constitution of the church. The report elicited considerable discussion, and aroused a deep interest in the community. Here, at this synod, the war against the Order of Worship and its tendencies, extending over a number of years, was initiated, which on the whole probably did it more good than harm. Being the only one of ten opposed to the form of the revision, Dr. Bomberger had withdrawn from the committee, and from that time onward he fought the Order of Worship with such weapons as he deemed most effective. His speech at this synod was answered by Dr. Harbaugh in his own peculiar style, to the satisfaction of all liturgical men. Dr. Nevin and other members present did not deem it necessary to make any extended remarks or arguments, as the matter seemed to be in safe hands. The synod adopted the report by an overwhelming majority."

Students of church history are familiar with the momentous debates of the General Synod at Dayton, Ohio, in 1866. Dr. Nevin was the champion of the Revised Liturgy. Dr. Harbaugh closely

supported him on the floor of synod. The question was first referred to a committee of nine, fairly representing the different parts of the church in numerical strength. There was, of course, a minority and majority report, and then began the great controversy. Dr. Nevin's argument, liturgical, historical, and theological, occupied two sessions of the synod. A western member occasionally interrupted him by asking annoying questions, and was answered so appropriately, that a distinguished military officer, General McCook, whispered to a friend by his side that the member referred to "had better retreat and get into his bomb proof." This questioner did retreat and others with him, as the theological artillery exploded over their heads.

The majority report was brief, and simply recommended "that the Western Synod, in conformity with its own wish, be authorized to continue its labors in preparing its own liturgy; that the Revised Liturgy should be allowed to be used as a proper order of worship in the congregations of the Reformed Church, and it should be understood that this action was not intended to interfere in any way with the freedom of ministers or congregations who might not be prepared to use the liturgy in whole or in part."

The minority report was much more lengthy and

pointed out its various grievances and all its objections to the Revised Liturgy.

After great discussion the majority report was adopted by a vote in which all the eastern ministers sustained it except five or six, and the majority on the whole vote was seven.

The action did not mean that the Revised Liturgy was ratified and endorsed by the General Synod, but simply that it was to have fair play and was not to be "subjected to the vandalism of being made so much raw material merely for the manufacture of another."

At length the church began to grow weary of controversy, and at the General Synod at Lancaster in 1878, the different branches of the church seemed to be drifting towards the state of peace in which it may be found laboring to-day. Then came the Peace Commission and the Directory of Worship, or fourth liturgy. With this liturgy, and with the extent of its adoption in the church, all good Reformed people are thoroughly familiar.

During the liturgical controversy the name of Dr. Harbaugh and that of Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger were recorded frequently as standing decidedly opposed to each other. Dr. Bomberger was not an anti-liturgical man, but rather came to be an anti-revised liturgy man, and always combatted the tendency of liturgical direction as advocated by Dr. Harbaugh. He had been a member of the committee that pre-

pared the Provisional Liturgy, but withdrew from the committee after it had resumed its labors on the Revised Liturgy. He waged his war with great bitterness on the floor of synod, and his shafts were frequently thrust against Dr. Harbaugh as the representative of those who upheld the liturgy. Dr. Harbaugh in turn sought with all the power of invective and sarcasm with which he was peculiarly gifted, to lay bare the errors which he conceived to be lurking in Dr. Bomberger's arguments.

Thus not only in speech but through the medium of the church papers and the *Mercersburg Review* as well, the controversy waxed earnest and ardent. That the feeling at times became somewhat personal can scarcely be doubted, for these earnest men were unbending in their convictions and the contest was shaking the very foundations of the church.

But neither of these contending warriors went so far as did Dr. Luther, when he refused the hand of fellowship extended to him by Zwingli, though it was pleaded for in tears, when the Reformers met at Marburg in 1529. Nor did the controversy descend to such grossness of language as that which characterized the discussions between Puritan and Churchman in England. The Puritan pamphleteer, for instance, addressed the very head of the English church as "Doctor of Diviltrie and Deane of Sarum . . . you grosse beast;" while in reply the Church-

man states that he thought his Puritan adversary had died, or in other words, "that your grout-headed holinesse had turned uppe your heels like a tired jade in a medow and snorted out your sorrowfull soule, like a mesled hogge on a muckehille."

Whatever may be thought of this great storm and long stress of weather that fell upon the church, by those who are inclined rather to the quiet and peaceful side of religious life, this is nevertheless true, that the church increase was greater at that period than at any time in her history in America.

Any fair presentation of the liturgical question, or the frank statement of any one man's part in it, surely cannot at this late day serve to disturb the peace of the church. The contest was earnestly fought out. No one was ever in doubt as to where Dr. Harbaugh stood upon the question from its beginning to the time of his death. His conscientious labors as a member of the committee and his abilities as displayed in the Provisional Liturgy, were generously recognized by those who saw fit to oppose the liturgical tendency in general.

It may be doubted whether there is any where in the English language a more perfect specimen of trenchant sarcasm and invective than is contained in the review of Dr. Bomberger's funeral discourse on the occasion of the funeral of Dr. Samuel Helf-

fenstein. Dr. Bomberger took that occasion to set forth his views upon the questions which were then before the church, touching indirectly upon the subject of the liturgy and the priestly character of the Christian ministry. In the *Mercersburg Review* of April, 1867, Dr. Harbaugh reviewed the sermon at length, but, in the midst of his criticisms, he states that "with the author of the sermon we never have had, and never intend to have any personal quarrel, but with his publicly expressed views on the subject in hand—ever!"

But it must not be forgotten that these men were laboring in the same general cause. They were nearly of the same age, born within the same year. Dr. Bomberger was a graduate of Marshall College and the Seminary at Mercersburg, was pastor in his early manhood for five years at the old home of Dr. Harbaugh—Waynesboro, Pa., and served for a number of years with Dr. Harbaugh on the liturgical committee.

At a special meeting of the Synod of the Reformed Church, at Harrisburg, Pa., in March, 1868, to elect a successor to Dr. Harbaugh in the seminary, when a resolution was offered looking to the publication of a memorial volume of the late Professor Harbaugh, Dr. Bomberger, in connection with the adoption of the resolution, made some touching remarks in honor of the memory of Dr.

Harbaugh. Dr. Bomberger lived to be quite an aged man, and, like his antagonist on the liturgical question, he became somewhat tempered and mellowed in his views of church questions. This was amply shown only a short time before his death, when he greeted a son of Dr. Harbaugh tenderly, and spoke quite at length with unmistakable feeling and sincerity of the father.

Upon another phase of the liturgical controversy, let the words of Dr. Harbaugh himself serve to close the subject :

“The appearance of our new liturgy has given occasion, in some quarters, for the display of a very flat kind of pedantry, which is deserving of notice only on account of the superficiality which it betrays. Thus, the blind tell the blind, that the greater part of it is taken from the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer. The truth is, there is scarcely a respectable liturgy in existence that was less used in the preparation of the new liturgy. That some of the forms in both books are similar, results purely from the fact, that both are drawn from the common liturgical sources, as they existed in the earlier church, and as they had been, to some extent, developed under an evangelical form in the Protestant churches of the Continent, before the Reformation had its faintest dawn in England.

“These are facts; and others might here be presented, which show that the English liturgy is far more indebted to Reformed liturgies of the Continent, than

the present liturgy is to it. For every single page that the new liturgy may be shown to contain of matter from the Book of Common Prayer, that is original there, we will show more than one for which the compilers of that book were indebted to the liturgical labors of the Reformers on the Continent.”

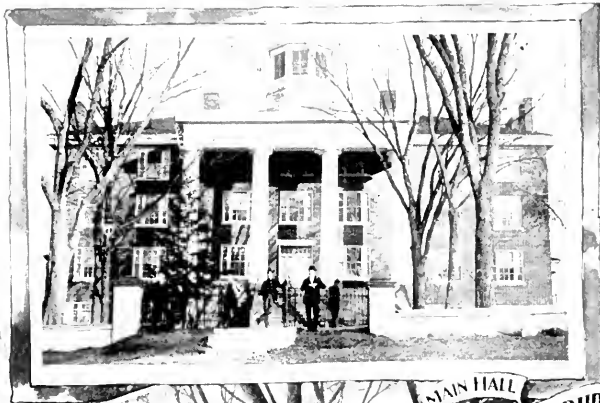
VII. BACK TO OLD MERCERSBURG.

DR. HARBAUGH'S departure from Lebanon after a pastorate of only three years, was occasioned by his election to the Professorship of Didactic and Practical Theology in the seminary at Mercersburg, Pa. He was chosen by the synod at its annual sessions held in Carlisle, Pa., on his birthday, October 28, 1863.

His farewell sermon to St. John's Reformed congregation at Lebanon was preached on the evening of Sunday after New Year, 1864. It abounds in solemn and affectionate expressions of good-will for this people, from whom he had not expected so soon to be separated.

"We part," he said, "with an intelligent conviction on both sides that it ought so to be. Though abundantly assured of your sincere affection—an assurance signed and sealed by a thousand kindnesses—all acquiesce in the separation as being necessary and proper."

He arrived in Mercersburg with his family on January 7, 1864, and for a short time resided in the house north of the seminary building. He then moved to the professor's house on the south side of the campus, which became his permanent residence. He at once entered upon his new duties, and, as



MAIN HALL
MERCERSBURG
 COLLEGE

MERCERSBURG
 PA.

DIOGNOTHIAN
 HALL



SOUTH
 COTTAGE



NORTH COTTAGE

GROUP GENERAL VIEW OF COLLEGE
 SOUTH COTTAGE DR. HARLAUGH'S RESIDENCE 1841 TO 1867

early as January 15th, delivered his first lecture in the seminary, it being introductory to the study of dogmatic history. Dr. Thomas G. Apple, then pastor at Greencastle, gives the first real glimpse of the new professor in a letter written to Dr. Bausman :

“I have been to see Dr. Harbaugh. He is at work with his sleeves rolled up, but somewhat nervous, I think, on account of his close application, and sense of the new responsibilities resting upon him. The students (in the seminary) are well pleased. He does not write much for the M., but it is no wonder, when you consider what he has to do. I cannot see how he manages to write so much.”

Dr. Bausman gives this further picture, much in the same connection, writing of the late Dr. Apple :

“ Drs. Harbaugh and Higbee were then at Mercersburg, nine miles from Greencastle (Dr. Apple's home). The three with their families formed a delightful social circle. Their mutual visits were frequent and most cordial. These three royal men beautifully stood by each other in trouble. They found a delightful compensation for the solitude of their village life in a literary and social club. Usually one would read a paper, which formed the basis of their intellectual feast. With their many duties the preparation of such a paper sometimes became an irksome burden. Dr. A. writes on the eve of a club meeting : ‘ I feel out of sorts that my essay has turned out a kind of failure. This thing

of writing is not always an easy matter. It is to me sometimes like pushing a heavy load up hill.'

"Here is a little picture of a club meeting at his house. It happened on a New Year's day :

"We had a house full of visitors. Besides the members of the club, Mrs. —— and four children were with us. Altogether there were twenty-four guests for awhile. Fortunately we had a large fat turkey. Higbee read an elaborate paper. Harbaugh's was good. Yes, Harbaugh is gifted in prayer. I once remarked this to Higbee. It is partly constitutional. But do you not think it is also partly the result of his long study and training as a member of the liturgical committee? Praying well is one of the most important, and at the same time most difficult parts of our public ministrations.

"One needs unction in reading a prayer. Harbaugh spoke of the want of heart in the reading of the liturgical services at Dr. ——'s funeral. He said the brother read in a cold and heartless manner."

During the early months of 1864 Dr. Harbaugh put his powers of endurance to a severe test. He drafted lectures in the various departments of seminary work, inaugurated his class room work at once and met his students regularly in accordance with the plan of recitations then in practice. In addition to this he retained his editorship of the *Guardian* until he became editor of the *Review* in January, 1867.

Along with his preliminary and introductory lectures in 1864, he also had the preparation of his inaugural address, elsewhere referred to, which was not delivered until the following May.

Meanwhile the liturgical committee had been called into action again and was pursuing its labors, which resulted in the Revised Liturgy published in 1866, and which became the subject of the great discussions at the Synod of York in October, 1866, and at the General Synod at Dayton, Ohio, a few weeks later.

On Monday evening, January 18, 1864, in accordance with previous arrangements, the students of the seminary called upon Dr. Harbaugh for the purpose of extending to him and his family a welcome to their new home. One of their number, now known to the church as the eloquent and learned Dr. J. Spangler Kieffer, acted as spokesman. Among other things in his address of welcome, he said :

“ You enter upon a field of labor in which men of no ordinary character have preceded you. Here labored, for a time, Dr. Mayer, the pioneer professor in the establishment of the seminary ; here labored and died the learned and lamented Rauch ; and the revered names of Drs. Nevin, Schaff, and Wolff shall always stand in inseparable connection with the Theological Seminary of Mercersburg. To your keeping is now committed, in part, the honor of this seminary. We do not fear

for the result, but are confident that this institution of our church will continue to maintain in the future the character she has sustained so well throughout the vicissitudes of her early history."

In reply Dr. Harbaugh spoke with much feeling and quite at length to the students. His closing words are given below :

" I am here—and among you—in some respects as a stranger ; but in others not. Many memories crowd in upon me ! New are all things and yet old. Those mountains, these surrounding hills and fields, these buildings, this campus with its shrubbery and trees, are all as sacredly familiar to me as the scenes of my own childhood. Twenty years of varied labors and experiences have intervened between my life as I left and my life as I return. Though the *Alma Mater* has since glided silently into something more of the venerableness of age, she seems more lovely and loving to the returning than she did to the departing son. Had I honors, how filially and gladly would I use them to crown her venerable head !

" There is this difference between you, as you are now around me, and myself—you are preparing to *pass out* into the church to fulfil the duties of the pastoral office, whilst I am *returning* from its direct and active labors. Many of its pleasures and toils are no doubt known to you, while many others are to be known only by experience. But of one thing I may assure you—in your after life, when engaged in the responsible duties of the pastoral office, you will often look back upon the

years of your seminary course as among the pleasantest of your life ; and should any of you be so unfortunate as to make a careless use of them, the fact will furnish you ever after with matter for bitter and lasting regret. This is the plastic and formative period of your lives, and the determining influence of this period will give direction and character to all of life that comes after.''

When he had closed, the professors and students extended to him the hand of welcome and the remainder of the evening was spent in social conversation interspersed with music, vocal and instrumental.

Dr. Harbaugh took up his residence in what is now known at Mercersburg College as *South Cottage*, where he lived the four busy years that were left to him. That he had premonitions of a physical breaking down is beyond question. He seemed to think that it was necessary to crowd the work, and that certain things must be accomplished. He tried faithfully to heed the warnings of his physician to desist from mental labor, but so eager was he to meet the expectations of those who had called him to such a responsible position in the church, that he longed to get back to his desk. Now and then he could be lured away to the mountain by Elder Hause for a squirrel hunt ; Dr. Higbee's invitation to go fishing or to take a swim in the creek was always accepted. His old love of working in wood never forsook him, and in winter he would build a

sled large enough for a party of his friends, who were delighted at any time to accompany him to the near-by towns on a crisp winter day or on a moonlight night. Every summer he looked forward with pleasure to his trip up through Path Valley, and on to Lewisburg by horse and carriage, where his family usually spent a part of their vacation. It was upon one of these journeys that he came to the blacksmith's shop with the droll sign above its door, "*The Live Blacksmith.*" He was so much amused at the sign, and so well pleased with the genial manner of the smith himself, that he wrote an article for the *Guardian* using the live blacksmith for his theme, and drawing many useful lessons from the incident.

Upon one occasion, leaving his family to prolong their vacation at Lewisburg, Dr. Harbaugh made the journey by carriage alone back to Mercersburg. Of this trip and his arrival home, he writes to his wife :

"On Friday, while the evening star hung brilliantly and beautifully over the fluted mountain west of Mercersburg, and the last faint gleams of departing day still shone and lingered along the western horizon, there might have been seen a solitary buggy-man wending his way through between Ritchie's house and barn, crossing the little stream, threading along the rocky slope past our fat washerwoman's humble hut, trotting up seminary lane past the mansion of the Pro-

fessor of Church History, entering the gate, himself acting as porter, and alighting in the campus—greeted only by the faithful Rover ! He speedily unhitched his horse, and entered through the silent lawn of the mansion of the Professor of Theology and put up his horse in the stable. All was darkness and silence, save the sound of a distant flute, supposed to be Prof. Moses'.* I had good luck all the way except in Mifflintown, where I asked the way to Academia, and *three* persons tried to tell me all at once. I could understand neither of them, for all talked at once, and such a ridiculous jabbering I never heard. I had a basket full of mail awaiting me, and it has kept me busy to dispose of it."

The seminary, like the community itself, felt deeply the depression of war times. In the summer of 1863, and even earlier, the county of Franklin was over-run by both Union and Confederate armies. The capture of a portion of Lee's wagon train on its retreat from Gettysburg, landed a large company of prisoners of war, and many sick and wounded soldiers of the South in Mercersburg. The arrival of this motley crew on a quiet Sunday evening created a new excitement and afforded one more channel through which the thoughts of the people could be diverted from the existing and impending dangers. Fears that an attempt to rescue the prisoners might be made created great uneasiness, but the knowledge that the energies of Lee and his cohorts were all centered upon a safe and

*A colored man employed by Dr. Apple.

rapid retreat into Virginia dispelled all this. The wounded found places of rest and received prompt medical treatment. The seminary building was turned into a hospital for the time being and was soon filled with wounded men. The Sunday-school room of the Reformed Church was also filled with wounded and a number of them were placed on the porch in front of the church. In the same way the basement of the Methodist Church was occupied, and other small buildings throughout the town were made use of. Again in the summer of 1864 the little village was invaded, but more fortunate than its neighbor, Chambersburg, it escaped the torch. While the burning of Chambersburg caused untold immediate and consequent distress to its citizens, yet the calamity reached far beyond the boundaries of the town. Dr. Harbaugh, as well as other ministers of the church, lost valuable books and manuscript, and the loss of the manuscript of his inaugural address, elsewhere referred to, was one that could not be restored. During all these troublous times, Dr. Harbaugh maintained a hopeful spirit and never wavered in the faith that the Union would be restored. When others around him became depressed on account of reports favorable to the Confederate cause, he would say, "Wait until you hear from our army again." But the weary struggle came to an end at last, and in his diary of April 10, 1865, he made this entry :



DR. HARBAUGH AND HIS SUCCESSOR, DR. JOHNSTON, AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH,
LEBANON, PA.

“To-day at half-past eleven the dispatch was brought to my study giving notice of the surrender of Lee, and that Sherman had again whipped Johnson. The bells were rung an hour from 12.30 o'clock on. The flag was raised on the seminary and the students sang the ‘Star Spangled Banner’ on the cupola.”

On the day of national mourning for the death of President Lincoln, June 1, 1865, Dr. Harbaugh delivered a discourse at Clearspring, Maryland, on “Treason and Law,” which was published in a little pamphlet at the request of his audience.

The music of that tenth day of April, 1865, lingers upon the memory of the present writer as almost the only recollection of war times, and although he may not have understood it or appreciated the importance of the great event which had called forth such a demonstration, yet he knew as well that it was a time of rejoicing as that the following week was a period of gloom and sorrow over the land. There were some excellent voices among the students of that day, and as the stars and stripes were once again unfurled to the breeze from the seminary cupola, the words of Key's immortal song ascended in strains of music that perhaps had never before clothed them with a deeper meaning. In the years 1866 and 1867, the effects of peace began to be felt throughout the land, and the people of Mercersburg and its institutions of learning shared in its blessings.

The social relations at Mercersburg were very pleasant. During his pastorates at Lewisburg and Lancaster Dr. Harbaugh had made frequent pilgrimages to the little mountain town, and he was by no means a stranger upon his arrival there in January, 1864. His "class of little girls" had grown to womanhood, but they still remembered their singing teacher of the early forties. The members of the choir at the Reformed Church also knew him as their former leader.

He took great interest in pruning and caring for the trees that grew in the campus. He knew their names and manner of growth, and loved to watch the development and budding forth of each peculiar kind. He cultivated a fine garden and aimed to have the choicest fruit. His quince trees were the pride of the village, and the old fashioned apple and quince paring parties which he introduced at his home were occasions of great jollification for the students and others who were invited to take part. How varied his daily occupations were may be indicated by a single extract from his diary :

"Wrote some letters, worked in the garden. Went down town to have my axe fixed. Planted some grape vines. Wrote for *Messenger* and *Guardian*."

A bereavement like that which came upon the families of Drs. Schaff, Wm. M. Nevin, Thomas G.

Apple, and Higbee at Mercersburg, also cast its shadow upon the home of Dr. Harbaugh. On Easter Sunday, April 1, 1866, George Merrill Harbaugh, an infant son, aged eight months, died after a brief illness and was tenderly laid to rest on the following Tuesday. Miss Troupe, now Mrs. Dr. John B. Kieffer of the college at Lancaster, made a sketch of the boy, from which she afterwards painted a portrait in oil, which became a much cherished possession of Mrs. Harbaugh in after years.

Dr. Harbaugh was one of the original incorporators or Board of Regents of Mercersburg College, which was the worthy successor of Marshall College, and the immediate predecessor of the "New Mercersburg" now under the successful presidency of Dr. William Mann Irvine. The charter was received from the court in October, 1865, providing for "the education of youth in the learned languages, the arts, sciences, and useful literature," a liberal charter in its character and wide in its scope. Its history is interwoven with the history of all the institutions of Mercersburg, and in great part embodies the growth of the Reformed Church in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia from 1835 to the present time.

Much of the work in the seminary was done in the early part of the day. For a long time prayers were held as early as 5.30 A.M. and Dr. Harbaugh's favorite hours for lecture were from 7 to 9, and from

11 to 12. During these years of his professorship he was constantly called upon by the church for special work, and he always responded cheerfully. He also preached nearly every Sunday in the churches of nearby towns, especially in the Clear-spring charge, which he supplied regularly for a time, until the arrival of Mr. Goodrich, who was recommended to the people by Dr. Harbaugh himself, and who has (1899) entered into rest after a faithful pastorate of thirty-three years.

While it was characteristic of Dr. Harbaugh, in the contemplation of any subject, to go to the sources, and to set forth the results of his burrowing, and his own views thereon at length, yet in his later writings, and especially in his extempore addresses, and his lectures at the seminary, he developed a tendency to epigram, and has left to the church some concise expressions which have been accepted as the best. Such for instance, is the term "Messianic Ordination," which he applied as descriptive of the baptism of our Lord, and the descent of the spirit of God upon Him like a dove.

So when the criticism of a certain clergyman, that Dr. Harbaugh made too much of Christmas, which happened at that time to fall on Sunday, came to his knowledge, his reply was: "Say to him, please, that Christmas is a greater day than Sunday."

His peculiar power of illustrating and developing a thought by drawing upon nature and natural ob-

jects, is apparent everywhere in his writings. The reader may casually turn the pages of his published volumes, and find many such illustrations as are here given :

“ As the eye that sees cannot see itself, so any great movement, in any given age, can never directly and fully understand itself, or measure the meaning of the activities and tendencies which strive and struggle in its own bosom.”

“ The tree must ever draw life from its roots ; the strength of a stream must ever be replenished from its fountains : so is the nation and the church, in the divine order, ever dependent for vitality and vigor on its past history.”

“ As the setting sun leaves first a glory, then a twilight, and at last darkness ; so the deeds of the past, as they sink beyond our personal recollection, are first bright, then dim, and then gone !”

“ As the noble Rhine, which in its course over many a league, waters fair meadows and blesses smiling vineyards, babbles its infant song on her bosom, so has this wonderful land (Switzerland) nursed and sent forth streams of history which have since gladdened many a heart and heritage in church and state.”

“ Thus the broad surface of nature becomes to us a grand panorama, passing before us as the seasons pass, revealing in each move some new representation of God's wisdom and ways. Stupid indeed must he be who is not able to look and learn.”

In his series of articles in the *Guardian* exposing various kinds of humbug, his powers of wit and sarcasm were allowed freer play perhaps than in any of his other writings. In the September number, 1856, appeared a book notice which found its way into the *Guardian* without the knowledge of

the editor. It was favorable to a publication which Dr. Harbaugh had previously refused to notice. In the following month the *Guardian* appeared with an article on the subject in which the editor paid his respects to the book in question in no uncertain terms, and dismissed the subject in the following words :

“ Now, therefore, to all to whom these presents may come, the editor of the *Guardian* sends greeting : and he disowns the recommendation given to the book in toto—he protests against being *forced* to say what he does not wish to say—and asks that if any one wishes to buy said note-book, he do it, like General Jackson, ‘on his own responsibility’ and not from any recommendation purporting to be from the *Guardian*, whether it be written, printed, pasted, preached, prayed or sung.”

Many anecdotes are still abroad among his friends illustrative of his rich humor. Upon the occasion of his visit to Waynesboro, he stopped at the saddler shop of Lewis Detrich, a pleasant resort for the ministers of the Reformed Church, and was informed that one of his Waynesboro friends wanted to *see* him, whereupon he said : “ Tell the gentleman that I am now visible.”

Then, too, his translation of the Latin phrase, “ Non omnes possumus omnia,” *We are not all possums*, grows more intense in its drollery the longer one contemplates it.

Before leaving Lancaster Dr. Harbaugh was informed through Bishop Alonza Potter, that the Board of Trustees of Union College, at the commencement held July 26, 1860, had conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. This was regarded by many of his friends as a well-merited distinction.

Not among the least tributes to his greatness are the assertions that have been made from time to time since his death, that Dr. Harbaugh was tending towards some particular denomination—that, had he lived, he would have come into this or that particular fold of the Christian church. No one who will study his life, and his works that are based on the tenets of the Heidelberg Catechism, can ever arrive at such conclusion. He had examined and settled the question for himself early in life and up to the year of his death had not found any reason for disturbing his conclusion. Moreover, there need be no speculation as to what his life work would have been. On his forty-ninth birthday, October 28, 1866, only a year before his death, he makes the following record :

“ If God grants me health and life I hope to finish what I now feel still to be my work—that is to organize, develop, and illustrate a system of Christological Theology. To this I propose to devote chiefly the remainder of my life.”

Thus with disposition mellowed and softened by experience; with zeal and energy unabated, but stripped of the impulsiveness of younger years—with mind self disciplined and well stored with the knowledge of his sacred calling—he was stricken down. He lingered for a few months, tenderly cared for by those he loved, but gradually drifting away beyond human aid, until the veil was lifted and he was numbered among the sainted dead.

His only desire to recover was for the love of his family and that he might continue to labor for the church. Beyond these things he had no wish to live. "No wonder," he said, on awakening once from what seemed an unconscious stupor, "that the early church saw the blood of the atonement even on the leaves of the trees." At another time, when aroused from such a state, he said to a friend, "You have called me back from the golden gates." During an interval of consciousness he spoke with calmness of his approaching end. Not many days before his death he remarked to a friend who nursed him, "Some of these afternoons I will take my departure."*

While yet in his pastorate at Lewisburg, Dr. Harbaugh was married to Mary Louisa Linn, a daughter of James F. Linn, Esq., a lawyer and

*Upon the theme, "You have called me back from the golden gates," Dr. Cyrus Cort wrote a poem which was published in the *Guardian*, and which was regarded by Drs. Schaff, Apple, and others as being very beautiful and appropriate.

member of his church. As a child and young woman she had spent the first twenty years of her life around a refined and Christian fireside, and under the influence of intelligent and gentle parents. After the death of her husband she moved to Lewisburg, where she lived for three years, and then returned to Mercersburg, where she devoted herself to the education of her children until the summer of 1885. Then, with her children well grown to man and womanhood, she removed to Bryn Mawr, Pa., where nearly twelve years later she entered into rest, February 13, 1897, in her seventieth year. She sleeps at the cemetery of Old Saint David's Church, Radnor, a quiet and beautiful spot within five miles of her late home. Services were conducted by her pastor, the Rev. Henry Harbaugh Apple, assisted by the Rev. Cyrus J. Musser, editor of the *Messenger*, and by the Rev. W. H. Miller, D.D., of Bryn Mawr, a devoted friend of the family.

It was her disposition to be cheerful and hopeful of good for the future. She never faltered in the faith of which her husband so ably taught, and whose labors she so nobly shared until the end. She had a high conception of the dignity and sacred character of the holy ministry, and her gentle words of sympathy and encouragement for the young clergymen of the church are well remembered. She had a familiar acquaintance with many a timid

young parson and with the struggling student life of Mercersburg.

Dr. Callender, who knew her well in early days, has written: "Her mild and pleasing cordiality will be recollected with a sad pleasure by those whose privilege it was to meet her in her home, especially during the later years of her husband's life at Mercersburg. She was a woman of devout spirit and of a more than ordinary reserved and receptive disposition, and thus became the satisfying object of Dr. Harbaugh's deep and absorbing affection, while her mildness happily complemented that ardent zeal with which he asserted his convictions of truth and duty. There was a company of neighboring ministers who in response to his invitation would gather in that home, and while earnest discussions were agitating the whole church, would study the questions which were exercising its mind and heart. Dr. Harbaugh was the master-spirit in those meetings."

Mrs. Harbaugh was spared the suffering of a lingering sickness. While for some months it was apparent that she was growing frail of body, yet in spirit she remained ever cheerful, and it was but three or four days before the end came, that her family realized the probability of such a loss. We may well believe that although she was "so tired" all through that long night, yet the approaching dawn had in store for her a sacred rest and peace

which only the rapt and parting soul may know ; and that what broke upon our spirits as a chilly, desolate day, was upon her pale and wasted brow "the gentle breath of eternal morning."

Of Dr. Harbaugh's first marriage, one child survives, Mary Olivia, the widow of the late Dr. S. T. Lineaweaver, Lebanon, Pa. Of his second marriage, there are four sons and two daughters living: Wilson L. Harbaugh, Margaret Anna, Henry Lauge, Mary Louisa, and John A., living at Bryn Mawr, Penna., and Linn Harbaugh, Chambersburg, Pa.

It has already been noticed how the author of "The Fathers of the Reformed Church," while absorbed in the preparation of life-sketches, especially those of the earliest period, had frequent occasion to deplore the fact that the work had been so long neglected. In many instances there was absolutely nothing upon which the author could base an estimate of the character and abilities of his subject.

It is not so, however, in the case of Henry Harbaugh. In the several issues of *The Reformed Church Messenger* of January and February, 1868, the months following his death, there have been preserved the affectionate and able tributes of those who stood very near to him both personally and in the common cause of the church and its institution of learning. Some of these are here given in part,

as supplemental to the eulogy by Dr. Gerhart at the opening of this volume.

From the pen of his intimate friend Dr. Gans, the following words were recorded in the *Messenger* of January 22 :

“ Dr. Harbaugh was ardent in everything he undertook, and his ardency led him to undertake a great many things—all of which he pressed forward with heroic courage, and made to bloom at last in great success. His industry, as a student in the vast field of truth, was untiring. In his writings, he shows how varied and broad was the range of his thought. He was at home no less in the field of history than of theology ; and in the practical Christian life he showed the presence of the same high gift, baptized with equal spiritual ardor. This ardency, guided by correct judgment, gave a peculiar charm to his words. His sermons were always of a high order. Many of them, as they fell from his lips, were felt to be eloquent in a truly noble sense. He knew how to create the mighty rushing torrent, and how to distribute its power into gentle fructifying streams. His writings are all fresh and suggestive. You can feel his ardency in every sentence. For style, there are few writers more pure—none more natural. Seldom has an author succeeded in throwing more true geniality into his publications. Strangers, in reading his works, are made to feel at every paragraph that they are in company with a warm and congenial friend. His faith was no less radiated by this central element in his being. For his

mind, God was in Christ and Christ was in the Church—all under so real and organic a form as to place the Divine kingdom entirely above and beyond the effects both of error in its own bosom and of all the wrath and rage of its foes on the outside. He loved history as the concurrent testimony of God in a human form, in favor of the unalterable and indestructible principles of essential truth.”

Dr. Giesy, in the *Messenger* of February 5th, follows with these words :

“ All his writings bear the stamp, not only of his genius, but of his theology. There is here one characteristic most refreshingly prominent. It pervades everything he wrote, for it was the very center of his whole Christian life, as well as the ground-work and solid foundation of all his theological teachings ; we mean, of course, the Christological tone and thought everywhere appearing. His inaugural address, among the ablest of his productions, is especially full of this kind of sound thinking. His earlier productions also—the three volumes on Heaven—breathing the spirit of that sound Christological theology for which he was so eminent, and full of the poetry of his own sanctified experience, have brought edification and comfort to thousands of mourners within and beyond the pale of his own communion, who sympathized with him in that subdued feeling of homesickness for heaven and its sainted inhabitants, which he so beautifully and tenderly portrayed.”

Probably no two men were ever more congenial and affectionate in their personal and social intercourse than Dr. Philip Schaff and Dr. Harbaugh, and it seems but natural to read from Dr. Schaff the following peculiarly strong and expressive tribute in *The Christian World*:

“ Dr. Harbaugh was no common man. He was endowed with rare gifts of mind and heart, and indomitable energy and perseverance. He had an exuberant vitality, a rich imagination, great power of popularizing and illustrating deep thought, and an unfailing source of genuine good-natured humor. The defects of his early education he made up by intense application. By the integrity of his character, and the disinterestedness of his labors, he won the esteem, and, by the kindness and generosity of his heart, secured the affection of all who knew him. His cheerful disposition, rich humor, and an inexhaustible fund of original anecdotes, made him a most agreeable companion.”

Dr. Bausman, who edited and prepared for publication the Pennsylvania-German poems, after Dr. Harbaugh's death, and who succeeded to the editorship of the *Guardian* in 1866, was for many years in close sympathy with the hopes and purposes of Dr. Harbaugh. The two men spent many a happy hour together discussing their then present work and the plans they had for the future. These little conferences would rarely ever close without a reading or discussion of “Das Alt Schul Haus an Der

Krick'' or other Pennsylvania-German poems, which seemed to furnish humor and amusement in abundance for them.

Dr. Bausman's tribute to the memory of his friend, from the *Guardian* of February, 1868, which is given below in part, breathes all through it the tenderness of brotherly affection :

“ Before this number of the *Guardian* shall have reached its readers, they will have been apprised of the death of Dr. H. Harbaugh. The sad event has cast a gloom over the church which his life and learning have adorned for nearly twenty-five years. . . . Personally we mourn the loss of a sincere and fast friend. He seemed like an ‘ elder brother,’ whose heart, with watchful tenderness, followed us from the moment when we were ‘ first become acquaint.’ It was in the old stone church at Lancaster, Pa. His friends and admirers had often praised his character and talents to us. Now he had become pastor of the First Church in that city—pastor of our parents. On a visit home, during college vacation, we went with them to church, and there heard him preach and received his cordial grasp of the hand for the first time. Since then we have directly or indirectly been under his moulding power. We preached our first sermon in his pulpit. He assisted at our ordination. Helped to install us at Reading. Followed us, through his letters, with marvelous affection when traveling abroad. With all his arduous work, he would rise in the morning before dawn, to pen sweet greetings and cheer us on our

journey in a foreign land. Letters they were, longer than the sermons he preached, full of the love of home and heaven. With an ecstasy of delight we pored over them again and again, until the charms of Rome and the sacred memories of Jerusalem were forgotten under the enchantment of his loving heart. As he held ours, so held he the hearts of hundreds of others, who mourn as if they had lost a natural father. Fare thee well, thou sainted brother! Sweet be thy joys in the realms of the 'sainted dead!' Our hearts follow thee to the edge of the Jordan. Along its banks we linger, lonely and lost, because thou hast passed out of sight."

Referring to his election to the professorship in the seminary, Dr. D. Y. Heisler says :

"No better choice could possibly have been made for this important post than that which the synod, guided by a higher power, actually did make when they elected Dr. Harbaugh as the future guide and preceptor of the sons of the church, to prepare them for the work of the holy ministry. Intellectually and spiritually, as well as by his naturally happy temperament, he was admirably adapted to gain the confidence and hold in unbroken sympathy with himself the hearts and affections of the young brethren who came under his potent and controlling influence. He had a peculiar power to illustrate and make familiar the most important and abstruse questions in philosophy and theology. He was in the best and highest sense a popularizer of what was naturally deep and obscure. His rare power lay in a

peculiarly happy combination of profound speculation and a semi-poetical and familiar mode of representation. The higher exercises of the intellectual faculties were thus brought into living union with the familiar objects of every-day life, and thus rendered intelligible and attractive to men of even the most ordinary capacities.

“How wonderfully this combination of two seemingly opposite qualities in the constitution of Dr. Harbaugh aided him in his work, and gave him power and influence over others, was felt not only by the students, but also by all our ministers and laymen who came in contact with him. His sermons, always simple and in one sense unadorned, were yet supremely beautiful, attractive, and edifying. He never failed, in his pulpit efforts, to gain the attention of his auditors and to retain it to the end of the discourse. His power to particularize and bring out the latent force and most striking peculiarities of a passage was wonderful; and this power of accurate discrimination in the case of any and every subject brought to his notice, enabled him ‘to make the most of it’ in the best sense of the phrase. This controlling influence over the minds and hearts of men was also frequently witnessed in the discussions on the floor of classis and of the synod. Few men were more ready and successful in public debate than he, and his great earnestness always procured him a respectful hearing and the solidity of his arguments seldom failed to carry conviction to the minds of the listeners.

“As a theologian, Dr. Harbaugh had few equals and no superiors. He had thoroughly mastered all the deep and interesting questions relating to the person

and work of Christ, and the practical duties arising therefrom. In the deeper and more spiritual views of Christianity which the late Christological discussions had brought into vogue, he was especially at home; and much of his power and influence, both in the pulpit and in the professorial chair, was undoubtedly owing to this higher and sounder theological position which he occupied. With all his vast intellectual power and moral earnestness, he could never have exercised this moulding influence on any other ground. In the power of these lofty theological ideas, he was pre-eminently mighty—mighty in the consciousness of his own moral rectitude, and mighty in the overpowering influence which he exerted upon the others around him.

“ Dr. Harbaugh took a deep interest in all the public movements of the church. Her various benevolent enterprises, her literary and theological institutions, her late Tercentenary celebration, and the formation and introduction of a better system of worship—all these enlisted his warmest sympathies and called forth his most earnest efforts. He was a member of the liturgical committee, and took a most active part in the formation of the ‘Orders of Worship.’ Many of its offices were prepared by him, either wholly or in part, at least. In connection with this great and good work, he rendered the German Reformed Church of this country a most valuable and enduring service.

“ Altogether, Dr. Harbaugh was an extraordinary man. His private character was unexceptionable. His social qualities were of the highest order. Few men,

indeed, could make themselves more agreeable in society than he. As a friend, he was trusty, confiding, and ardent. As a 'preacher of righteousness' he was bold and fearless, and as an expositor of the sacred Scriptures he had no superior. His sermons were always solid, fresh, and instructive, and in the highest degree interesting and edifying. As a pastor he was faithful, kind, and compassionate—in lively sympathy with the wants of his people. As a theologian he was thorough, earnest, and positive—eminently clear and decided in his views, and in perfect sympathy with the teachings of God's most blessed Word. Before the overpowering majesty of this glorious revelation of the Divine will and purposes he bowed in profoundest reverence, and silent, childlike submission."

Few persons enter upon the fortieth year of their life without experiencing some very sober reflections upon the half of life that has passed away, and the half that *may* be for them in the future. Few also, it may be said, make such a record of their meditations as is given below from the diary of Henry Harbaugh, October 28, 1857. In its character as autobiography, it is clearly pertinent to these pages. It is a good specimen of his diction, though not directed to the general reader, and from still another point of view, it is strangely, sadly prophetic :

“‘The days of our years are three score and ten; and if *by reason of strength they be four score years.*’ Four score, or eighty years, are accordingly the full allotment of man. This being

so, if I should be permitted to reach the fullest period of human life—which I do not expect—I am now half-way on my life's journey.

“It is perhaps this thought that has made my present birthday peculiarly solemn to me. I have hitherto felt like a young man, and have ever found it difficult to realize my age; but I am to-day forcibly reminded that I am fairly in the region of manhood, and fast on the way to the end of life. Childhood and youth are fairly and forever in the past; and as I pass beyond forty I feel sensibly that these periods or seasons of life do no more slope up to me; but I feel as if I were in a measure, outwardly at least, sundered from them; and hereafter memory will have to travel over a space to reach them. Farewell then—though not in sweet memory—my childhood and youth.

“True, should the fullest period of life, as intimated by the Psalmist, be mine—on this supposition I speak—it would still in reality be longer to come than past, as far as it pertains to the actual work of life. Of the period past, the first ten years were spent in childhood, the next ten in youth—the next six in a course of preparation for my office—and then the remaining fourteen only have been spent in what I regard as the true work of my life—inasmuch as I was licensed at the synod which sat from October 12th to October 19th, 1843.

“I have exercised myself with many solemn and pleasant reflections to-day by looking through the Bible to see what events are connected in it with the period of life which I have now reached.

“I find first of all that Isaac and Esau were both forty years old when they were married, Gen. xxv., 20; xxvi., 24.

“Israel did eat manna in the wilderness forty years, Ex. xvi., 35; Neh. ix., 33, and that so long also they wandered in the wilderness, Num. xiv., 33. xxxii., 13; Dent. ii., 7; viii., 2; xxix., 5; Josh. x., 6. I have been led the same length of time, but I cannot say it was in a wilderness. The Lord has most mercifully granted me a pleasant way, crowning it with loving kindness and tenderness. My life, as compared with that of thousands, has been a happy life. I have not only

enjoyed health of body and mind, but have been prospered in all my undertakings; so that I am often amazed when I think of God's goodness in this respect, and array His mercies by the side of my deserts. He has not failed also to give me manna by the way, so that I have not lacked anything that I actually needed. If at times His strokes have fallen upon me, 'His strokes were fewer than my crimes and lighter than my guilt.' And now I say, as I have a thousand times said on a review of God's dealings with me: 'O bless the Lord, for He is good.' More—far more—by love than by wrath has He led me. Much more of His drawings than of His drivings have I felt. Many more prosperous than adverse providence have attended my life. It is my prayer that He may not find it necessary to change His dealings with me, and be compelled by my unfaithfulness to put me yet under the discipline of trial, terror, and tribulation.

“Caleb was forty years old when Moses sent him to espy out the land, Joshua, xiv., 7. When he was 84 years old he could say: 'And now, lo, I am this day fourscore and five years old. As yet I am as strong this day, as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out and to come in.' Verse ii. Should God permit me to see so many years my prayer is that reasonable strength of body and mind may also continue to be mine. Especially do I pray that my mind may not fail me to the last, whether that be sooner or later.

“God gave the children of Israel into the hands of the Philistines forty years, because they did evil in His sight, Judges xiii., 1. When I remember that the same God still reigns, and on the other hand that even though I have endeavored to do some good for myself and others, yet that every day has had its sin for the whole of my forty years, I have reason to fear that it may be necessary for God still to send me forth into the hands of disciplinary providence. May His mercy, as it has ever been, continue to be above all that I deserve or can steadily bring myself to hope for. Do I not further find that Eli, after he had judged Israel forty years (I. Sam. iv., 18), nevertheless passed

through severe and mournful trials in his last years! To a merciful Father, in Christ Jesus, I cheerfully commend myself. His goodness through the past, is a source of wonderful comfort to me as I look into the future.

“David reigned forty years over Israel, II. Sam., v., 4; I. Kings, ii., ii. I wonder, and am humbled, where I read that during all this time ‘David did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, and turned not aside from any thing that he commanded him all the days of his life, save only in the matter of Uriah the Hittite,’ I. Kings xv., 5. Of my own life, I am deeply sensible that this cannot be said. My comfort is that the blood which can take away one sin, can also take away many. ‘Her sins which are many, are forgiven,’ Luke vii., 47. These are consoling words. I humbly claim them, now by faith as spoken in reference to myself. For that end has my Saviour left them on record. It is as easy for Him to forgive many as few; oh that it were as easy for us to love much in return—even according as we have had much forgiven.

“Solomon’s reign was also forty years, I. Kings xi., 42. Of him the same cannot be said as of his father David. He sinned often; and we have reason to suppose from his book of Ecclesiastes—supposed to have been written in his old age—that he had much of darkness and tribulation to endure in his last years. As a kind of temporal atonement for the evil of his life. Perhaps it is necessary that this should be so for two reasons: 1. That he himself might be humbled on account of his sins, and be turned to have a better mind. 2. That others might see that, though the penitent are saved, yet even to them sin brings sorrow. May God deliver me from sin, that I may escape the sorrow.”

The present writer has frequently had the pleasure of meeting with ministers and laymen of the Reformed Church who have spoken to him of the varied traits of Dr. Harbaugh’s character as they have fallen within the experience of each one per-

sonally. Not realizing upon these various occasions the inestimable value of a note book to be stored up against the time of such a writing as this, these incidents have been allowed to pass into dim memory from which they cannot now be recalled in detail.

In conversation with the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Cort on the occasion of the funeral of the Rev. William Goodrich at Clearspring, Md., May 9th, 1899, he spoke in very eulogistic terms of the impressions made upon him by the writings, teachings, and personality of Dr. Harbaugh. He had been a reader of the *Guardian* from its first issue, and in later years, by the special request of Dr. Harbaugh, had been a frequent contributor to its pages. Publicly on the floor of Potomac Synod he had deprecated the discontinuance of the publication of that monthly magazine which had done so much to cultivate a taste for wholesome reading among the members of the Reformed Church, and had served as a vehicle for the presentation of many valuable articles by Reformed writers which were not suited either for the weekly church paper or the "Quarterly Review." During his four years course in Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster, Pa., from 1856 to 1860, Dr. Cort had regularly attended not only the Sunday evening services of Dr. Harbaugh in the First Reformed Church, but the afternoon catechetical lectures for the benefit of

college students in the Sunday-school. He was free to confess that he received more benefit from the instructions of Dr. Harbaugh than from any of the college professors, with perhaps a single exception. After Dr. Harbaugh became Theological Professor in the Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa., they became closely associated as members of the same classis, and also of the Board of Regents of Mercersburg College. To quote Dr. Cort more closely:

“Dr. Harbaugh was present as my special guest, Nov. 17, 1863, at Altoona, Pa., when Mercersburg Classis took Christ Reformed Mission Church under its care ten months after its organization under the auspices of the Westmoreland Classis. This was on the eve of the organization of General Synod at Pittsburg. The occasion evidently made a deep impression on his mind, as the following entry made by him on a fly leaf of my Provisional Liturgy, lying on my study table, indicated, viz :

‘Tuesday before the 25th Sunday after Trinity, 1863,
Memorable in the history of the Altoona mission.

‘H. H.’

“When the corner-stone of our sandstone Gothic church was laid at Altoona, July 31, 1864, he preached the sermon on I. Thes., 1 : 3-8, commending ‘the work of faith, the labor of love and patience of hope’ exemplified by the Thessalonians, to our little Reformed flock on the Keystone mountains, if they would succeed in their important undertaking in behalf of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour.

“It was my privilege to hear Dr. Harbaugh speak grandly on many occasions, but his greatest effort, and, in my opinion, the greatest forensic effort ever made on the floor of any Reformed assembly in the United States, was his reply to Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger on the liturgical question at the meeting of the mother or Eastern Synod, in York, Pa., October, 1866. Dr. Nevin and others made splendid speeches on the same subject at the same time and on other occasions, notably at the General Synod at Dayton a few weeks later, but for overwhelming argument, wit, sarcasm, humor, and eloquence, the speech of Dr. Harbaugh at York Synod, in 1866, stands unequaled.

“As the only person alive who has attended all the meetings of General Synod since its organization in the fall of 1863, and heard all the important discussions before that body, I am in a good position to speak. My opinion is also fully confirmed by Rev. Dr. S. G. Wagner and other competent judges present at York, Dayton, &c.

“In the earlier part of his career Dr. Harbaugh seemed to entertain rather narrow Puritanic views on question of political and humanitarian reform, but as he was apprehended by the Christological mode of thought his views and sympathies were broadened and mellowed in a very perceptible degree. Dr. Titzell and I had ample evidence of this while helping to care for the sick and wounded with Dr. Harbaugh on the bloody field of Gettysburg the week following the great battle. He had profound reverence for Dr. John W. Nevin. Pointing to his picture on his study wall one day he said to

me, 'He is the father of us all.' Referring about the same time to the Heidelberg Catechism, he remarked : 'It is wonderful how well guarded that little book is on all important points of doctrine.'

"No minister in the Reformed Church ever surpassed Dr. Harbaugh in the happy faculty of illustrating profound theological doctrines in a way that brought them within the grasp of the humblest Christian. He did important and heroic service as a pioneer originator of new and valuable publications. He was the father and founder of the *Guardian*, the Reformed Church Almanac, the resuscitated *Mercersburg Review*, the *Lives of Fathers of the Reformed Church*, etc. He was the leading spirit in the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the Heidelberg Catechism, 1863, and other enterprising historical movements of vast benefit to the Reformed Church. Pennsylvania-German poetry in its best phases was originated by him and given a world-wide reputation.

"His was a many-sided mind after the order of Leibnitz, Goethe, etc., at home in philosophy, literature, and poetry.

"Every genuine theologian possesses more or less of the poetic element, and like Dr. Lange, whose writings he greatly admired, Dr. Harbaugh possessed the poetic spirit in an eminent degree and thus was often enabled to interpret the deep things of the spirit world and bring forth choice flowers and fruit from the garden of the Lord where prosaic minds could discover nought but a barren waste.

“ For what Dr. Harbaugh did for me personally, and for the church of my fathers, I shall always gratefully cherish his memory.”

Hon. M. A. Foltz, founder and editor of *Public Opinion*, Chambersburg, Pa., has this interesting recollection :

“ While in the employ of the Publication House in Chambersburg from April, 1861, to the burning of the town on the 30th of July, 1864, it was my good fortune to frequently meet Dr. Harbaugh. His visits, only too infrequent, were especially grateful to Dr. Fisher and other Chambersburg friends, Drs. Schneck, Bausman, and Davis among the number. It was during the early years of the pastorate of Dr. Davis that Dr. Harbaugh was one of a favored company of divines who by appointment would spend an afternoon in the study of ‘The Young Parson.’ The Doctor spoke of the delights of these little gatherings, and how on one occasion Dr. Harbaugh, taking possession of the couch, said : ‘ Preach, Davis ; I want to sleep.’

“ In the printing establishment the manuscript of Dr. Harbaugh was regarded as a favorite ‘ take’ with compositors. His chirography was round, plain, and distinct, and if a word was abbreviated it was as chosen as much for the ready discernment of the printer as for his own convenience. Those who are acquainted with the MSS. of the principal writers and authors of the church’s literary productions of that period will appreciate the relief it must have proven to the sorely vexed compositor to get hold of Dr. Harbaugh’s copy.

By them, for instance, a page of Dr. Schaff's manuscript would be likened to a map of the state. It was not so difficult to follow until you struck the interlineations. These traveled to the margin or any unoccupied corner of the sheet in all sorts of hieroglyphics."

In a letter to Dr. Bausman, October 24, 1867, Dr. Harbaugh intimates in his own pathetic words the beginning of the end :

"Little did I think when I promised to be at Womelsdorf on the occasion of the dedication of the Orphans' Home, that this sickness, now over two months, was going to linger thus. If I were there I could speak, as my mind is perfectly clear, and I have strength to last me at least half an hour's talk. But I am giddy and could not travel alone. I stagger like a drunken man. Fell twice the other day on my head and fell three times going up stairs. I expected every day to be better ; but I fear it is injudicious to let you hope for me longer. If I can I will come, but I have little hope. The doctor says it may be two or three weeks before it leaves me altogether. Think I can take up my seminary duties next week by having the classes come to my house."

From that time forward the symptoms began to be more alarming, and on December 17, Dr. Thomas G. Apple wrote :

"Poor Dr. Harbaugh, our dear brother, is still low. For the last few days he is a little better, but the physician has little or no hope. He has been prayed for day by day and preserved thus far, beyond our expect-

tations. The Lord can raise him up for the church. . . . If only Dr. Harbaugh gets well, how happy we will all be. Then we can stand the fight of the Gnostics."

Dr. Apple, though charged with much extra work in the seminary at this time, was unceasing in his watchfulness at the sick bed. He contributed to the *Messenger* the following account of Dr. Harbaugh's last illness :

"He was first taken sick about the beginning of September, a few days before the opening of the session in the Theological Seminary. He had been on a visit to Waynesboro, at the close of his vacation, where he was attacked with severe pains in the head, accompanied with fever. After coming home, he passed through what, at first, appeared to be an ordinary spell of bilious fever. From this illness he arose after some five or six weeks, and was able to move about the house, and even to go out. At this time, however, some alarming symptoms began to show themselves, in the slowness of his recovery, and especially in a certain dizziness, so that he was unable steadily to direct the movements of his body ; and the surmises of the physician began to be confirmed that he was suffering from a cerebro-spinal affection. After three or four weeks, he relapsed into his former state, suffering now more than ever in his head. From this time on his mind became somewhat affected, giving additional evidence that the disease was centered in his head. For some days he was in a revived and apparently convalescent

state, and then again he fell into a dull, comatose condition, from which it became difficult to arouse him. His disease became thus of a remittent character. After being aroused from one of these dull states, we had a service in his room, in which he united with us in singing two of his favorite hymns, and in repeating the words of the Apostles' Creed.

“ His last revived state continued longer than usual, and gave us some hopes that perhaps the disease had passed its crisis. On Sunday evening before Christmas, he gave indications of again passing into a worse condition. On that day, his mind seemed tolerably rational. He knew that Christmas was near ; and, in answer to a question we proposed to him, he promptly named the day on which it would occur.

“ From this time on he continued to grow worse. On Christmas day he was able to take some nourishment, and a little again on Thursday morning. From that time on he lay in a heavy sleep, from which he could not be aroused ; the symptoms continued to become more alarming, and on the evening of that day dispatches were sent to his friends that he was not expected to live. All human help was now unavailing, and we could only sit by his bedside and watch him through the heavy hours which brought him nearer to his end. On Saturday, the last day of his earthly life, when he seemed to be entering the valley and shadow of death, we joined in the prayer and litany for the dying, commending his spirit to God. At four o'clock in the afternoon he peacefully, without a struggle, breathed his last, and fell asleep in Jesus.

“ During these trying seasons the utmost kindness and affectionate regard was manifested for their beloved teacher by the students of the Theological Seminary. One of them, Mr. Jacob F. Wiant, became from the beginning of his sickness his constant attendant. Beyond any other we have ever known, this young brother seemed to possess the special gift of ministering in the sick-chamber. His affectionate attentions were devoted day and night to his beloved professor. He stood by his bedside wiping away the cold death-sweat from his brow until he breathed his last.

“ The other students also joined affectionately in watching with him to the last.

“ Thus Dr. Harbaugh passed away at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, in the midst of his labors, December 28th, 1867, aged fifty years and two months.

“ His funeral took place on Tuesday, the 31st day of December, the last day of the year 1867. The immense multitude in attendance was formed into a procession at the house, whence they proceeded to the sanctuary of God. Arriving at the church the opening sentences in the office for the burial of the dead were read, as the procession passed slowly along the aisle, by Rev. Dr. J. W. Nevin. The 90th Psalm was then chanted in subdued tones by the choir. The Scripture lesson was read by Dr. R. S. Schneck, followed by the first prayer, offered by Dr. E. V. Gerhart. A sermon was then preached by Dr. Nevin, from the words: ‘ But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as other which have no hope. For if we believe that

Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him.' (I. Thes., iv., 13.)

“ At this point the resolutions, adopted in a meeting held in the lecture room of the seminary the evening previous, were read by Prof. Theo. Apple. Rev. B. Bausman then read the 183rd hymn, from ‘ Hymns and Chants,’ commencing ‘ Forever with the Lord,’ which the choir sang to a tune which, as well as the hymn, was a favorite with Dr. Harbaugh, and had been sung in the sick-chamber during his illness.

“ The procession then proceeded to the grave immediately in front of the church, and opposite the cenotaph of Dr. Rauch, where the remains were deposited according to the service provided in the liturgy, which was read by Dr. Nevin.

“ The Reformed Church, in which the services were held, was still clothed in the beautiful Christmas decorations ; but these were now draped in mourning. The surroundings, as the corpse lay before the altar, were beautiful even in their sadness. They were just such as Dr. Harbaugh would have chosen to surround his body in its burial. The Christmas decorations were there to speak forth his own love for the festal days and their pious observance in the church, which he always so earnestly advocated, and in which he loved to join. The liturgical service was among the last works which he gave to the church, the office for burial being mainly his own contribution as a member of the Liturgical Committee. Though the emblems of mourning were now mingled with these decorations, yet the joy

of a Saviour's birth triumphed still over the sorrow of the grave. That birth looked, through death, to the resurrection, in which all our hopes of a blessed immortality center. This hope and comfort were brought home to our sorrowing hearts by Dr. Nevin, in his sermon, in such a way as to enable us to be filled with Christian peace even in the deepest sorrow.'

An imposing monument was erected to his memory by the Synod of the Reformed Church, which, with appropriate religious services, was unveiled on the 18th of October, 1870.

A procession formed in the seminary campus, embracing the students and faculties of the Theological Seminary and Mercersburg College, and ministers and others in attendance from abroad. The procession gathered around the monument, where the services took place. Dr. Thomas G. Apple then spoke as follows :

“ Henry Harbaugh, whose body lies buried at our feet, fell asleep in Jesus on the 28th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1867. Through all his extreme sufferings he continued unto the end firm in the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Faith which he had taught and defended with exemplary fidelity throughout his life. Called from his many labors and arduous toils, he hath gone before us into rest, and joined the holy fellowship of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs, and the whole glorious company of the redeemed of all ages who have died in the Lord and now live with Him for-

evermore. The church therefore in whose service he labored, mindful of the great grace and many gifts bestowed on him by God, and rejoicing in the blessed communion of saints over which death hath no power, has erected this monument which we now unveil."

(Here the minister paused until the monument was unveiled, and then proceeded as follows:)

"And now let this monument show forth, during all time to come, the gratitude of the Church to God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the good example of his servant whom she honors, and for the blessed privilege which her children enjoy of having part in the glorious company of all those who have gone before them in the way of salvation, and let it inspire all who may look upon it with zeal to follow the faith of those saints who have died in the Lord and now live with Him forevermore."

The following ministers from abroad were present: Rev. J. O. Miller, a member of the synod's committee, who was chiefly active in preparing the design of the monument; G. L. Staley, S. S. Miller, S. G. Wagner, J. S. Kieffer, William Goodrich, T. J. Seiple, J. Hassler, W. C. B. Shulenberg, Dr. M. Kieffer, S. N. Callender, G. B. Russell, and G. H. Johnston. There were also a number of elders and laymen from different portions of the church present, and many friends of Dr. Harbaugh from Greencastle, Chambersburg, Clearspring, and other places in the vicinity. The public schools of

the town were closed and a large concourse of citizens came to pay their respects to the memory of the departed. The church was filled. A deep solemnity pervaded the audience, who listened with intense interest to the memorial address, prepared by Dr. E. V. Gerhart and read by Dr. E. E. Higbee.*

The monument is of fine Italian marble, twelve feet high, resting on a granite base and terminating in a cross. It is in tableau design; the front surface resting on three terraces of stone, is three feet in width. Just under the cross and above the shield which bears his name, title, and date of birth and death, the artist has cut an almost life size bust, and on the right of the shield, in three-quarter relief, stands a student with book in hand weeping. On the other side of the shield stands the figure of an angel, also in three-quarter relief, with head uncovered and face turned upward, the forefinger of the right hand pointing upward. This angel bears in his other hand a palm leaf, the symbol of victory. On the two lower terraces of marble, in front, is the lettering. On the upper, a stanza from one of Dr. Harbaugh's hymns as follows :

“ Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heav'n forever mine.”

* *Reformed Church Messenger*, Oct. 26, 1870.

The lower slab, immediately above the granite base, contains simply the family name—"Harbaugh."

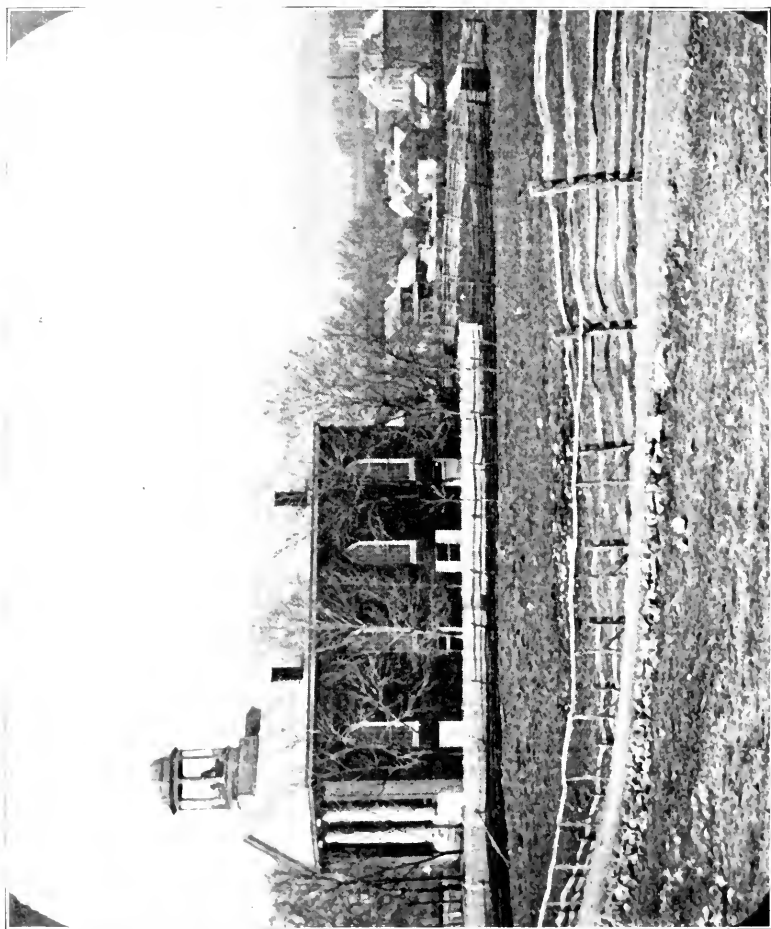
Upon the right and left face of this lower block are cut two extracts from the Pennsylvania-German poem, "Heemweh," which in the original is touching and full of pathos. The one is :

"O wann's net vor der Himmel wär,
 Mit seiner scheene Ruh,
 Dann wär m'r's do schun lang verleeedt,
 Ich wisst net, was zu dhu.
 Doch Hoffnung leichtet meinen Weg
 Der ew'gen Heemet zu."

On the other side, from the same poem—

"Dort find m'r, was m'r do verliert,
 Un b'halt's in Ewigkeit ;
 Dort lewe unsre Dodte all,
 In Licht un ew'ger Freid !"

Other memorials of Dr. Harbaugh have been placed in recent years in several of the churches of which he was at one time pastor. When the First Reformed Church, Lancaster, Pa., was remodelled recently, among the memorial windows was one to him erected by the ladies of the congregation. On the occasion of the rebuilding of "Harbaugh's Church," which stands almost within a stone's throw of the old homestead in Franklin County, Pa., the large window at the front of the building was erected to the memory of Dr. Harbaugh by his family. In the chapel of the new seminary at



TRINITY REFORMED CHURCH, MERCERSBURG, PA. THE CHURCH OF THE COLLEGE AND SEMINARY

Lancaster, Pa., all the windows are memorials to the former professors—one being in memory of Dr. Harbaugh.

In the reading room of the seminary at Lancaster hangs a portrait in oil of Dr. Harbaugh, which is pronounced, by those who knew him in life, to be a most excellent and faithful likeness. It was presented by Mr. B. Wolff, Jr., of Pittsburg, Pa., and was unveiled November 22, 1897, in the presence of a large number of friends and several members of the immediate family of Dr. Harbaugh.

Much of the narrative contained in the foregoing chapter has been gathered from those who were personal friends of Dr. Harbaugh, and perhaps the writer has here and there appropriated too liberally, and presumed too far upon the friendship of those amongst whom he passed his childhood days on the old college campus at Mercersburg.

The boy of seven years can have few personal recollections to offer upon any subject, but the few impressions he has carried forward in memory to mature years must be true and unfeigned.

Dr. Harbaugh loved childhood and children. It was his delight to watch them at play, and he cherished up their sayings in his heart. His addresses to young people disclosed a rare talent, and the abstractions of the lecture room or study and sternness of manner he never carried with him to an audience of young people or into the com-

pany of little folks. For the latter he had Christmas stories from the German and Christmas stories of his own. His patient, sympathetic eyes could draw the timidest child in confidence to his arms, and he could console their little griefs with innocent diversions that seemed to suit the requirements of each particular childish calamity. His fund of riddles and anecdotes for children was usually of the kind to lead their minds gently to the Scriptures.

There are many students now in middle life who will remember well the old chapel with its walls papered in imitation of natural wood panels and frame work, giving it somewhat of a massive and mediæval appearance. Some no doubt will remember, too, the last Sunday upon which Dr. Harbaugh conducted the service there in 1867. His form was still erect, but his locks had whitened and the wonted color of his face had fled. Near the end of his sermon he paused as though to gather up the threads of his thought. A little boy, mistaking this for the conclusion of the service, slipped quietly out of his place in the family pew and made his way up to the pulpit. As he reached out to take the hand of his father, the minister stooped gently down and amid the wave of amusement that passed over the assembly of students farther back in the chapel, whispered, "Sit down and wait for me, we will soon go home."

There on the step in front of the altar the little fellow sat, unembarrassed by the gaze of those in front of him, and secure in the protection of the beloved form that stood nearby.

It is with this picture in mind—rather than that of the lingering months following it—that the present writer would lay down his pen.

Why should a life that had come to be so valuable to the church—so sympathetic in the life of the people—so affectionate and dear to “the home of his heart,” and the little ones that gathered around his knee—be thus taken away?

It is said that in the Alps of Switzerland, high up on the ledges of the mountain side, there are clumps and bits of sweet herbs or grass upon which the flocks love to feed. From the larger pastures below the path upward seems narrow and difficult to climb. The broader fields and easier way below are more inviting.

The watchful shepherd, gently urging his flock upward to the pure air and richer pastures, sometimes leads off one of his trusted ones, or perchance takes it up in his arms and makes his way along the narrow path. Beholding this, the timid, doubting ones below take courage and begin to look up and to follow the lead of their shepherd and his trusted charge. Thus they all reach step by step

the higher and richer pasture, where they may enjoy the companionship of the one whom they have lost a while in the narrow way, but who has encouraged them to struggle upward, protected by the strong arm and assured by the gentle voice of their master.

And now, as though in a voice from beyond the clouds, come the words of *The Sainted Dead*:

“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly pilgrims, and behold your home! Your earnest, longing eyes turned upward, declare plainly that you seek a country. ‘Blessed are they that are homesick, for they shall get home.’ As yet there is woe unto you, because you sojourn in Mesech, and are compelled to tarry in the tents of Kedar; but if you will, I shall speak comfortably to you, in the language of Canaan, by the way. Rest thee, then, upon thy staff, for even in this weary land whence ye go out, it is granted unto wayfaring men to turn aside for a night, to refresh themselves with rest under the shadow of a rock.”

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